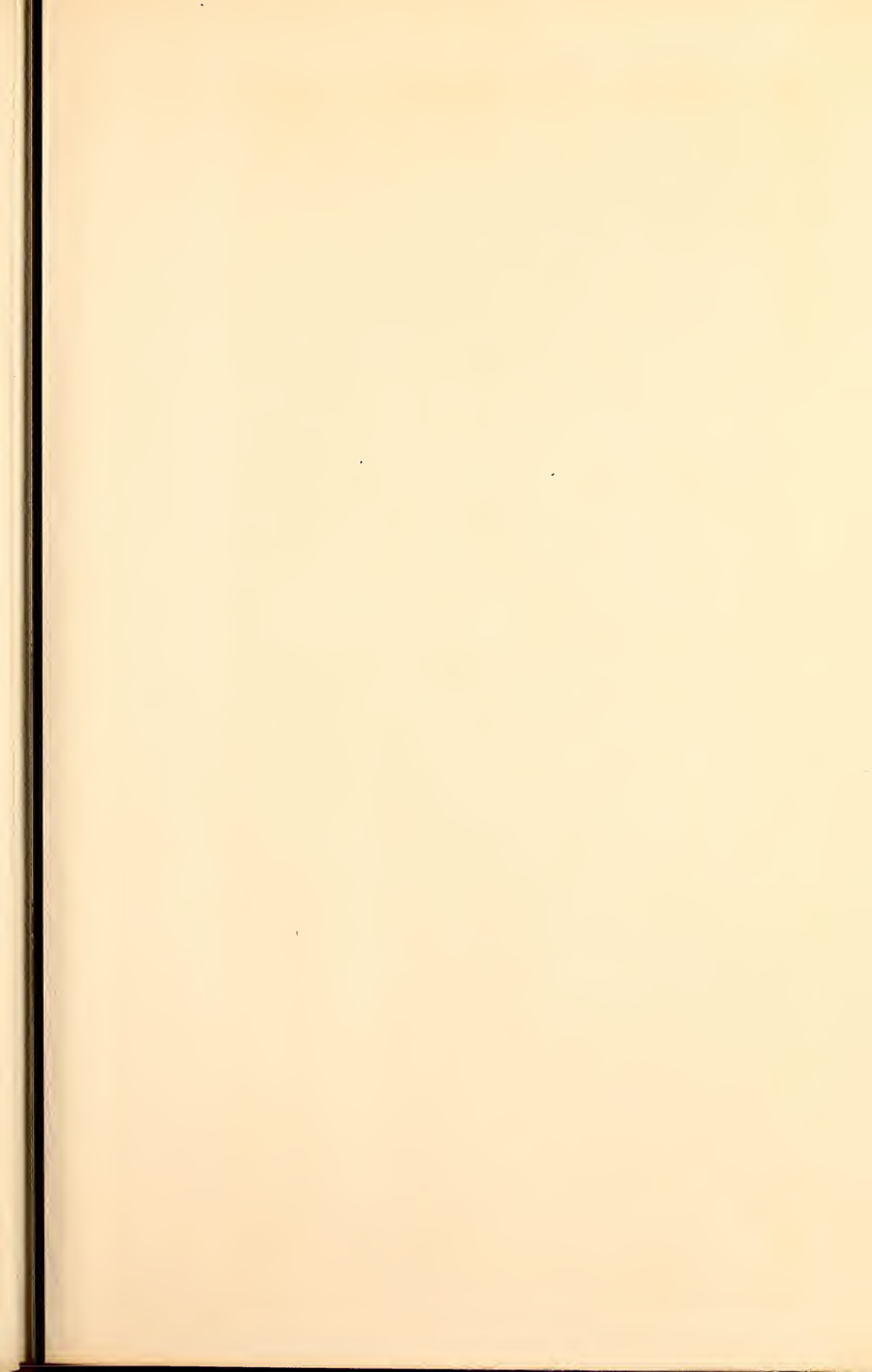



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Spring Hill Quarterly



American International Thinking . John L. Bacon

The Easter Mass . . . John L. Mechem

1939 Sports in Review . Redmond J. Reilly



Spring Hill Quarterly

VOLUME II

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GIVE THE DEVIL HIS DUE

Several weeks ago, in London, British Catholic authoress Letitia Fairfield said: "The Catholic press will cut no ice morally so long as they make persecutions of the church the test of wrong and right in international affairs." That is a warning that might well be hung over the editor's desk of the majority of Catholic publications, particularly college papers, in this country.

This magazine has had occasion to note, with considerable irritation, the policy of its sister journal, *The Springhillian*, which has apparently followed the norm deplored by Miss Fairfield in its choice of articles on international affairs. From a perusal of that paper, one would think that the only offender in the modern world was Soviet Russia.

We do not attempt to mitigate or extenuate the guilt of nations which persecute, unjustly, the Catholic church or any church; nor do we deny the just right of the Church, through its press, to plead for justice or to condemn and point out the fundamental moral aberrations of the offending nation or government. But we do, most strenuously, denounce the practice of that press in condemning, *a priori*, every action of that nation as bad, simply because it, i.e., the nation, offends against the Church.

We are all acquainted, I believe, with the nauseatingly partisan "studies" of Communist Russia's economic and political system, and its foreign affairs. And all of them arrive at basically the same conclusion, that Russian economics and politics and diplomacy are unworkable, failures, and dangerous to society and

the Church. And the only conclusion which is not disputable, is that the system is dangerous to the Church.

It is simply that we deplore any journal of intellectual or academic pretensions following a policy of manifestly prejudiced treatment of a problem, whose conclusion is foregone. Communism, divorced from morality, has, as an economic and political system, several excellent and undeniable virtues, and many more highly debatable points. The first are simply omitted and the second distinctly not debated in most Catholic articles. Everything is forced under the judgment category of moral validity; unfortunately, economics, as such, cannot be judged by the standards of morality if an article about Communism approaches the topic from the standpoint of its economic aspects, then let it confine itself to them, and, if it condemns Communism as an economic system, then let it, in a scholarly and adequate manner, discuss its reasons for rejecting Communism's specific virtues, and give them their just due. It might be well for some of our Catholic writers to refer back to their Scholastic metaphysics, and realize that when a thing is discussed *per se*, then it cannot be judged by the standards of any other category of being.

The most vicious aspect of this abuse of the Catholic press is that it redounds to the harm of the truly intellectual and scholarly Catholic thinkers. The person who has read the average sophomore college writer's supercilious dismissal of all non-Scholastic philosophy, ancient, modern, and contemporary, will probably be so repelled that he will never go on

read Gilson's eminently objective and thorough treatment of those same philosophers. One who has been forced to listen to the ranting and raving of bigoted popular Catholic press writers against communism will never take the trouble to acquaint himself with the Church's positive and carefully considered program of constructive social reform.

If the average Catholic chauvinist's bubble-raising had only the effect of further unfortunate effect of prejudicing against him up for the presumptuous assumption is, all would be well; but it has the worst non-Catholic thinkers against the writings and thought of the really great and deep Catholic thinkers, and on this account, it must be strenuously opposed by all who would have the Church exert its real influence in the world of thought at its great intellectual heritage enables it to.

IT'S NOT A MONOPOLY

According to the statement of management required by the Congress of the United States, "The SPRING HILL QUARTERLY is published . . . by the students of Spring Hill College . . ." The recent access of crusading fervour on the part of the Attorney General's office has frightened us into issuing this appeal for aid; we are in enough hot water with the Dean of Discipline's office without incurring the wrath of Mr. Murphy. So we are asking the students to help us justify that declaration, that *The Quarterly* is published by "the students of Spring Hill College."

For, unfortunately, *The Quarterly* today is published by a very small, albeit capable, group of students, and despite the Dean's manifest irritation at the caliber of work done in his English classes, we have faith in the literary talent of

the school; *The Quarterly's* editors not being quite as capable critics as the Dean, having themselves in fact frequently rendered humble thanks to the Deity upon being presented with a C in literature.

For *The Quarterly* aims to fulfill a need that even the Dean's classes, scholarly and erudite though they be, cannot fill. This need is simply the expression of that "urge to write something." *The Quarterly* doesn't care what that "something" is or who the "someone" who authors it is. For it is the essence of the conception that gave birth to *The Quarterly* that it afford a medium of public expression for all in the school who desire to write. And by all, we mean all.

What you write about doesn't bother us in the least, so long as it is free of treasonable, seditious, or palpably immoral propositions. Whether it makes much sense or not does concern us, somewhat, but we are not extremists on the point; after all, look at Lewis Carroll. The only basic requirement, in short, is that it be readable and interesting; which, admittedly, covers a multitude of requirements, but which may be more easily fulfilled than you think.

So here is what we hope to convey to all the students of the school; if you have written anything, are writing anything, or intend to write anything, and are susceptible to that basic desire and fascination all of us have for seeing our writing in print, then put your name on it and give it to one of the staff. If we can't use it, we will return it, with or without criticism; preferably without, since the editors are frankly rank subjectivists, but if you care for a criticism, we will hastily rationalize a justification for our inherently poor judgment.

HAMMEL'S

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So, whether you have composed a hasty poem while waiting for your chronically tardy date, or have embodied the result of years of research and thought on the Possibility of inducing Mosquitoes to Buzz in the Scale of G instead of in F, and the Possibility of Contrapuntal Buzzing, in a paper, send it in; it always looks better in print than when you write it for your own consumption; how do you think we had the courage to submit this editorial?

VIA MEDIA

The scientific truism that "every action produces a reaction" holds equally well for the affairs of men as for the world of determined beings. Victorianism produced the orgiastic reaction of the post-war decade; the vices of decadent Catholicism produced the extremism of Calvinism; all history is a testimony to the difficulty of holding to the middle way.

We in this country are today being vitally affected by an extremist reaction; the reaction to the exaggerated Allied propaganda of the last war. That reaction has expressed itself in the form of a deep distrust of all pleas for the Allied cause; fortunately, Hitler's excesses have somewhat tempered this attitude; nonetheless, so extreme is our distrust that it blinds us to facts; so cynical are we of the Allied cause, so eagerly are we determined to keep our eyes open, that the resultant blind staring has almost destroyed the ability of our intellectual eyes to see anything but what we wish to see.

And what we wish to see is certainly not how our interests most definitely bind us to the Allied cause. So extreme has been the effort to hold only to our "real" interests that we have rendered ourselves

incapable of seeing what those interests actually are. If those interests, as they really are, lead us to the conclusion that our destiny is bound up with that of the Western democracies, then we deny that they are really our true interests, simply because we fear being the dupe of the Allies. Admittedly, our involvement in Europe's destiny is not as great as many Anglophiles would make it; but, more definitely, it is not as inconsequential as the extreme isolationists would have us believe.

We are a democracy, and thus interested in the perpetuation of democracy if only for the mutual interest of ideologies; that ideologies can make a vast difference in international relations is testified to by the alliance of Italy and Germany, because of basically similar political beliefs. And the democracies are at war, and at war with nations whose political philosophy is at irreconcilable variance with the tenets of democracy.

The British navy is our first line of defense; British sea power enables us to maintain our predominance in the Pacific, free of any threat to our eastern coast from European aggressors.

The British Empire has heavy imperial commitments in this Empire, and favors and acknowledges our Monroe Doctrine through her navy and her overseas policy, she aids us in maintaining it. Germany and Italy are avowedly imperialistic, and are already at work undermining American democracy and trade supremacy in South America.

Britain and France are our Allies; our own imperialism, in China; Germany, triumphant and ideologically allied with Japan, would present us with a double threat; to our Far Eastern interests, from Japan, and to our South American security, from herself.

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German and Italian totalitarian economics have disrupted international trade, for the sole advantage of themselves; a triumphant totalitarianism will make international trade adjustments, essential to world recovery, impossible.

How far should our aid to the Allies be? This, admittedly, is a most delicate and involved question. Opinions vary from the suggestions by idealistic lovers of democracy of moral aid and resolutions of sympathy to the demands by certain high American naval officers for immediate entry into war on the side of the Allies. Again, we should avoid extremes, and find the middle way; certainly, moral aid will not avail against the Reichswehr; on the other hand, we must not have to send troops to Europe. The middle way, the way, to a great extent, of the present arms sale program, will give our natural friends and allies the aid necessary to preserve their security and liberty and ideals, and, incidentally, ours.

LITERATURE

From the heights of the imagination he beholds mankind living, thinking, feeling and acting. A man rises above the others. He moves among them; he contemplates them; he listens to them; he feels their emotions; he thinks their thoughts; he lives their life. Their heart beats in his breast. All experience pours into the person of this man and becomes a part of his life. He does not die his brother's death; but his brother's death becomes a part of his life. He does not lead his countrymen to liberty, but he is like unto one who leads and is led. He is not all things but he embraces and shares all things. He is human with the human. He is weak with the weak, and strong with the strong, but he neither commits his brother's sin nor performs his brother's deeds of valor. He beholds beauty; he apprehends the truth; and he longs for the good. He glimpses with swift, sure intuitions what the lives of men might be. He is the master writer.

We desert our imaginary post of vantage that we may read what he has brought in words. But, when we view his work, we contemplate the scene a second time. The same men who lived, and felt, and thought, and the one who shared their thoughts and lived their lives, again people our imagination. They enter our minds as we enter theirs. At one time we

regard the writer, the throngs before him, and the entire scene in panorama. At another time, we peer through the author's eyes at the lives spread out as they were for him. Now we think as the writer thinks; now as the men and women of whom he writes. But we are always the ones thinking. Alternately our feelings are those of the writer; those of the brave, the weak, the noble, the tortured, of the one who pities, of the lover, the fugitive, the hunter. Yet these emotions are always our own. We are the author, the king, the slave, the rich, the poor. We behold with horror the murder of Duncan; we are shaken with fear at Macbeth's terror at the sound of knocking at the gate; and when that knocking continues, we are the avenger come to apprehend the murderer.

As we read, we continually cast ourselves in different roles, and successively experience different emotions. Moreover, we always assume the part of the nobler character and delight in the loftier emotions. We are the hero, not the villain; and it is not pure vanity that prompts us to be garbed in the heroic role, but the urge of our nobler nature that stirs us to strive for the ideal. For a time, we may feel what seems a righteous bitterness and envy, but we soon discover that these sentiments are awry and do not give us lasting satisfaction. We are forever groping for what affords us, not a passing delight, but a satisfaction that endures. We search out these lasting qualities in the characters we come to know in literature. Our thoughts, and emotions, and powers of imagination are strengthened, purified, and enriched. Our personalities achieve a deep, harmonious cultivation from contact with profoundly human characters. We are developed as human beings; we derive culture from literature.

Joseph's Dream

Let me hold Him awhile, Mary.
* * * God be raised!
A lambkin—He's so soft and light.
How His eyes are bright!
Like stars,
Like our bright new star,
Like the stars in your eyes, Mary.
He's smiling,
He's happy, He likes me, Mary.
The brook behind the hill, Mary,
That tinkles over the pebbles?
You heard Him, like the rippling waters?
How soft His breath and sweet.
As incense in the temple,
Last spring, when we were there.
His fingers close like petals at ev'ning.
He's trying to hold me!
To wrap His arms around the whole world!

● J. T. W.

The Flight to Varennes

● David Loveman

“**M**ARIE Antoinette! I’ve grown rather fond of that name. It is not so pleasant to think that this is the last time I shall sign that name as Queen of France.”

“Care not, Madame. Being Queen of France has not been so pleasant, either.”

“Ah, Count Axel de Fersen, but it has its memories that I shall not soon forget—its sweetness as well as its bitterness.”

“Undoubtedly, Madame. And that is why you weep?”

“Forgive me, Axel. We have no time for tears. I shall be strong—as you want me to be . . . You will see that this letter reaches Vienna? They must know we have escaped.”

“It will arrive. I swear it.”

“You have been so kind, my dear. Since you have come, I have found Trianon in the Tuilleries. Without you these last few weeks would have been unbearable.”

“Did I not tell you in the gardens at Versailles that I lived only to serve you? Each night I thank God that the opportunity has arisen.”

“Axel, my dear, my dear . . . You see I smile now. Your kisses have chased away my tears.”

“Would that they might take us both away—far away to a world of our own where there are no prisons, no savage mobs, no bloodshed. I have lived in agony for fear they would do you harm. That last night at Versailles my heart bled for you—you who stood so beautiful and so aloof from those crazed women that sought your blood. And yet I was powerless to help you. I could only follow your carriage to Paris.”

“It is best to forget. Why do we stand here so sadly? We will soon be free and then—Free! Free! Axel, I’m afraid of that word. It was never meant for me and it sounds so far away.”

“Don’t say that. Don’t wish away our only chance for happiness.”

“Forgive me. I’m just nervous. You are sure everything is in readiness? We cannot afford to fail. It is our last hope. Flight is a cowardly thing and we are not cowards. Yet you saw what happened when we proposed to drive to Saint-Cloud for Easter. We were forcibly detained. Is it possible that we have come to this?”

"All is in readiness, Madame. We are to reach Chalons at noon, tomorrow. I have ordered the carriage in my own name and forged the passports. Your jewels have been smuggled out of the palace and are hidden in the carriage. Troops are posted along the road to Vincennes and I, myself, shall drive you through Paris. You need have no fear."

"I have no fear. Axel, with you to guide me . . . We shall be ready. The children have been put to bed as usual and are prepared to dress at a moment's notice. The King and Madame Elizabeth are awaiting me in the large salon for our card game and then we shall retire. The sentries on duty know nothing of our flight. I have ordered the carriage at ten tomorrow for our daily drive and I shall give instructions to the servants as usual tonight. So far, we are safe."

"It is well. Twelve is the hour. I shall be waiting in the shadow of the garden wall to take the children; then you and the King must follow. The rest is in the hands of God."

"And may God be kind. I must go now. The servants might become suspicious if I do not join the King. Yet I am loath to go."

"You tremble. Why, my Queen?"

"I am afraid. Axel, I've been pretending for your sake, but it's so useless. We cannot outride our destiny. Our fate is here and from it there is no escape . . . This evening at sunset I stood at my window. I could not turn away. The air was sweet and heavy with the scent of the flowers. It was all so still and beautiful beneath my window. Yet when I raised my eyes to look across the city, I could see nothing but a horrible nightmare. They had erected a guillotine that faced the palace. Its silhouette was black and monstrous and the sun behind it was as red as blood."

"My God!"

"One kiss, Axel, then **au revoir** till midnight.

American International Thinking

● John Bacon

WE are again faced with a great European war, a war which daily threatens to assume proportions similar to those of the titanic conflict of 1914-1918. This new World War is, in many important respects, very much like the first World War; the German U-boats again prowl Europe's coasts, while German commerce raiders sweep the seas; after an initial lightning campaign, the war has settled down to a gigantic siege operation on the Western Front; "Poor Poland" has been substituted for "Bleeding Belgium"; the usual atrocity tales, though less frequent and flagrant, have been issued by both sides. But, on this side of the Atlantic, there is one tremendously significant difference from the conditions of 1914; in 1914, the United States was not only neutral politically, but, to a great extent, neutral, or at least divided, in spirit; today, the United States is most definitely committed spiritually to one side:

This is a phenomenon which is well worth analyzing; for although the immediate reason for American pro-Allies sentiment is quite apparent, it is symptomatic of a deeper intellectual attitude that should be understood, and avoided, by those who wish to make an honest and intelligent judgment of the merits and demerits of the opposing causes in the present war.

Why do the majority of Americans favor the Allied cause in the present war? The chief reasons, I believe, may safely be said to be their traditional friendliness for democratic Britain and France, and, the most important reason in this particular case, their deep-seated antipathy for and hatred of the theories and practice of the Nazi government. Because of these two reasons, they have condemned as unjust and dangerous to the world the cause of Nazi Germany.

Now, we have no quarrel with those who admire and like Britain and France, or detest and hate Hitler's Germany. Nor, would we quarrel with those who are disgusted with a hypocritical British and French international capitalism and imperialism, or admire a resurrected Germany, fighting back to her rightful place in the sun in the face of almost overwhelming difficulties and opposition.

Rather, we would quarrel with both. For both, by judging the European question solely by either of these standards, their like or dislike for Britain and France, or like or dislike for Hitler's regime, have failed to take into consideration all of the factors involved in the question, and have consequently forfeited their right to make an intelligent judgment. For no single reason can justify approving or condemning any participant in the European struggle. The aspects of the present situation are too many and too involved to allow the singling out of any one, or any number short of all of them, as the deciding motive for judgment.

This attitude we might call a sort of a **priorism**; an oversimplification of the issues. For international politics and issues are not capable of such oversimplification; yet, unfortunately, most of the literature on the European question published in this country, even in such magazines as **Harper's** and **Atlantic Monthly**, has been given to this vice. The majority of magazine articles, and many books written on international affairs within the past decade, have supported a thesis, and attempted to reduce the entire problem to the one issue urged in this thesis. As a result, popular thinking on foreign affairs has assumed, unknowingly, a distinctly metaphysical cast; the average American has evolved from his reading one principle of judgment, and arbitrarily reduces all issues to that one, or ignores entirely every other factor in the particular question he is judging.

As we have pointed out, that a **priorism** in thought on international affairs has operated in this country to bring us into the war, spiritually, on the side of the Allies. And moral support can rapidly become material support, as we should by now have, but apparently have not, learnt.

Not only does this a **priorism** have the effect of narrowing our judgment, but it contributes to the stagnation of thought on international problems. Having convinced himself of the universal validity of his single canon of judgment, the "metaphysician" simply refuses to follow closely developments in international affairs, or to investigate opposing claims; when faced with a question, he forces it into the "mold" of his a **priori** category of judgment, decides it purely on that single issue, and ignores or unjustly eliminates every other issue.

And finally, a **priorism** is highly vulnerable to the danger that besets any system of thought that founds itself on one principle to the exclusion of all others; simply, that that principle may well be discovered fallacious, and

the top-heavy structure of opinion that has been reared on it crashes with it.

The present situation affords ample proof of the truth of the two important contentions of this paper; that international affairs are not capable of the over-simplification that has been applied to them, and that a **priorism** with all its vices is the dominant intellectual habit of popular thought.

The chief source of transcendental principles for the naive American people has been the field of "moral" issues. That there are moral issues and international ethics, most of us believe; but that in contemporary world affairs a clearcut moral line can be drawn, placing guilt completely and indubitably, few competent students of world affairs would affirm. For the nationals of almost any contemporary power to make moral decisions concerning any other nation is for the legendary resident of the glass house to indulge in stone-throwing; yet the game of the pot calling the kettle black has been the favorite diversion of dilettante Grotiuses for the past several decades.

The favorite rationalization of the American Nazi-Hater is to contend that Germany is solely at fault for causing this war. Hitler's protests of Franco-British "encirclement" are dismissed as the ravings of a neurotic Jew-baiter; France's revengeful policy of trampling on recumbent Germany for the fifteen years immediately after the World War is unknown to him, or if known it is dismissed on the grounds that France was justified in avenging herself on the aggressor in the last war; but how many reliable historians today would categorically assert that Germany started or caused the last war? A very prominent school of historical thought in fact places the blame on French and Russian ambitions in Central Europe.

The Anglophobe opposes American pro-Allies feeling on the grounds that Germany is merely attempting to get her rightful portion of world trade and her just share of colonies from the greedy British Empire; and certainly, is not Britain's colonial policy, in Ireland, or South Africa, for instance, equally as reprehensible as German seizure of weak European states? But, does Germany need those colonies; or, is not her need merely the desire for the gratification of German Prussianism and imperialism? And her desire for her share of world trade, what of that? What means is she employing? Those of an outlaw and brigand in international economics, most current observers agree. And, even if Britain and France are waging an

imperialistic war against Germany, may they not serve a good end at the same time, by destroying the opprobrious Nazi regime? In our own American Civil War, the Northern economy and self-interest crushed the Southern economy and self-interest, a purely selfish and unglorious conquest; but, at the same time, did it not end the unhealthy and unjust southern slave and class system?

Was not Germany unethical in depriving the independent peoples of Poland and Austria and Czechoslovakia of their liberty and their form of government? Yes, but then by what right do we set ourselves up as the judges of the desirability of the present German government; by what right would we destroy the government of an independent nation, even though to our minds it is obnoxious?

Is not Germany disturbing the peace of the world by her unjust demands for territory? But, did not Great Britain, in Egypt, in India, in Africa, in China, do the same thing?

Is not Hitler lusty for world power and conquest? Yes, but there would be no Hitler and no Germany if there had been no Napoleon to instill the desire for national unity in the German states, during his conquests.

It should by now be quite apparent that "moral" principles as a criterion of judgment are a highly dubious base on which to build a structure of opinion. Likewise, it should be equally apparent that such an attitude leads to a closed mind; having decided that German war guilt in 1914, a doubtful premise, was the universal norm, the **a priorist** would simply ignore British and French imperialism and seizure of world markets at the expense of Germany, the iniquities of the League of Nations, and the multitude of other considerations, all of which deserve equal consideration along with the question of war guilt.

But suppose that we could satisfactorily fix moral guilt. Would we then be justified in deciding by this canon alone? Quite apparently not. Suppose, for instance, that we decided that Britain and France were morally guilty. Could we then ignore the threat to Western civilization and culture from Nazism and Communism, the spawn of Nietzsche and Hegel? Could we afford to close our eyes to the danger to the Western Hemisphere from a triumphant and unified totalitarian Germany and Russia?

Yet, on the other hand, might not German-Russian conquest of Europe finally restore peace; absolute dominant nations imposing a form of **Pax Romana** on the world? And would financially poor Germany, even though dominant, be as formidable a commercial competitor as rich Britain?

gent individual must consider if he is to arrive at a valid conclusion concerning the present European situation. It demonstrates forcibly the necessity for divorcing ourselves from a **a priori**ism in thought on international questions, and the necessity for considering Europe's and the world's problems not as mere repetitions of similar situations which are susceptible of judgment by an **a priori** norm derived from the original analagous question, but as problems each of which must be judged on its individual merits. International affairs are not like mathematical equations; the principles that governed the solution of one question cannot be applied to another question simply because that situation involves factors similar to those encountered before; each new problem involves new individual factors and new relationships of old factors, and demand rigorously intelligent, emancipated thinking if they are to be honestly evaluated.

And finally, each problem or issue must be viewed as a **whole**; every factor must receive consideration, and consideration in proportion to its actual importance; no issue must be given first rank to the total exclusion of all others; neither the moral aspect, or the economic aspect, or the sociological aspect, or any particular aspect can take precedence, since any one factor is always the result of the interplay of all the others. If we remember this, then perhaps the sinking of the **Athenia** will seem no more important than British interning of our ships; if we forget it, 1917 will repeat itself.

The Rediscovery of Dauphine Island

● T. Caldwell Delaney

JOURNAL of an expedition to rediscover Dauphine Island undertaken and successfully completed in the summer of 1939.

* * * *

"IT'S a pity," Bud remarked as the car cleared a bridge with a leap and skidded half across the road, "that they've stopped using crushed oyster shells as a surfacing medium. The shell roads were found only in this part of the country, and were one of its most picturesque assets."

I agreed. It was a pity that more of Mobile's roads were not like lower Cedar Point—in appearance, at least. Under the early morning sun it was gleaming white and straight, a sharp dividing line between the dull green of pine forests on one side and the old-amethyst blue of Mobile Bay on the other. And it was picturesque. The twisted salt water shrubs which choked its ditches and crept up to the road's edge scattered queer little berry-like blossoms among the shells, and lazily circling gulls paused occasionally in their flight to search its surface hopefully and then wheel on again toward the Bay. Fiddler crabs rustled among the weeds and ventured out to scuttle under the wheels in awkward sidling gallops. Yes, it was picturesque; but it was also in need of repair.

We bounced out of a medium size gulley, and Bud secured a new grip on the steering wheel. "How long has it been since we left town?" he asked.

"About twenty minutes. We should be there in ten more."

"Good time. Are you sure Cedar Point is the place?"

"Yes. They said at the Post Office that the Mail Boat left for Dauphine Island every week-day morning at eight-thirty from Cedar Point. It used to leave from Coden, but I think a hurricane changed that."

"Cedar Point is the logical place," he agreed. "It's the southernmost tip of Mobile County, with the Bay on one side and the Gulf on the other; and only a narrow strip of water separates it from the island. I wonder if many people cross on the mail boat?"

"I don't know. I wouldn't think so, though. If there were many, they would probably run a passenger boat."

Anyway, the island is small, and it couldn't have many inhabitants."

"Speaking of the island; what was that crack Robert made about its being infested with rattlesnakes?"

"He just said we'd probably be eaten alive. The whole island is overrun with them, particularly the fort. The fort has been collecting them undisturbed for nearly forty years now."

"And we're going to walk into the midst of them, I take it?"

"We're setting out to rediscover Dauphine Island, aren't we?"

Bud balked. "Something tells me the idea wasn't too bright," he groaned.

"Sir! You are libeling my brain child," I stormed in pretended fury. "I won't stand for it!"

"It has all the earmarks of being dwarfed at birth."

I let that go, and tackled him from another angle.

"Surely you aren't afraid of snakes?" I inquired casually.

"Certainly not," he replied; "particularly rattlers. They're my favorite of all snakes—such beautiful markings, and so entertaining; never a dull moment. Good-bye!"

"Oh, no, you don't!" I cried. "After getting up at this unearthly hour and coming this far, we aren't going to turn back now. Anyway, you can be bitten only once."

"Yeah, but it's so final."

By this time we had reached the point itself and turned off the road onto a narrow beach. A few gnarled trees, bent before the ever-present south winds, and great wastes of gray-brown marsh grass gave the landscape an air of rather weary desolation. It reflected from the weathered boards of the little shack which served the multiple purpose of restaurant, office for a boat renting concern, and home of the owner; it was present in the rows of beached skiffs and the larger boats from whose curved bottoms a weatherbeaten little man patiently scraped baskets full of crusted barnacles. The whole point gave the impression that Nature had struggled with the elements and lost.

Across a blue patch of water we could see the island, low and green, and remarkably distinct to be as far away as maps made it out to be.

We were assured, upon inquiry, that the mail boat really did leave at eight-thirty, and we settled down to

wait. At nine o'clock we were still waiting. "Evidently," Bud said fifteen minutes later as a car prominently labelled **U. S. Mail** drove up leisurely and parked, "he doesn't approve of the schedule. Let's see if we can persuade him to cross this morning."

The dirtiest little shrimp boat that ever disgraced its profession was coaxed with some difficulty to proceed under its own power to the end of a rickety pier, and we advanced with the other prospective passengers to meet it. A tow-headed little girl, who could barely have been old enough to enter school, caught the tossed hawser and made it fast with the deft twist of an accomplished seaman, while her myriad brothers and sisters scrambled for choice spots on the deck. A pitifully small bag of mail and a box of provisions were dumped into their midst, and we cast off.

The tin cabin was completely filled by the gasoline engine; so the passengers were allowed to choose parking spaces upon the deck—approximately eighteen square feet of plane surface being available. Since there were nine of us in all, movement was not too free; in fact, space was at such a premium that we discovered too late a younger member of the tow-headed tribe using our lunch for a cushion.

Approximately an hour of feverish activity directed toward rescuing first one piece then another of our equipment, punctuated occasionally by the appearance of a low-lying sandy island in the blazing azure of the Gulf or the unexpected showering spray of a breaking wave, brought us within sight of a tiny settlement on the island's shore.

"Those pilings on that sand island must be all that is left of Fort Powell," Bud shouted above the din of the motor. "It was built on pilings, you know, and didn't last very long; a sort of nautical blockhouse. It was supposed to guard this entrance to the Bay from the Mississippi Sound."

I nodded. We had come to re-fight the Battle of Mobile Bay on the actual spot and, at the same time, uncover as many traces as we could of the original French settlement on Dauphine Island; and we were making progress. "The **Tecumseh** is sunk just across the channel beyond the point," I shouted back. "Most of her officers and men are still on board."

Several of the tow-heads looked shocked, but Bud was absorbed in the antics of a pair of playful dolphins which had rolled out of the shore reeds to bowl along before

us, rising from the water and sinking again in a circular motion as perfect as if they had been attached to the rims of wheels. Their sleek black forms bobbed before us almost until we reached the wharf. There the populace awaited to greet its friends and stare at strangers.

After securing a promise that the boat would not sail without us the next morning, we set out through the practically non-existent village, which was at the center of the island, for the fort at its eastern tip, a distance of about two miles. From the decrepid appearance of the few houses we passed, we judged that the few remaining Creoles who clung to their island homes made a bare existence of their life there. "It's hard to believe that this was once the most prosperous port in all French Louisiana, isn't it?" I muttered. "There's certainly little enough of it left now."

"Yes," Bud replied, "but think, too, how long it has been since the port was closed—nearly two hundred years. A lot can happen in that time."

"It has. That cleared space over there, incidentally, the one tangled with crepe myrtles and surrounded by live oaks, must be the plantation site Carl Carmer wrote of in **Stars Fell On Alabama**. And that reminds me; when we return to the village tomorrow, we'll have to look for Veronica."

"The Roanoke Creole?"

"Yes. If she has a story to tell, we may as well hear it too. Then there's the fisherman who told the story of the cathedral which once stood here and the priest who saved its golden cross from the pirates; we may as well look for him too."

"Sure, but what about the fort; it isn't so old, is it?"

"It's over a hundred years old. Jefferson Davis built it when he was Secretary of War. The site was even used for a fort nearly a hundred years before that, by the French, English, and Spanish. You've seen it, though; I haven't."

"I've seen it only from the water. From there it's very grim and formidable, but you can't tell anything about it. How long has it been abandoned?"

"It was rehabilitated for the Spanish-American War, and has been deserted since. I believe we're coming to it now."

We had been walking rapidly for nearly half an hour through a dense pine forest, following a road which apparently bisected the island from end to end and cut it

into almost identical halves. The remnants of cross streets laid out and abandoned years before by a company which planned to subdivide and boom the island gave occasional ragged vistas to the Gulf and Bay, but now we could see a streak of blue beyond the trees, before us as well as to the right and left. The trees gave way suddenly, we passed a barn-like old hotel, evidently unoccupied for years, a rusty water tank, and a tumbled down farmhouse; and emerged upon rolling sand dunes. To our left was Mobile Bay, to our right the Gulf of Mexico; before us on the point at which they met rose the time scarred battlements of an old fortress.

We circled its quivering, bog choked moat gingerly, following it around bastion after bastion until we had counted five. From its Gulf side where waves lapped at the sand which had drifted around its base to the inland side where stagnant pools separated it still from the encroaching dunes, it was a perfect example of military architecture. Its brick walls rose bleakly from the moat, pierced only by slender loopholes high above the water's surface, and dissolved abruptly into the blue sky. Vines had crept down from above to soften the harsh lines of its quintuple facade and festoon many of the gun ports, but even they could not prevent the rather chilling realization which came to us as we stared at its battlements from below that snipers hidden within the deep embrasures of bastion gun ports and sweeping the five sides with cross-fire could render it almost impregnable even today.

Slightly below us on the most inland side a low stone bridge crossed the moat and disappeared into a cavern-like tunnel. We reshouldered our packs and made for it, picking and breaking our way through the tangled underbrush as best we could. Then just before us the brush wavered slightly, and a long snake slid off through the grass.

"Number o-o-one!" Bud said shakily, and we pushed through onto the bridge.

(Continued in February)

The Easter Mass

FOREWORD

MORE and more through the last century, the Church has emphasized a greater regard for her liturgy and especially the mass, as the best expression of Christian doctrine and prayer. Coupled with this, she has increasingly fostered the participation in that sacrifice by the laity. So, it has come about that a relatively new liturgical book, the Latin and vernacular missal, is being extensively used.

Why should I attempt a new translation of the mass? For two reasons: First, anyone who has considered the mass carefully will be brought to an admiration for its literary effect alone. I have therefore attempted to bring out the prose-poetry of the mass both by a considered selection of words and the employment of the colometric or sense-line form. The second reason lies in the use of variations and archaisms of the different editions of the missal. I daresay that between almost any two editions one may pick up, there will never be complete agreement, not only as to word choice, but even as to meaning.

Beside this, many old English words have come down to us either with a new connotation or no connotation at all, and yet most missals still employ these same outmoded forms. Omitting certain inessential portions proper to the high mass and rubrics or directions, I have aimed primarily to express as best as possible in this treatise the literary beauty of the mass, and at the same time to make an accurate translation of the original Latin into modern English idiom.

• John L. Mechem

The Easter Mass

P—In the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit. Amen. I will go into the sanctuary of God.

S—To God Who inspirits my youth.

PSALM 42

P—Judge me, God,

And separate my cause from peoples unsanctified;
Save me from the deceiving and unjust man.

S—Because, Lord, You are my strength.

Why have You turned me away?
And why do I continue sorrowful,
As the enemy casts me down?

P—Throw forth Your light and Your truth;
They that have led me into the holy mount
And into Your tabernacles.

S—And I shall go into the sanctuary of God,
To God Who inspirits my youth.

P—I shall make You known with my harp, O God. my God;

My soul, why are you sad and why do you disturb me?

S—Hope in God, for still shall I praise Him,
The Guardian of my countenance, and my God.

SHORT DOXOLOGY

P—Glory to the Father and Son and Holy Spirit.

S—As it was in the beginning
And now

And always everlastingly. Amen.

P—I will go into the sanctuary of the Lord.

S—To God Who inspirits my youth.

P—Our help is in the name of the Lord.

S—Who made heaven and earth.

THE CONFESSION

P—I confess to God almighty,
to Mary, blessed and always virgin,
to the blessed archangel, Michael,
to blessed John the Baptist,
to Peter and Paul, holy apostles,
to all the saints
and you, brothers,

That I have sinned exceedingly
In thought and word and deed,
Through my fault,
Through my fault,
Through my most grievous fault.

And so I beseech Mary, blessed and always virgin,
the blessed archangel, Michael,
blessed John the Baptist,
Peter and Paul, holy apostles,
all the saints,
and you, brothers,

To pray for me to the Lord our God.

S—Let almighty God have mercy on you

And forgive your sins

And bring you to everlasting life. P—Amen.

S—I confess, etc.

P—Let almighty God, etc. S—Amen.

P—May God, almighty and merciful,

Grant unto us

Pardon, absolution, and remission of our sins.

S—Amen.

P—Lord, having turned to us, you will enliven us.

S—And Your people will exult in You.

P—Lord, show us Your mercy.

S—And give us Your salvation.

P—Hear my prayer, Lord.

S—And let my cry come to You.

P—The Lord be with you.

S—And with your spirit.

P—Let us pray:

Remove from us, we beseech You, Lord, our injustices

That into the Holy of Holies

We may be worthy to enter

With pure minds. Amen.

P—We pray You, Lord,

Through the merits of Your saints

Whose relics lie here

And all Your saints

That You would condescend

To forgive all my sins. Amen.

INTROIT FOR EASTER

- P—I arose and am yet with you. Alleluia!
You have placed your hand upon me. Alleluia!
Your knowledge has become wonderful. Alleluia,
 alleluia!
(**Psalm 138**) You, Lord, have tried me and known me;
You have known my sitting down and my rising up.
S—Glory to the Father and Son and Holy Spirit
As it was in the beginning, and now, and always ever-
 lastingly. Amen.

THE KYRIE

- P—Lord, have mercy.
S—Lord, have mercy.
P—Lord, have mercy.

S—Christ, have mercy.
P—Christ, have mercy.
S—Christ, have mercy.

P—Lord, have mercy.
S—Lord, have mercy.
P—Lord, have mercy.

THE GLORIA

- P—Glory be to God in the highest!
And on earth, peace to men of good will.
We praise You.
We bless You.
We adore You.
We glorify You.
We give thanks to You, for Your great glory.
O Lord God, King of heaven.
God, the Father almighty.
God, the only begotten Son, Jesus Christ.
Lord God, Lamb of God, Son of the Father,
Who take away the sins of the world,
Have mercy on us.
Who take away the sins of the world,
Receive our supplication.

Who are seated at the right hand of the Father
Have mercy on us.
Because You alone are holy,
You alone, Lord,
You alone, most high, Jesus Christ,
With the Holy Spirit in the glory of God, the Father.
Amen.

P—The Lord be with you.

S—And with your spirit.

COLLECT FOR EASTER

P—God, Who, with death overcome through Your Only-Begotten,
Has unbarred for us, on this day, the approach to eternity,
Fulfill by Your assistance
The desires, which in anticipation
You inspire in us. Through the same Lord . . . Amen.

LESSON FOR EASTER

(From I Paul to Corinthians, c. 5)

P—Brothers: Purge out the old leaven so you may be a
new paste,
As you are unleavened, for Christ, our
Pasch, is sacrificed.
And so, let us feast not with the old leaven
And not with the leaven of rancor and
pravity,
But with the unleavened bread of truth and
purity.

GRADUAL FOR EASTER

P—(Psalm 117) This is the day that the Lord made;
Let us rejoice and exult in it!

S—Give praise to the Lord, for He is good
And His mercy endures through all ages.
Alleluia, alleluia! Our Pasch, Christ, is sacrificed.

SEQUENCE FOR EASTER

P—Offer, Christians, praises to the Paschal Victim!

The Lamb has freed the sheep.
Christ the Innocent has accorded sinners to the Father.

Death and life strove in wondrous conflict;
The Prince of life, once dead, now living reigns.

Mary, tell us: What saw you on the way?

“The tomb of Christ the living,
And I saw the glory of the Rising One,
The angel witnesses, the towel, and the clothing.
Christ, my hope, has risen; He goes before you into
Galilea.”

We know indeed Christ to be risen from the dead.
Upon us, Victor-King, have mercy. Amen. Alleluia!

GOSPEL FOR EASTER

P—Cleanse my heart and my lips,
Almighty God, Who with a live coal
Purified the lips of Isaiah the prophet.
Condescend through Your gracious mercy
So to clean me that I may worthily announce Your
holy gospel.

Through Christ our Lord . . . Amen.

P—Pray, Lord, a blessing.
May the Lord be in my heart
And on my lips,
So I may worthily and suitably
Announce His gospel. Amen.

P—The Lord be with you.

S—And with your spirit.

P—The continuation of the holy gospel according to
Mark (chapter 16):

At that time: Mary Magdalene, and Mary, the mother
of James, and Salome

Procured spices in order to come and anoint Jesus.
And early in the morning on the first day of the week,
They come to the sepulcher.

By now, the sun has risen.
And they spoke back and forth:

Who will roll back the stone for us from the door of
the tomb?
And they looked and saw the stone rolled back. It
was indeed large.
And they entered into the sepulcher and saw
A youth sitting on the right clothed in a glistening
white robe,
And they stood amazed.
But he said to them:
Do not be afraid:
You seek Jesus of Nazareth, the crucified;
He has risen. He is not here.
Look! Here is the place where they laid Him.
But go, tell His disciples and Peter
That He goes before you into Galilea;
There shall you see Him, as He told you.
S—Praise be to You, Christ.

CREED

P—I believe in one God, Father almighty,
Maker of heaven and earth, of all things visible and
invisible;
And in one Lord, Jesus Christ, only begotten Son of
God
And sprung from the Father before all ages,
God of God, Light of Light, true God of true God,
Begotten, not made, and consubstantial with the Father;
All things were made by Him,
Who for us men and for our salvation
Came down from heaven,
And was made incarnate by the Holy Spirit out of the
virgin Mary,
AND WAS MADE MAN;
Moreover, under Pontius Pilate, He was crucified for
us,
Suffered, and was buried;
And, according to Scripture, He rose again on the
third day after,
And He ascended into heaven;
He sits at the right hand of the Father,
And once again, He will come, with glory, to judge
the living and the dead;
And there will be no end to His rule;
And in the Holy Spirit, Lord and Lifegiver,
Who proceeds from the Father and Son,

Who as one with the Father and Son is adored and glorified,
And Who has spoken through the prophets;
And in one, holy, catholic, and apostolic Church.
I confess one baptism for the remission of sins.
And I await the resurrection of the dead
And the life of the age to come. Amen.

OFFERTORY FOR EASTER

P—The Lord be with you.

S—And with your spirit.

P—Let us pray: The earth quaked and became still
When God in judgment rose again. Alleluia!

OFFERING OF WATER AND WINE

P—Receive, holy Father, almighty eternal God,
This spotless host,
Which I, Your unworthy servant,
Offer to You, my living and true God,
For my unnumbered sins, offenses, and oversights
And for all those around here,
So too, for all faithful Christians, living and dead,
That it gain my own and their salvation unto eternal
life. Amen.

P—O God, Who have wondrously framed
The dignity of human nature
And have yet more wondrously refashioned it,
Empower us, through the mystery of this water and
wine,
To be sharers of His divinity,
Who deigned to become a sharer of our humanity,
Jesus Christ, Your Son, our Lord,
Who lives and reigns with You in the unity of the
Holy Spirit,
Through all ages. Amen.

P—To You, Lord, we offer the chalice of salvation,
Entreating Your mercy,
That it may rise up in the sight of Your divine ma-
jesty
With a sweet odor,
For our salvation and that of the whole world. Amen.

-
- P—In a spirit of humility and with a repentant heart
May we be received by You, Lord,
And may our sacrifice today
So be made in Your presence
That it may please You, Lord God.
- P—Come, O Sanctifier, almighty eternal God,
And bless this sacrifice prepared for Your holy name.

WASHING OF HANDS

- P—(Psalm 25) I will wash my hands with the innocent
And I will circle Your altar, Lord.
That I may hear the word of Your praise
And expound Your wonders all in all.
Lord, I have loved the beauty of Your home
And the place of Your glory's dwelling.
Abandon not with the wicked, O God, my soul
And with men of blood, my life;
In whose hands are injustices,
The right hand of whom is replete with gifts.
But I have been going along in my innocence;
Deliver me and have mercy on me.
My foot has persisted on the straight road;
Lord, I will bless You in the gatherings.
Glory to the Father and Son and Holy Spirit,
As it was in the beginning and now and always ever-
lastingly. Amen.

INVOCATION OF THE TRINITY

- P—Take up, holy Trinity, this offering which we give
to You
In memory of the passion, resurrection and ascension
Of Jesus Christ, Our Lord,
And in honor of blessed Mary, always virgin,
And the blessed John the Baptist,
And the holy apostles, Peter and Paul,
Both these and all the saints,
That it may profit to the honor of them
And to the salvation of ourselves;
And may they deign to intercede for us in heaven
Whose memory we perpetuate here on earth.
Through the same Christ, our Lord . . . Amen.

ORATE FRATRES

- P—Implore, brothers, that this sacrifice of mine and yours
May be acceptable with God, the Father almighty.
S—May the Lord receive the sacrifice from your hands
To the praise and glory of His name,
And too for our advantage and that of all His holy
Church. Amen.

SECRET FOR EASTER

- P—Accept, we beseech You, Lord,
The supplications of Your people
With the offerings of sacrifice,
That what began with the Paschal mysteries
May, through Your power, profit us
As a remedy to eternity. Through our Lord . . .
P—Through all ages. S—Amen.

PREFACE FOR EASTER

- P—The Lord be with you.
S—And with your spirit.
P—Lift up your hearts.
S—We have, to the Lord.
P—Let us thank the Lord, our God.
S—It is worthy and just.
P—Indeed worthy and just it is, honorable and salutary,
To extol You indeed at all times,
But on this day especially,
With even more glory,
When Christ, our Pasch, was sacrificed.
For He is the true Lamb
Who has borne away the sins of the world;
Who by dying has destroyed our death
And by rising again has restored our life.
And so with angels and archangels, with thrones and
dominions,
And with all the soldiery of the heavenly army,
A hymn of Your glory we sing, chanting without end:

TRISAGION

- P—Holy, holy, holy, Lord, God of hosts.

Heaven and earth are full with Your glory. Hosanna
in the highest!
Blessed be who comes in the name of the Lord. Ho-
sanna in the highest!

CANON

P—Thus, most forbearing Father, we entreaters beg and
request of You
Through Jesus Christ, Your Son, our Lord,
That You may hold as accepted and may bless
These gifts, these offerings, this holy unspotted sacri-
fice.
We offer this first to You for Your holy catholic
Church
Which may You deign to pacify, guard, unite
And rule over the entire sphere of the world;
Along with Your servant our Pope, Pius, and our bish-
op, . . .
And all right believers and worshipers of the catholic
and apostolic faith.

COMMEMORATION FOR LIVING

P—Lord, remember Your servants . . . and . . .
And all hereabout whose faith is known to You
And whose fervor is understood by You
For whom we offer to You, or rather who offer to You,
This sacrifice of praise for themselves and all theirs,
For the redemption of their souls,
For the hope of their safety and salvation;
And who render their prayers to You, God, eternal,
living and true.

WITHIN THE ACTION

P—Sharing and [celebrating* this most holy day
Of the resurrection of our Lord, Jesus Christ, accord-
ing to the flesh]
And hallowing the memory of glorious Mary, always
virgin,

*Bold words are seasonal additions to otherwise static prayers by the
importance of the feast. In the canon, only these two prayers are so
altered.

The mother of the same God and our Lord, Jesus Christ,
And too of Your blessed apostles and martyrs: Peter and Paul, Andrew, James, John, Thomas, James, Philip, Bartholomew, Matthew, Simon and Thaddeus; of Linus, Cletus, Clement, Xystus, Cornelius, Cyprian, Lawrence, Chrysogonus, John and Paul, Cosmas and Damian;
And of all your saints; by whose merits and prayers May You grant us to be defended in every way Through the help of Your protection, through the same Christ,
Our Lord . . . Amen.

HANG IGITUR

P—Therefore, we beseech You, Lord, that having been appeased
You may accept of our servitude and that of Your whole family
This offering, [**which we make to You
For those indeed whom You have deigned
To regenerate by water and the Holy Spirit
Giving to them remission of all their sins**]
And that You may order our days in Your peace,
And command us to be snatched from eternal doom
And numbered in the fold of Your elect,
Through Christ, our Lord . . . Amen.

P—Which oblation, we ask, do You, God,
Deign to make in every way
Blessed, consecrated, valid, reasonable, and acceptable,
That for us it may become
The body and blood of the most beloved Jesus Christ.

CONSECRATION

P—Who, the day before He suffered,
Took bread in His holy and revered hands,
Having raised His eyes up to heaven
To You, His almighty Father,
Thanking You, He blessed, broke, and gave it
To His disciples, saying:
Take all of you and eat of this;
FOR THIS IS MY BODY.

Similarly after He had eaten
Taking also this renowned chalice in His holy and hal-
lowed hands,
Again thanking You, He blessed and gave it
To His disciples, saying:
Take all of you and drink of this;
FOR THIS IS THE CHALICE OF MY BLOOD,
OF THE NEW AND ETERNAL TESTAMENT,
(THE MYSTERY OF FAITH!)
WHICH SHALL BE SHED FOR YOU AND FOR
MANY UNTO THE REMISSION OF SINS.
For as often as you will do these things,
You shall do them in memory of Me.

OFFERING OF THE CONSECRATED SPECIES

P—Whence, Lord, we, Your servants and Your holy people too,

Remembering not only the blessed passion
Of the same Jesus Christ, Your Son, our Lord,
But also His resurrection from hell
And His glorious ascension into heaven,
Offer to Your splendid majesty from Your gifts and presents,

A pure victim, a holy victim, an unspotted victim,
The holy bread of eternal life and the chalice of perpetual salvation.

P—Upon this, condescend to look with a kind and tranquil mien

And hold it accepted as You consented to accept
The gifts of Your just son, Abel,
And the sacrifice of our patriarch, Abraham,
You,

And what Your high priest Melchisedech presented to
A holy offering, an unspotted victim.

P—We entreaters bessech You, almighty God:

Order this to be brought by the hand
Of Your holy angel to Your lofty altar
In the sight of Your divine majesty,
That all those, who by partaking from this altar
Shall have consumed the revered body and blood of
Your Son,

May be loaded with every heavenly blessing and grace,

Through the same Jesus Christ, Our Lord . . . Amen.

COMMEMORATION FOR DEAD

P—Lord, remember too Your servants, . . . and . . .
Who have gone before us with the standard of faith
And sleep in the slumber of peace.
To these, Lord, and all resting in Christ
We beseech that You grant a place
Of refreshment, light, and peace,
Through Christ, our Lord . . . Amen.

COMMEMORATION OF CHURCH TRIUMPHANT

P—To us sinners and Your servants too,
Hoping from the multitude of Your mercies,
Deign to give some part and fellowship
With Your apostles and martyrs:
With John, Stephen, Matthew, Barnabas,
Ignatius, Alexander, Marcellinus, Peter,
Felicity, Perpetua, Agatha, Lucy,
Agnes, Cecilia, Anastasia, and all Your saints,
Among whose company we beseech
That You may admit us,
Not considering our merit,
But giving freely of Your pardon,
Through Christ, our Lord . . . Amen.

BLESSING OF AGAPE*

P—Through Whom, do You, Lord always create,
Hallow, enliven, bless, and give to us
All these good things.

MINOR ELEVATION

P—Through Him, and with Him, and in Him
Is to You, almighty Father, in the union of the Holy
Spirit,
All honor and glory,
Through all ages. S—Amen.

*This ancient fragment has come down from early Christian times, when the Agape or love feast was still celebrated in the Roman Rite.

COMMUNION

P—Let us pray: Admonished by the charges of salvation,
And schooled by God's lesson, we venture to say:
Our Father, Who are in heaven,
Hallowed be Your name,
Your kingdom come,
Your will be done on earth as it is in heaven.
Give us, this day, our daily bread,
And forgive us our trespasses
As we forgive our trespassers,
And lead us not into temptation.

S—But deliver us from evil.

P—Deliver us, we beg You, Lord, from all evils
Past, present, and to come;
And by the intercession of blessed and glorious Mary,
Always virgin and mother of God,
With the blessed apostles Peter, Paul, and Andrew
And all the saints, graciously give
Peace in our days, that having been aided
By the help of Your mercy,
We may always be both free from sin
And secure from all trouble,
Through the same Christ, our Lord,
Who lives and rules with You in the union of the Holy
Spirit, God,
Through all ages. S—Amen.

BREAKING OF HOST

P—The peace of the Lord be always with you.

S—And with your spirit.

MIXING OF SACRED SPECIES

P—May this mingling and hallowing
Of the body and blood of our Lord, Jesus Christ,
Serve us, the receivers, unto everlasting life. Amen.

AGNUS DEI

P—Lamb of God, Who take away the sins of the world,
Have mercy on us. (Twice)

P—Lamb of God, Who take away the sins of the world,
Give peace to us.

PREPARATION FOR COMMUNION

- P—Lord Jesus Christ, Who said to Your apostles,
“I leave my peace to You;
“I give my peace to You.”
Look not on my sins, but on the faith of Your church
And allow to her peace and unity
According to Your will,
Who live and reign God through all ages. Amen.

KISS OF PEACE

- P—Peace with you.
S—And with your spirit.
P—Lord Jesus Christ, Son of the living God,
Who from the will of the Father, the cooperation of
the Holy Spirit,
Have given life to the world by Your death,
Deliver me through this, Your revered body and blood,
From all my infamies and from every evil,
And make me always cleave to Your commands,
And never allow me to be separated from You,
Who with the same God, the Father and Holy Spirit,
Live and rule, God, through all ages. Amen.
P—Lord Jesus Christ, may the receiving
Of Your body, which I unworthy resume to take
Not bring me unto judgment and condemnation
But by Your loving-concern profit me
To the protection of mind and body,
And to the possession of a remedy for them,
Who live and rule with God, the Father,
In the union of the Holy Spirit, God, through all ages.
Amen.

COMMUNION OF THE PRIEST

- P—I will take the bread of heaven
And call upon the name of the Lord.
P—Lord, I am not worthy for You to enter under roof;
Say only the word, and my soul will be healed (**three times**).
P—May the body of our Lord, Jesus Christ,
Keep my soul unto eternal life. Amen.
P—What shall I render to the Lord
For all that He has rendered to me?
I will take the chalice of salvation
And I will call upon the name of the Lord (**Psalms 65**).

Praising, I will call upon the Lord
And I will be saved from my enemies (**Psalm 17**).
P—May the blood of our Lord, Jesus Christ,
Keep my soul unto eternal life. Amen.

COMMUNION OF THE FAITHFUL

S—I confess, etc. (**The Confession**).
P—Let, etc. (**Ibid**).
P—May God, almighty and merciful,
Grant unto us
Pardon, absolution, and remission of our sins.
S—Amen
P—Behold the Lamb of God,
Who takes away the sins of the world.
P—Lord, I am not worthy for You to enter under my roof;
Say only the word, and my soul shall be healed (**three times**).
P—May the body of our Lord, Jesus Christ,
Keep your soul unto eternal life. Amen.

ABLUTIONS

P—Lord, what we by mouth have consumed
May we receive with pure minds,
And may it turn from a temporal gift for us
To an everlasting remedy.
P—Lord, may Your body which I have eaten
And Your blood, which I have drunk
Cleave to my vitals;
And, grant that the stains of sin
Will not remain in me,
Whom Your pure and holy sacraments have refreshed,
Who live and rule through all ages. Amen.

COMMUNION FOR EASTER

P—Christ, our Pasch, is sacrificed. Alleluia!
And so let us feast
With the unleavened bread of truth and purity. Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

THANKSGIVING FOR EASTER

P—The Lord be with you.
S—And with your spirit.
P—Let us pray: Fill us, Lord, with the Spirit of Your love

That, by Your fatherly concern, You may make of one
mind
Those whom You have satiated
With the Paschal sacraments. Through our Lord . . .
Amen.

LAST BLESSING AND GOSPEL

- P—The Lord be with you.
S—And with your spirit.
P—Go, it is ended. Alleluia, Alleluia!
S—Thanks be to God. Alleluia, Alleluia!
P—Holy Trinity, may the performance
Of my servitude please You;
And grant that this sacrifice,
Which is offered up in the eyes of Your majesty,
May be acceptable to You,
And, You being merciful, an appeasement for me
And all for whom it is offered,
Through Christ, our Lord . . . Amen.
P—May almighty God, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
Bless you. S—Amen.
P—The Lord be with you.
S—And with your spirit.
P—The beginning of the holy gospel, according to John:
S—Glory to You, Lord.
P—In the beginning was the Word;
And the Word was with God;
And God was the Word.
It was in the beginning with God.
All through Him was made,
And without Him was made nothing which is made.
In him was life; the life was the light of men;
And the light shone in the darkneses,
And the darkneses did not understand it.
There was a man sent from God.
Whose name was John.
He came in testimony,
That he might hold the testimony of the light;
That all might believe through him.
He was not the light,
But (he came) to bring forth testimony of the light.
It was the true light,
Which shines upon all men coming into this world.
He was in the world;
And the world through Him was made,
And the world did not know Him.

To His own, He came,
And His own did not receive Him;
To any, who nonetheless did receive Him,
He gave the power to become sons of God,
To them that believe in His name,
Who are born not from blood
Nor the will of the flesh nor the will of man,
But from God.
And the Word was made flesh
And lived among us;
And we saw His glory,
The glory, that is, of the Only-Begotten of the Father,
A glory filled with grace and truth.
S—Thanks be to God.

The Aeneid

MY song is of conflict, of bloodshed;
Of him of great courage, the hero
Who, fleeing the wrath of the Parcae,
Embarked from the shores of his fathers,
And steered he his course to the westward,
To Rome and Lavinian coastlands.

And numberless trials he encountered—
The turbulent sea and vast marshes—
Incessantly hindered by Juno,
Whose vanity, wounded by insult,
Sought vengeance; while even worse hardships
He suffered in torturous warfare . . .

Until at great length he established
A haven where brought he his statues
That symbolized household protection.
And forth from this new-founded harbor
Arose, indestructable, massive—
The walls of great Rome, the eternal.

Inform me, O Muse! of the motives
Why Heaven's dire queen being thwarted
Decreed that a hero so dauntless
Who typified dutiful worship,
Should suffer such anguishing labors.
Can heavenly minds hold such vengeance?

There was at this time a great city
(Where dwelt the Phoenicians), time-honored;
And vast were these regions called Carthage,
Which Italy faced and the Tiber,
Abounding in wealthy resources—
And vast too, its knowledge of warfare.

As rumor recalls, divine Juno
Had chosen this town as her dwelling;
Her relics she placed here. In honor,
Her island not even surpassed it.
And strove she to mark it with greatness,
If Fate so desired to be friendly.

However, she heard that a nation,
Descended by blood from the Trojans,
Would far in the future demolish
The splendor of Carthage—a kingdom
Whose haughty battalions would conquer
The Libyans: thus fate decreed it.

And feared she such things, not forgetting
Her favor to Greece in the battles
Before ancient Troy, nor dismissing
Her reasons for passionate anger;
Remembering Ganymede's honors,
Recalling the judgment of Paris.

Incensed thus, she doomed the survivors,
Who fled from the Greeks and Achilles,
To battle the seas, and she drove them
Afar from Italian shorelands;
For years did they wander—so toilsome
The founding of Rome and its peoples.

● David Loveman

1939 Sports In Review

● Redmond J. Reilly

LOSING teams in football and basketball do not detract from the fact that 1939 was a banner year in Spring Hill sports. In all the five varsity teams compiled a .541 percentage in dual competition by winning forty-six and losing thirty-nine decisions.

The spring sports, tennis, golf and baseball, compiled the highest winning percentage and more than offset the losses in football and basketball. The tennis team engaged in nineteen dual matches without defeat, the golf team won seven out of nine decisions, and the baseball team was victorious in nineteen out of thirty-one games.

Basketball and football fell below the .500 mark. The football team won one, tied one and lost seven games, and the basketball team lost all eighteen games.

The three freshman teams won eighteen and lost sixteen decisions for a percentage of .529. Tennis contributed the most, the freshman team winning all four of its dual matches; the basketball team recorded fourteen victories and eleven defeats; and the football team won none and lost five.

Paced by the sensational freshman, Lou Faquin, the tennis team waded through nineteen dual meets without suffering a single loss and justly laid claim to the Dixie Conference tennis championship.

Faquin, Pud Floyd, Sandy Lund, Tony Walsh and Billy Byrd comprised the 1939 undefeated tennis team which in one hundred and eighteen singles and doubles matches, lost only eleven. Lund, playing the No. 3 position, was undefeated in nineteen singles matches. Faquin, the No. 1 player, lost only one singles match and that to Elston Wyatt, former junior Davis Cup star, over whom he triumphed in a return match.

The crest of the season were the exhibition matches with the University of Chicago, 1938 Big Ten champion, and the Memphis All-Stars.

The exhibition match with the University of Chicago, sponsored by the Mobile Chamber of Commerce, was won by the visitors who engaged a team comprising four members of the Spring Hill team and two Mobile amateurs. Spring Hill, however, held an edge in the collegiate

matches, with Faquin defeating Chester Murphy of Chicago in straight sets. Lund and the No. 1 doubles team of Faquin and Floyd also were victorious to enable the Purple and White to eke out a 3 to 2 margin.

In the second of the two premiere exhibitions, Faquin defeated the former University of North Carolina captain, Ramsay Potts, in straight sets, and Floyd overcame the University of Notre Dame's No. 1 player, Dan Canale, two sets to one.

The golf team of Bill Caton, Malone McMillan, Ed Peck and Harry Roell won seven out of nine matches during the course of the spring. Peck was the only member of the foursome whose slate was clean in the nine matches.

Spring Hill sponsored the first annual Dixie Conference golf tournament which inaugurated golf as a recognized conference sport. Spring Hill won the team championship, Bill Caton the runner-up honors in the medalist fight and Al Ambrose the first flight championship.

The baseball team, conceded unusual strength at the beginning of the season, fell apart at the seams after easy victories over Marion Institute and Mississippi College and lost decisions to Alabama, Illinois Wesleyan and the Mobile Shippers. Returning to winning form, the team defeated the U. S. S. Portland, Millsaps, Mississippi College, the Naval Air Station, the Fairhope Cardinals and Troy Teachers. No consistent winning streak was possible as the Badgers dropped verdicts along the way to Louisiana Tech., the Naval Air Station, Millsaps, Moss Point and Troy Teachers.

The steady pitching of Keith Ferrell, Ed Hoffman and Bill Sparkman carried Spring Hill to seventeen of its nineteen victories and enabled the Purple and White to claim the Dixie Conference baseball championship. Against the conference teams Spring Hill won seven of eight games for the best record within the circuit; Ferrell won four of these decisions. Rounding out the pitching corps were Edlow Nichols, Bill Menton, Jack Wilcox and Jack Higgins.

The pitching staff was supported on most occasions by smart fielding. Woody Wilson, first base; Country Newell, second base; Pete Maloney, third base; and Charley Ahern, shortstop, formed a fairly steady infield, while the catching of Pat Gallagher and Tony Walsh left little to be desired. In the outfield Joe Crabtree, Ed Fayard, Jim Manderson, Frank Hatcher and Phil Peters furnished both defensive and offensive strength.

The basketball team failed to win a single game in eighteen starts. Auburn, Loyola, Southeastern Louisiana,

Mississippi College, Millsaps, the Pensacola Naval Air Station, the Fairhope Cardinals and Southwestern Louisiana Institute triumphed over the Badgers. The best games of the year were a close 62 to 60 overtime contest won by Loyola University and a 48 to 45 overtime decision taken by Millsaps College.

Tony Walsh was the standout player of the team, followed closely by Frank Hatcher, Redmond Reilly, Mahany Ray, Billy Brislan, Carlos Amiguët and Phil Carey. Ray, a fast breaking guard, was elected captain for the 1940 season and Frank Hatcher, center, alternate captain.

The football team never fulfilled its expectations. During spring training nineteen lettermen were available in the squad of forty. But withdrawals, ineligibilities and summer mishaps removed from the list Buddy Barnes, Billy Brislan, Edlow Nichols and Country Newell, lettermen, and George Curtis, Ed Fayard, Bob Goggin, Henry Norden, Dan Heffern, Gus Marinak, Ed Nolin, and John Terrell. The loss of these men was especially felt at the tackles, since Nichols, Fayard, Goggin, Terrell, Marinak and Nolin were capable tackles.

The team defeated Troy Teachers in the opening engagement, tied the strong Howard College eleven and bowed to Southwestern Louisiana Institute, Mississippi College, Southeastern Louisiana, Millsaps, Birmingham-Southern, Loyola and Louisiana College. A powerful defensive eleven, Spring Hill lacked a diversified and consistent running attack though possessed of a good aerial offense.

Joe Crabtree, halfback; Chick Oliver, center; and Ted Tatum, guard, were the standout players of the team. Tatum was voted a position on the Conference all-star first team, while Brannan Meriwether won a second team

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PHI OMEGA FRATERNITY

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berth. Crabtree, however, was acclaimed by his teammates the most valuable player.

Eleven of the team were seniors: Fleming Hatch, captain and end; Dick Zimmermann, Joe Crabtree, Woody Wilson and Redmond Reilly, backs; Trojan Meriwether, Bryant Gorday and Tony Hosemann, tackles; Chick Oliver, center; and Mahany Ray and Walter Nichols, guards. Seven of the team's sophomores, Bing Evans and J. W. Rountree, ends; and Joe Perez, Jim Manderson, Charley Ahern, Sandy Lund and Ray Heniff, backs, played sensationally. Only five of the 1939 varsity, Pat Gallagher, tackle; Odie Strickland and Tom Curran, ends; Ted Tatum, guard; and B. J. Nettles, backs, will be seniors next fall.

The freshman basketball team forms the nucleus of the 1940 varsity. Ed Hudon, Howard Whitehurst, Townsend Drury, Harry Bryan, Ed Healey, Bob Goggin, Charley Pond, Marty O'Malley and Bill Quinlan carried the freshmen to fourteen victories in thirty-five starts. Hudon, Whitehurst, Drury, Bryan, Healey and Pond are present members of the 1940 varsity.

The freshman football team, while losing its five games, revealed capable varsity replacements. Murtagh Spellman, a good passer and punter and a shifty runner; Bobby Wilson, a hard runner and a good passer and John Ruzic, Al Horecky and Marion Markey were among the best of the backfield crop, with Jim Nouss, end; Art Sawyer and Jim McNamara, tackles; Baker and McCauley, guards; and Connie Farrell, center, the best of the linemen.

Spring Hill, though not engaged in intercollegiate boxing had a State Golden Gloves champion. George Lillich, '39, won the Alabama Golden Gloves light heavyweight championship. He was, however, eliminated in the semi-

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THE STATISTICS

Varsity			
	W.	L.	Pct.
Tennis	19	0	1.000
Golf	7	2	.773
Baseball	19	12	.613
*Football	1	7	.125
Basketball	0	18	.000
Totals.....	46	39	.511

Freshmen			
	W.	L.	Pct.
Tennis	4	0	1.000
Basketball	14	11	.560
Football	0	5	.000
Totals.....	18	16	.529
Grand Totals	64	55	.538
*One tie.			

* * * *

Intercollegiate sports, a highly specialized form of athletics, require considerable experience and skill on the part of the individual. Since relatively few meet these requirements, physical education of a nature more general is essential for the average student.

In the nature of an experiment, therefore, Spring Hill introduced in the fall of 1937 a modified program of intramural athletics to meet this general need. So successful was the venture that almost ninety-five per cent of the student body participated in the seventeen intramural sports sponsored in 1939.

The most popular were volleyball, basketball, horse-shoes, ping-pong, softball, track and field, and touch football. Enjoyed no less, but limited to a smaller circle, were golf, tennis, boxing, wrestling, cross country, swimming, free throw, badminton, checkers, chess and bridge.

These intramural activities, in which the majority of the student body can participate, were given whole-hearted support by the student publication, **The Springhillian**. A bulletin board, moreover, carried information not only of the progress of tournaments and other sports events, but also listed thereon records and statistics of individuals, teams and leagues. Each source aimed to

promote to the fullest activities in which every student could show interest and take part. Students watched avidly **The Springhillian** and the bulletin board for the write-ups and statistics certain to be there.

Volleyball, a winter sport which drew the active participation of one hundred and twelve, was bitterly contested for two months until the Quinlan Seniors emerged from the play-off finals the victors of the Quinlan Flashes. The championship team, all members of the Class of 1939, were Joe Collins, Keith Ferrell, Olaf Fink, Charley Isaac, Ed Leslie, John Pracher and Morgan Studdert.

The second place Class of 1941 team, the Quinlan Flashes, were Carlos and Rene Amiguët, Joe Bordenet, Jack Flaütt, Pat Kinney, Tony Lubrano, Gino Mangano and George Simms. Bordenet, Flaütt, Lubrano, Mangano and Simms will form the nucleus of a team that will lodge claim in 1940 to the title vacated by last year's Seniors.

Basketball, which had an active indoor winter following of one hundred and twenty-two, was won by the R. A. Rangers of the Class of 1942. Jack Courtney, Jacques Houston, Leif Konrad, Jim McDonough, Charley Pollman, and John and William Schilling comprised the championship team. The defending champions have on their roster Courtney, Konrad, Pollman and the Schillings. McDonough graduated to the varsity basketball team.

In a tie for second place were the Bargemen of the Class of 1939 and the Volunteers of the Class of 1942. The senior group had Tom Byrne, Joe Collins, Keith Ferrell, Olaf Fink, Charley Isaac, Herb Lambert, George Lillich, Morgan Studdert and J. A. Sweeney, S.J.; and the Volunteers, Basil Bland, Jules Burke, Johnny Edwards, Lou Faquin, Pud Floyd, Bill Menton Tom Slattery and Billy Walsh. All but Slattery and Menton, a member of the varsity basketball team, belong to the 1940 contenders for the championship.

For the horseshoe championship, Red Salvant defeated Billy Walsh, and Tee Drury won the ping-pong championship by dethroning the 1938 champion, B. J. Nettles.

The Freshman Class monopolized track and field, swimming and softball. Individual track and field champions were: 100-yard dash—Keith Ferrell, '39; 220-yard dash—B. J. Nettles, '41; 440-yard run—Ed Hoffman, '40; 880-yard run—Ed Fayard, '42; Mile run—Ed Fayard, '42; 440-yard relay—Class of 1939 (Hoffman, Fink, Collins and Ferrell); Javelin—Rusty Hastings, '42; Shot put—Olaf Fink, '39; Discus—Chick Oliver, '40; High jump—Joe Collins, '39; Broad jump—Sandy Lund, '42; Hop, step and jump—Sandy Lund, '42. Swimming cham-

pions were: 50-yard breast stroke—Frank Heekin, '41; 100-yard free style—Jack McMillan, '42; 100-yard free style relay—Class of 1942 (Jack McMillan, Renaldo Spagnoletti, Rusty Hastings and Sandy Lund); Plunge—Jack McMillan, '42; 220-yard free style—Jack McMillan, '42.

The Celtics of 1942 defeated the Seniors for the softball title. Al Ambrose, Harry Bryan, Milton Daugherty, Bing Evans, Gerry Frederic, Rusty Hastings, Ray Heniff, Bob Hosemann, Bud Hudon, Sandy Lund, Tom Moloney, Ed Peck and Jack Ross were the championship team; while the Seniors had Paul and Tom Byrne, Sam Betty, Joe Collins, Olaf Fink, Charley Isaac, Herb Lambert, Ed Leslie, George Lillich, Buddy O'Connell, Jack Pracher and Morgan Studdert. Missing from the Celtics' roster are Ambrose, Daugherty and Ross.

The Volunteers of the Class of 1942 defended successfully their touch football championship, staving off in the play-off finals the late rally of the Seniors, '40. Once defeated and tied in league play, the Volunteers fought their way to the finals early in December and clinched the championship by defeating the Seniors in a two-game series.

The members of the championship touch football team were Jules Burke, Johnny Edwards, Lou Faquin, Pud Floyd, Ed Healey, Bill Menton, Bill Quinlan and Billy Walsh. Burke, Floyd, Menton and Walsh belonged to the 1938 championship team.

The second place Seniors were Robert Bordelon, Phil Carey, Hugh Collins, Bill Doerr, Bob Flautt, Gus Gehr, Joe Landry, G. McHugh, S.J., and J. A. Sweeney, S.J.

Other 1939 intramural champions were: Bridge—Sam Betty, '39, and Paul Byrne, '39; Checkers—Bryant Gorday, '40; Chess—John Bacon, '40; Cross Country—Gene Jennings, '43; Golf—Jack McMillan, '42; and Tennis—Lou Faquin, '42.

The boxing titlists were: 128-pound—Karl Leche, '41; 135-pound—Billy Walsh, '42; 147-pound—Jim Condren, '41; 160-pound—Charley Isaac, '39; 175-pound—Ray Heniff, '42; and Heavyweight—Max Marten, '41. Wrestling championships went to: 135-pound—Billy Walsh, '42; 145-pound—Frank Jumonville, '41; 155-pound—Phil Perabo, '42; 165-pound—Sandy Lund, '42; 175-pound—Field Gremillion, '40; and Heavyweight—Walter Nichols, '40.

To increase the interest and competition in intramural athletics, a varsity sweater with a block letter is awarded

in May to the student who attains the greatest number of points in the various sports. The winner in 1939 was Joe Collins, '39, who amassed a point score total of one hundred and sixty-three. Eight points in his wake was Rusty Hastings, '42. Jim Condren, '41, Renaldo Spagnoletti, '42, and Jack McMillan, '42, finished in order behind Collins and Hastings.

* * * *

And so we contend that 1939 was a banner year in Spring Hill College athletic annals. Though the basketball and football teams did poorly, the Purple and White did well in intercollegiate sports as a whole. The mere fact that the Badgers won Dixie Conference titles in tennis, golf and baseball alone would have made the year rapidly departing into oblivion a grand success. Moreover the added interest in intramural athletics has made that activity an integral part of college life.

Would that the year 1940 smile as sweetly upon the escutcheons of Spring Hill which under the guiding genius of the present athletic regime of Sidney A. Tonsmeire, S.J., Earle Smith, Ben Smith and Arthur A. Colkin, S.J., has advanced Spring Hill to the fore of intercollegiate and intramural athletic endeavors.

The Old Maid's Tale

● F. Taylor Peck

WE were high above the sea. Below, the great rocks and the foaming water heaved in liquid gold, for the sun had lent its Midas touch. We were silent, for what few words we ventured were absorbed in the symphony of the wind and the sea. Behind us stretched a narrow green path that had led us to this height. We were on the cliffs above the reefs of the Sirens. At length, my friend spoke into my ear.

"This is the place of which I have been telling you. You see now for yourself what makes the tale so extraordinary. The few survivors of the score of ships that have wrecked on these shoals may have been mistaken when they tell of dancing lights and the fascinating songs of women's plaintive voices. This is in itself enough to curse the place, but stranger still is the fact that countless persons, as far as anyone knows, have thrown themselves to death below. The peasants say that only young lovers distracted by the desertion of a sweetheart can hear the strange sad music, and then—ah, then it is too late."

I was much amused for my friend was continually being taken in by some fantastic tale of country lore.

"Have no women heard this deadly call?" I chided.

My friend shrugged his shoulders.

"Draw your own conclusions, but it is said that the daughters of Eve do not know the meaning of regret, nor do they listen to the songs of other women. But I know that the last two have been in complete accord with the legend. Here are the clippings. Both of these young men were engaged to be married, and both engagements were broken within the same month. They happened to have died on the same night."

"But surely these things are just coincidental. After all if such a thing has been going on for years, as you say, we would have heard of it before, and think of the rate of depopulation at two a month for the last ten centuries."

"That may be. Perhaps you are right. I do not know, but I became so interested after I happened on these two that I looked for records of other suicides. I grant you

that only a few have been known for certain to be suicides. However, there are records of a surprising number of drownings that occurred in this vicinity. You will notice that there is a strong current sweeping the point that might have carried the bodies down the coast. Very probably some of them came from here."

"But why have there been so few," I asked, "when there are hundreds of engagements broken each year?"

"Ah, my friend, that is indeed important. The tale has it that only those who know the meaning of true love and only those who know the meaning of regret, and only those who know the true meaning of the legend hear the voices."

I, in my smug realism laughed in his face and accused him of believing the tales of old maids and stupid shepherds. After all, in so many centuries he had but two suicides as evidence for his belief. It was simply a coincidence. Who in this age of reason could have believed otherwise?

* * * *

The sun had sunk far beyond our view; the scene had grayed and darkened with the coming of evening. Chilled by the wind and the dew, we turned back toward our carriage and the distant lights of the city.

Near midnight, as I was sitting in my apartment, my friend burst in. He threw a magnificent square-cut diamond in my face. It was the very one he had given his fiancée a short while before. He fell, sobbing on my couch. I could say nothing. All he would say was, "the music, the music, the music." Finally he sat up.

"I have heard the music. Ah! You are so silent. You needn't be. You know what is going to happen. Do something before I go insane! Kill me! Anything!"

He was screaming now and biting the cushions. I stumbled to the bell. When the boy came, I could say but one word—police. He looked wildly into the room and fled.

My friend went quietly until he reached the street. There he broke away and ran blindly toward the sea. Twice he escaped and twice they caught him.

For five years he was insane, alternating between violent rebellion and utter gloom, when he would write volumes of music, only to go into a rage and tear up his work. One December night he escaped. He was found the next morning broken on the Sirens.

* * * *

That was years ago. The memory is still too fresh. Yet I am not old and there are years ahead. I wonder if I may still hear that maddening music?

Press Gleanings

WAR, which Europeans did not want and which many thought would not come, has already engulfed Poland, Germany, the British Empire, France, Finland and Russia. How many nations will be involved in the desperate struggle before the war lords are satiated no one knows. But everyone is aware that war undeclared has blotted out of national existence Poland, and Finland's doom may not be far distant.

Nevertheless all is not gloom across the Atlantic, no matter how dark the landscape. People, though engrossed in war, can still laugh. In London, Paris and Berlin the nightly 'black-outs' have led to odd accidents—Doddering oldsters curious bent in Berlin have tumbled into unseen garbage and ash cans . . . Traffic accidents have increased in London and Paris where the unaccustomed gloom has wrought havoc with noses, eyes and shins.

Belligerent aircraft violate the rights of neutrals—The Dutch, weary of warning intruders to seek other air trails, blasted a German bomber from the skies . . . Italy, not to be outdone, interned the crew of a German plane that crashed near the frontier . . . Adding insult to injury—Germany, apologetic after its anti-aircraft batteries had shelled Swiss Basle while driving off a French plane, proceeded to bomb the Swiss with pamphlets. The much perturbed Swiss demanded another apology . . . British planes, until recently, have strafed the German countryside with anti-Hitler pamphlets—no official German protest.

The Western Front has grown so quiet that entrenched military units there are demanding more 'swing' broadcasts . . . The British insist they are winning the war by watchful waiting—a procedure very irritating to German nerves that demand a decisive stroke immediately along the Siegfried Line.

Intense activity at sea makes war news—war vessels and shipping are experiencing evil days with a consequent growing casualty list . . . Floating mines, in utter disregard of international law, are drifting aimlessly to menace world-wide shipping . . . The German admiralty promptly denied responsibility . . . but the British clamped down on alleged indiscriminate planting of German mines by seizing all German commerce . . . German vessels, avoiding possibility of seizure as prizes, are scuttled

. . . Hints of sabotage rend the air as mysterious blasts wreck tankers and freighters in neutral ports . . . Extra guards are stationed on the **Queen Mary** and the **Nor-mandie**, giant liners docked in New York harbor . . . Personal sabotage of a violent character induce the German Fuehrer to increase his bodyguard to twelve thousand men.

European nations whose food supplies are dwindling have begun to ration staples—Neutral Switzerland is rationing out flour, beans, barley and lard . . . Germany is solving the shortage of meat by instructing sportsmen to gun small game for the domestic larder . . . German housewives, denied their coffee by the pressure of the British naval blockade, are reduced to apple tea . . . German affairs of honor may no longer be settled by the duel . . . The German pocket-battleship in the South Atlantic made England pay dearly before it turned tail, its fuel tanks exhausted, and fled to a neutral port . . . The Fuehrer, fearing the notoriety of a second brush with the British, ordered the vessel scuttled . . . Another pocket-battleship in northern seas sank a British auxiliary cruiser.

The domestic scene produced startling news—The former president of a southern university began auspiciously his long-term sentence by harvesting the penitentiary's sugar crop . . . Money talks—Hollywood cinema stars played a scene for a new picture by sloshing through five truckloads of overripe, juicy garbage . . . Automobiles now hold their own with trains—speeding cars have jet-tisoned crack fliers in collisions . . . In Memphis a speeding car bowled over a twenty-ton tram . . . Even stalled cars win out—A crack Ohio road flyer was derailed by a stalled car across the right of way . . . But there are flare-backs—A Louisiana man, thanking too soon his good fortune for escaping, was practically decapitated as the oncoming train hurled his stalled car directly at him.

Washington—Room is being made for thousands of seamen thrown out of work by the neutrality act in coast guard training schools . . .

The President's increasing foreign mail, brought on by a war costing a hundred million dollars a day, has forced him to employ a special staff of skilled interpreters.

How not to test brakes—a California highway patrolman brought a truck to so sudden a halt that a heavy sack of walnuts, jarred loose by the shock, toppled on his head . . . So he is a specialist in birds—Father Dorn,

specialist on the College links, makes a hobby of the habits of migratory birds. So learned is he that Mobile scientists petitioned him for an address . . . It's news when a pup shoots a man—In Mississippi a frisking pup shot its master by dislodging a .22 rifle . . . He made a tasty meal—hunters found a skeleton in Alaska. The locked mainspring of his revolver bore mute evidence of his hopeless fight for existence in the presence of famished wolves . . . It's a law of physics—Fifteen sticks of dynamite exploded two feet away from a Washington powderman without harming him . . . Some people are lucky—a twelve-ton truck burst in a Seattle sleeper's boudoir, catapulted a half-ton concrete wall across his bed and merely disturbed his slumbers . . . How did he get that way?—A Montana policeman finally succumbed to a six-month's attack of the hiccoughs . . . Gus Gehr, please note—An inch short of the stipulated height for admission to the civilian aeronautics course, a Kansas City girl strained and stretched her way to the desired five-foot-two.

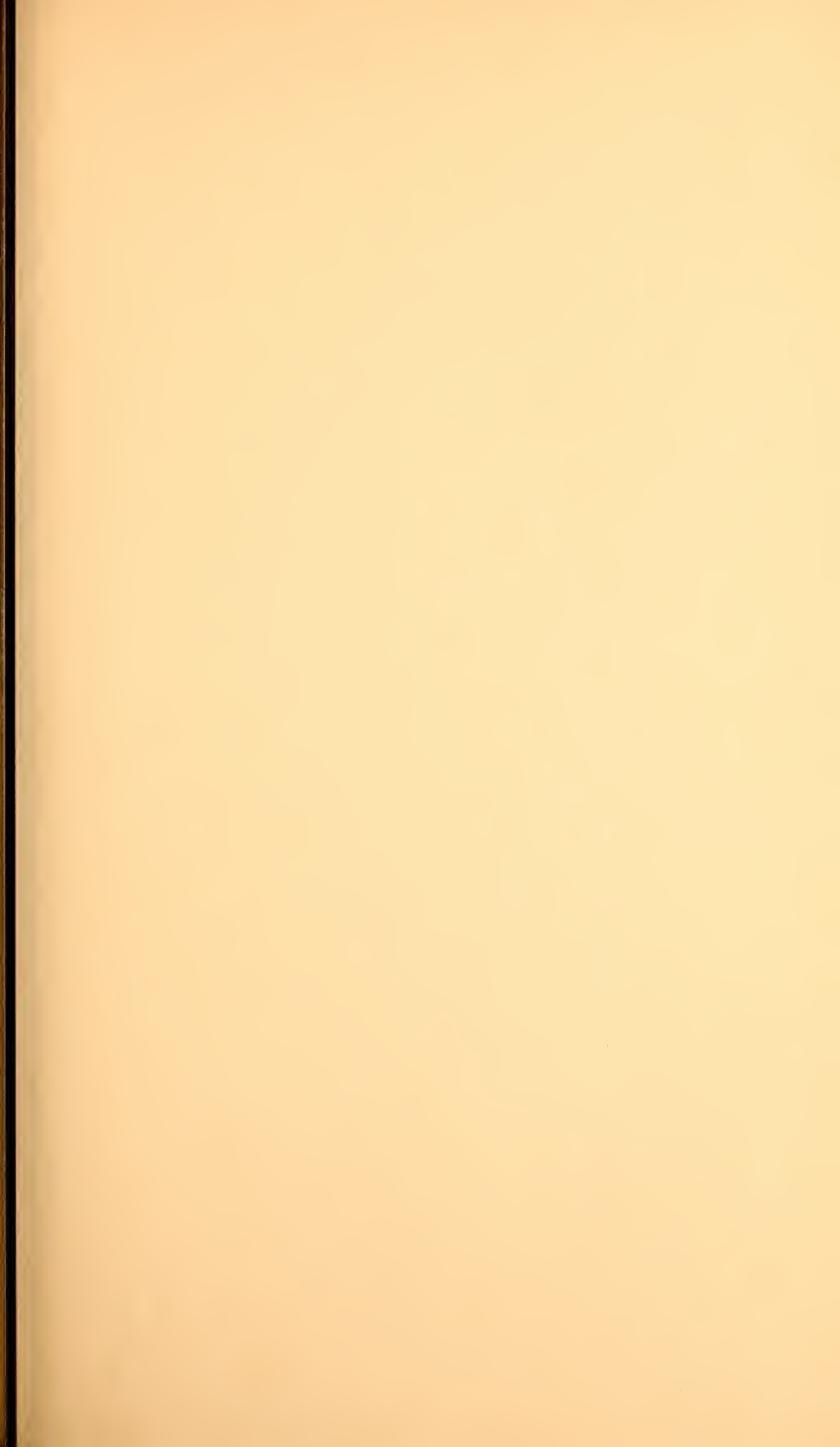
Along the sports trail—Sweden, holding a government monopol yon football betting—earned better than four million dollars last year . . . Officials suffer the penalty—In Alabama three were assaulted following a tie game between two high school teams . . . A New York referee was punched because he ruled a placement not a field goal in a hotly contested professional game . . . Pennsylvania police quelled a high school football game riot with tear gas and nightsticks . . . High spirits may have done it—Two New York detectives in attendance at an up-state football game mistook another parked car for theirs and traveled thirty miles before they realized their error . . . A Louisville lass braved roaring flames to rescue two ducats to a football clash . . . Alaska celebrated its first Gold Bowl game—one player broke his ankle on the frozen cinder-strewn field.

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SPRING HILL QUARTERLY

Spring 1940

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Spring, 1940

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Science In Liberal Arts

● Edwin Trigg

IN many people's minds the concept of liberal arts education is the very antithesis of practicality. We are not concerned here with the relative merits of the various systems of education but, for the present, are merely attempting to explain the role of science in the basic liberal arts curriculum of language, history, religion, science, and philosophy.

The aim of liberal education, as I understand it, is to train the student to think; to help him along the path toward the fuller life. If in the course of his training the student is developing a specific skill which may aid him in his economic life, it is incidental to his education; it is not the end toward which his studies are pointing. Practical applications of study are the proper objects for students in professional schools; the liberal arts institution is interested in the students' cultural development.

The ultimate of a humanistic education is usually considered to be the study of philosophy. Science is not presumptuous, it is not striving for the highest place among the mental disciplines. Admittedly it is a stepping-stone to philosophy, but a stepping stone that should not be left out. The ideal of many humanists is Plato. But the place assigned to science by Plato was far more important than that assigned to it by many of Plato's present day admirers. The disciples of that great humanist were required to study science for years, not concurrently with philosophy, but as a preparation for their study of philosophy. I am presupposing that the humanist's philosophy lays some importance on cosmology as a fitting object of thought and does not reduce all philosophy to epistemology. How a knowledge of the natural sciences may be helpful to a student of philosophy is really beyond the scope of this discussion. It might almost be considered reducing scientific knowledge to a utilitarian value. We are trying to consider the study of science for its own value.

The obvious immediate end of strict scientific training is the attainment of professional skill for the man who intends to make a career of science. But this is encroaching on the ground of the professional school. The study of science for the student of the humanities has no such immediate end in view. The exact sciences are an integral part of the sum of human knowledge and as such are proper objects for the true humanist to encompass.

The natural sciences are without doubt useful in raising the "standard of living" of which Americans, perhaps justifiably, are so proud. The natural sciences and mathematics are almost the only immediately useful subjects in an arts curriculum; but in their very utility lies the danger. Too much emphasis may easily be placed on utilitarian value to the utter exclusion of humanistic aspects of scientific study. That a man in our machine age may need a practical knowledge of mechanics or electricity is not important. The study of science for its practical applications is not scholarship; it is apprenticeship. Such a study, if found necessary or desirable, may be made before, after, or during a student's formal study of theoretical science; but as an instrument for broadening the scholar's background it can make no pretensions to supplanting "pure" science.

That a comprehensive education must include the study of science is probably not doubted by many, but that such an education should include a smattering of several sciences is held by all too many. To be able to bluster through a simple discussion on any subject should not be the aim of the student. The dilettante is not a scholar. Science study will lose all value as a discipline if it is relegated to the role of boy scout lore with an academic title. The well educated man almost of necessity will possess a multitude of facts, but mere factual knowledge does not constitute true education. The humanist is able to generalize, he possesses beyond his knowledge of things a conception of their relations.

Science being so highly technical encourages delicate operations which require so much attention in themselves that the student must be careful not to lose sight of the significance of individual operations and the contributions these make to the whole body of knowledge. To help in obviating this danger, the history of science might assume a more prominent place in the arts student's science training. If the student acts not only as a recording device that marks color or temperature variations but actually realizes that some other thinking being used these changes to reason to a cause, then he will place a new significance on experimentation. Every chemistry student knows before he enters a laboratory that oxygen is a component of air. To prepare the gas and test its properties may be mere drudgery. For an imaginative student, how much more significance might be attached to following the explanation of combustion, understanding that because of early training Lavoisier must have been reluctant to abandon entirely the phlogiston theory. How many

students even try to feel the struggle that a scientist must go through when reason based on his observations is in conflict with maxims which he previously accepted as axiomatic?

History has always been accepted as an essential part of a humanistic education, partly because the history of humanity's great periods in the past helps man to realize his essential dignity. There are few better signs of man's development than his ability to grasp the import of nature working around him. Could not the history of scientific advancement become an important part of history and at the same time serve to acquaint the student with the harmony of the world about him? Science studied as an historical development would run less danger of becoming merely a factual course. Individual discoveries could be integrated in the sum of scientific knowledge. Perhaps I am placing too much emphasis on the historical approach to science, but it seems to demand more attention as a prologue to modern scientific theory.

For an arts student to "specialize" is contrary to the purpose of the arts education. But his very avoidance of over-specialization necessarily will involve a certain limit to the number of his studies. For a college student to try to acquire even a very fundamental knowledge of many sciences would require too much attention to science and a consequent disregard for a balanced curriculum. Let the student devote the time allotted for training in science to the intensive study of one branch of science. This "specialization" is not as one-sided as it may first appear. The beginnings of any science are qualitative definitions; this can not be avoided. But if the student does not advance beyond this point he misses the real value of science study. He must specialize enough to be able to follow quantitative observations which are the basis of scientific advance. His strict training in one science will equip him to follow intelligently discussions in allied subjects and will lead to an understanding and appreciation of every scientific study. Perhaps better than anything else it will acquaint him with the limits of his own knowledge. An intensive study of science, like dialectics, should sharpen his tools of reason. Quantitative scientific experiments develop a loyalty to the object, the quality of observation, and an impartial honesty. It is this honest search for truth, this disregard for prejudice, that distinguishes the educated man.

Do I Choose To Run?

● Eugene Cassidy

IT has been said that if any two kings of England were to meet in the hereafter, they would have at least one subject to discuss: the Irish Question. In the same vein it may be said of any two presidents of the United States, at least those successful enough to have had two terms of office, that they would have the third-term question to discuss.

Our first president started the whole discussion when he not only refused to run for a third term, but even stated that in his opinion no subsequent president should. However, it has been pointed out by modern historians that Washington might never have made this much discussed pronouncement if the chances of his being elected a third time were not moderately tenuous. While Washington probably, at least according to some authorities, could have been successful, it would certainly have involved an extremely rough campaign; and that was against Washington's nature.

Adams, Washington's successor, never had to decide the problem, having served only one term. At the conclusion of his two, Jefferson made a statement, refusing a third term, in much the same manner as Washington. The subject never arose for serious discussion during the presidency of Madison or Monroe, since by their day the "no third term tradition" was firmly established. The younger Adams, like his father, was limited by the voters to four years.

The issue flared up again, however, at the conclusion of the term of Adams' successor, Jackson. The latter was of a type altogether new to the presidency; the first six presidents had been landed aristocrats from the East, all well educated, cultured men. Jackson, in the other hand, was a soldier from the West, with little schooling and less respect for certain traditions. He was at the crest of his popularity toward the conclusion of his second term, and some apprehension was felt in certain quarters lest he disregard this tradition. However, Jackson did not run again, but placed the former Vice-President, Van Buren, in the presidential chair, thereby making the Van Buren administration tantamount to a third term.

A succession of minor characters, none of whom was able to be reelected, came between Van Buren and Lincoln. Meanwhile, the outstanding men of the era—Clay,

Webster, and Calhoun—never attained the presidency. Lincoln's assassination at the commencement of his second term precluded any resuscitation of the question, and Johnson merely filled out the unexpired term.

U. S. Grant was the first to attempt to be elected a third time. Grant did not, however, seek three consecutive terms, but retired temporarily after the first two. In 1880 he sought the Republican nomination and almost succeeded in obtaining it, but was defeated on the thirty-sixth ballot by Garfield.

For twenty-eight years the third term issue slumbered. During the administrations of Garfield, Arthur, Cleveland, Harrison, and McKinley it was never mentioned. Both Garfield and McKinley died in office; Arthur and Harrison were limited to single terms; and Cleveland's two terms were separated by Harrison's one.

Upon the death of McKinley, Theodore Roosevelt became president. At the conclusion of his two terms there was a great deal of talk in favor of a third term. Roosevelt was probably more deserving of another than many of his predecessors. He was the first vice-president to be elected for another term after completing an unexpired one. Thus he had not had two full terms. Another point in his favor was his youth; Roosevelt was the youngest president we have ever had, not having attained the age of fifty when he retired. Despite all this, Roosevelt refused to make the race and picked as his successor Taft, much as Jackson had selected Van Buren. This time, nevertheless, the similarity ended there: Taft refused to continue Roosevelt's policies, with the result that Roosevelt attempted to win the Republican nomination from him in 1912. The attempt was a failure, but Roosevelt and his supporters thereupon formed a new party, The Progressives, commonly known as the "Bull Moose" and contested the election at the polls. While the Progressive movement was a strong one, all it accomplished was the election of the Democratic nominee, Wilson. In the election, the incumbent, Taft, ran a very poor third to both Wilson and Roosevelt.

There was no thought of a third term for Wilson. The end of his two terms found him a disheartened man, broken in body and spirit. He had received a crushing blow from Congress in the defeat of his pet scheme, the League.

Wilson was succeeded by Harding, who died after about three years as president. He was succeeded by Coolidge, and once again the third-term issue flared. Like Roosevelt, Coolidge had merely completed an unexpired term, thus having less than two full terms. A great deal

of pressure was put upon him to run again, but he stopped it with the terse pronunciamiento which has become classic in American History: "I do not choose to run."

Once again a presidential election is approaching, and again the question of a third term is in everyone's minds. Mr. Roosevelt has waited much longer than any of his predecessors to make his intention known. The strategy apparent in this is that by waiting he keeps any candidate who might be unacceptable to him from gaining much too strong a foothold among the Democratic rank and file.

There are three courses which Mr. Roosevelt may follow: he may quietly step out of the political picture and take no hand in the selection of the next candidate; he may refuse to run but pick a man who is sure to continue his policies, such as Robert Jackson; he may enter the race himself. It is scarcely necessary to prognosticate that Mr. Roosevelt will not follow the first course. A man of his temperament will not give up the leadership, which he holds so dear, without a fight. The only objection to the third course is the opposition which will probably develop from those people who will be horrified at the thought of violating one of our most venerable traditions.

It seems safe to predict that if Mr. Roosevelt feels he is sure to be elected he will run again, tradition or no tradition. If not, the nomination will probably go to either Mr. Jackson or Cordell Hull, the latter being apparently the only candidate under whom all factions of the party will unite.

Puerile Pitfall

● Marion Markey

THERE I was, a boy of six, letting an unruly passion get the better of me. What would my dear mother have thought if she could have seen me then? Had I no resistance to the allure, to the tempting glamor it offered? But then did I have reason sufficient to cope with this desire?

I had been instructed about the evils which indulgence in this act would bring. Still, I was only six years old. All attempts to excuse myself only showed me more clearly that it was wrong. I knew that it was wrong at my age even to think about it. I knew absolutely I shouldn't do it. I knew what would follow. Later I would do it more often, falling deeper and deeper into the chasm yawning beneath me. There was no lack of reason; I could see that. Still, as the arguments began to pile up, all indicating my mistake were I to take the step, my resistance seemed to weaken. The temptation, I could feel, was growing stronger, stronger, until finally I became so feeble that I almost fell.

Yet another factor crept in. All of us, when we see someone else do something or hear what they presumably did, suddenly become brave or curious to discover whether we can do the same. That precisely was my difficulty. I knew others did it, and consequently I convinced myself that it wasn't wrong. I simply wanted to do it. Not only did I think that I would enjoy the act, but I began to reason that the experience would be an accomplishment, something valuable, a step in my knowledge of the way of the world.

I was now quivering with anticipation. And as I started to succumb to the temptation, my shifting gaze fell on a whitewashed sign on the back of the rickety alley fence.

"Are you man or mouse?" It was a peculiar little phrase, but, thank God, it was there. It alone saved me from my fall. Here I was trying to act "big," trying to do something which my parents, I knew, would shudder at. Their sterling example, gentle watchfulness, and hopes were nearly pulverized. The slight hesitation during which I read that phrase—an accomplishment for a precocious lad of six—caused me to realize that to be "big" one must live a good life. I triumphed over my lower nature. I threw away the cigarette butt.

Olympian Intramurals

● James Condren

WE Americans are frequently accused of being "sports-minded"—and rightly so. The United States is in reality a Twentieth-Century Campus Martius, where competitive sport is available for any age, size, or disposition. In the space of a century that form of education known as athletics has reached a peak, surpassing, in some respects, Mount Olympus itself. American athletics can be traced to Germany, where a gymnastic system of training formed part of the military curriculum; from various foreign countries were borrowed games which in the hands of individuals and private clubs were elaborated into Americanized sports. Thus, today over seventy-five per cent of the states demand this aspect of education in their schools. However, there have been in the past decade such an emphasis and exaggeration of athletics that the true American ideal has been dimmed in the public eye.

American sports were based essentially on the ancient Greek ideal. Originally these Greek competitive contests were an aristocratic exercise having as slogan, in Juvenal's words: "*Ut sit mens sana in corpore sano.*" This was an extensive system of training in physical culture in order to achieve perfect coordination between mind and body. One without the other was insufficient and led to decay; union of the two represented the perfect specimen of man. The State entered enthusiastically into this competition between developed athletes, and to champion one's State was comparable to our nationalist idea of today. Thus the American ideal, granting some important modifications, follows closely the Greek pattern.

But just as the original Greek ideal of sports was lost sight of through professionalism, so too has the American ideal declined in collegiate athletics. The pure Hellenic ideal, enjoyed solely by citizens, was far removed from the decayed form adopted centuries later by Rome. Professional Greek athletes performing in Roman theatres were looked down upon by patrician society, but it was from these traveling companies that the Romans derived their systems of sports, and almost necessarily their demoralized ideal. For example, American sportsmanship, identical with the pure Hellenic ideal, is not to be compared with the Roman; Romans placed little emphasis on such fundamental principles as fair play and courtesy. Their sole aim was victory, whether by fair or foul means,

and the incident of the footrace, described in the Aeneid, in which a friend of one of the racers tripped a fellow runner to give precedence to his friend, evoked cheers rather than "boos" from the spectators.

The most spectacular growth of athletics was found in colleges, the backbone of American sports. But as rapid as was the development, even more rapid has been the decline. Intercollegiate competition, backed by traditional rivalries, challenged American sport fans. The "Do or die for Alma Mater" spirit thrilled the blood of spectators. A college athlete was looked upon as a national figure of fame, and the idea of sponsorship quickly evolved. Thus began the decline. The evil of money entered sports, and each educational institution, financed by alumni and interested backers, began collecting the finest array of athletes, coached by a man with the reputation of turning out super-teams. Gate receipts not only paid financial expenses of the venture, but also the mortgage. However, school officials and alumni associations demand superior teams from the coach; he, in turn, demands action from his players. Accordingly the vicious circle turns, and at this point the evil in American college athletics exerts itself. The Hellenic ideal was abolished. There came about a divorce between the development of mind and body, to the definite advantage of the body, and consequent decay. The primary aim of college, harmonious education, has been pushed aside, to pave the way for graduation of muscle-bound athletes.

Discussing this question we are concerned primarily with college and intercollegiate athletic activities, mentioning the professional field only insofar as it influences college sports. Professional athletic competition is the theoretically perfect athletic contest, and as such enjoys great popularity with spectators. However, it is in the schools that youth is being trained for its future battles, and it is therefore in the schools that athletics must be purged of its evils. The decline must be halted to prevent complete decay of the athletic ideal.

The average college athlete has been eliminated from intercollegiate sports. Subsidization, not only by the schools but actually by professional organizations, has been undermining college sports. Colleges are being used as "farms" for the training of "rookies" until they are sufficiently coached and developed to enter into "big time" competition. What chance has the average athlete against such superior competition? He soon loses heart and fades from active participation into the stands of spectators, carrying a flask instead of a ball.

The answer to this dilemma can be found apparently in only one plan, an extensive and properly equipped intramural system of education. This grave situation has already been foreseen by many interested in the future of American athletics, and throughout the United States, various schools from grammar up through high school and college have established such programs.

For such a program enables a youth to enter into athletics with competition equal to his own, thereby eliminating the semi-professional element. Once again the Greek ideal looms into view as mental and physical development are combined to prepare a youth for manhood. Such contests might not prove phenomenal drawing cards, but with careful supervision and planning they could certainly furnish enough enthusiasm to enable the organization to receive necessary equipment and prizes for achievement.

In such a manner the ideal of college athletics can be rebuilt. A system of "intramural" intercollegiate contests may be staged between a limited number of schools with an almost equal status in enrollment and athletic ability. Such competition will revive that old "College Spirit" and bring back the "Do or Die" days in place of the "do or you're booted" days—where Mount Olympus will be a reality in modern times.

Easter

Remove your fears, the voiceless night is gone,
And morning, jubilant,
Ecstatic in lush beauty
Wakes to the empty sepulcher—
The herald of the Resurrected Life.

And side by side, their tears with Dawn's combined,
The women three, in silence
Anguished by the Friday's memory,
Come to the empty sepulcher
In vain to seek the sacrificial Lamb.

The emptiness, the winding cloths, the stone
In glory lie radiant.
They, sorrowing, unknowing of the joy,
Stand by the empty sepulcher—
And worshipful, attend the Angel's voice:

"He is not here. Behold the place He lay."
And lo! A solitary figure white,
Illuminated with the bursting day,
Shines forth. And from the empty sepulcher
Triumphant alleluias to the risen Son.

M. T.

Diplomatic War

● Jack Rambeau

BEHIND the comparatively quiet western front, what may well prove to be the decisive battle of the second World War—the diplomatic struggle—is now at a height. Into this battle of wits the British Lion has vigorously charged, and if history is ever repetitious the Lion should still be king of the European jungle. As Chamberlain has said, England has moved toward greater readiness to take the initiative, first in diplomacy, and then, if necessary, on other war fronts as well. Not since last August have the capitals of Europe been in such chaos and uproar as just now in their efforts to gain advantages of any kind in nearly every neutral country. There seems no doubt that this diplomatic battle is fast reaching a deciding climax, at least for this stage of the war. On its outcome depends the nature of the military offensive which will come later in the spring.

As yet there has been little or no decisive action on the Rhenish front, except "paper" warfare, which has undoubtedly proven of value. While Germany has been more active with her rather effective submarine attack on British and neutral commerce, she has not attempted anything significant on land.

From the viewpoint of immediate results, it is clear that the Allies are at a distinct disadvantage. In fact, Britain and France have suffered a number of serious, though temporary, diplomatic reverses. The first and greatest was the effectual German pressure on Rumania. Naturally the economically hard pressed Nazis are jubilant over this success, since it means the commodity they need most, oil. The Rumanian arrangement places the desired article at the Reich's disposal, but it is doubtful whether it can be successfully transported to Germany. The real importance in all this does not lie in the concrete gain, but in the inception of Hitler's influence over the Balkan state.

Rumania's plight is just as real as Finland's, and it seems only a matter of time before Russia annexes Besarabia. That done, the Bulgarians will certainly seize Dobrudja, and Hungary will achieve what she has always coveted—the absorption of Rumanian Transylvania. With some certainty it may be said that King Carol is definitely not on Hitler's side, but with these ominous situations staring him in the face he yielded to Nazi demands and bides his time; as long as his country remains economically useful to Germany it appears safe.

In the near and middle East Germany has met a second measure of success. The Turkish trade treaty is important because Turkey was supposed to have been an Allied stronghold. This does not show any direct weakening of the old alliance, but does indicate that Germany can offset the British blockade. Beside these major victories, authorities say that the Soviet-German influence has grown very powerful in Afghanistan and Iran, and that the latter country will ultimately fall under Soviet control.

The unfavorable reaction on the part of smaller countries to Mr. Churchill's appeal that they join the Allies against Nazi aggression, is the Allies' third setback in the diplomatic war. Likewise, in the Far-East the revival of Nipponese antagonism toward Britain has added to Allied troubles. On the other hand, Germany is trying to bring Japan into line as an ally. And finally, the feeling of friction that has arisen over British opening of American mails, has been received with delight in Berlin.

On the Allied credit side of the ledger are some favorable items. In the Far-East, Japan has again started bickering with Russia, and this may weaken the Soviet power in the west. The answer of smaller countries will not be definitive, believe the Allies, but they will in time join with France and England. There seems no doubt that any of the midget countries want to become allied to either side, but the real task of the Allies will be to offset the open threat of Germany on these countries.

Merely because the spotlight has been momentarily removed from Italy does not change the situation: one of the most important players has not yet committed itself. And here is where Britain is fighting her keenest diplomatic battle. Many think that Mussolini will finally choose to remain neutral. On the other hand, there are good reasons to believe that this opinion is effectuated by a good deal of wishful reasoning. At the same time, there are some signs of internal evolution in Italy, such as the growing power of the Royal House, which can be safely interpreted by the Allies as encouraging.

For the present, therefore, it may be said that the Allies have experienced some temporary setbacks, on the diplomatic fronts as well as in spheres of military, naval, and economic warfare, but time is on their side. The very aggressiveness of German diplomacy, which has gained her some immediate advantages, must in the end react against her, while the sheer weight of the Allied cause—that Britain and France are defending not only their own independence, but that of Germany's smaller neighbors—will in the long run be bound to impress the neutrals.

Hodge-Podge

● Joseph Shannon

Characters:

Leo Mullen—truck driver.

John Pierce—unemployed college graduate.

Raymond Down—unemployed radical.

Peter Foote—former broker.

Scene: A rather barren room in a rather dilapidated rooming-house. There are two beds, a wash basin, a cracked mirror, musty curtains, green shades, a table, two chairs, a clothes-closet, a battered dresser. The wall has cracks running through it generously. An alarm clock ticks loudly atop the dresser.

The Time: An afternoon of a March day, 1934.

(As the scene opens Leo Mullen is sitting in one of the chairs at the table, chin in hand. He is about thirty years old, unshaven, wears corduroys, turtle-neck sweater with school emblem on it, thick police shoes. Across from him sits John Pierce, about twenty-three years old, good looking, clean-cut. He wears suit pants, vest, highly polished shoes. His collar is loose, his tie pulled down, he is trying to roll a cigarette.)

* * * *

Leo—You ain't doin' such a nice job of that.

Pierce—Well, after all, I'm not quite accustomed to such vulgarities as rolling my own.

Leo—You better get accustomed pretty quick, 'cause I roll mine and Ray bums like you and Foote just puffs on a pipe, so it ain't likely you're goin' to do much bummin' around here. Now is it? Besides that's a bigger accomplishment than this game anyway.

Pierce—The point of that game is concentration, deep concentration; that's why you find it so far.

Leo—Maybe. But you still ain't rolled that yet, here. (Takes the makings, rolls it deftly, inserts it in his mouth and lights it.)

Leo—That's all right; anytime you want to watch me roll a cigarette you're perfectly welcome to.

Pierce—It's your move.

Leo—Couldn't you salvage anything better than a diploma and a chess set from that dump you went to? I only went to high school, but I got a sweater out of it, if nothing else.

Pierce—I don't think you'll find that it's the common

thing to do these days—going about confiscating property from an institution the like of which I attended.

Leo—O. K. So you went to an institution. So you ain't workin' and I am; and why ain't you workin'? 'Cause you think you're better than every job you try to get. You ain't gettin' anywhere that way. You're goin' to keep lookin' for white-collar jobs till your shirts wear out. Then what? No job, so you ain't got no money, and since you ain't got no money to buy white shirts, you drive a truck, like I'm doin'. (The door opens and a mustached, unkempt looking character enters. He is Raymond Down, a sallow-faced fellow, old looking for his age, which is actually about thirty.)

Down—Nothing is right with the world. Soon the milkmen will be delivering water.

Leo—Milkmen delivering water? That don't make any sense.

Down—Nothing ever does. After all, what composes sense? Sense is merely . . .

Pierce—Did you get a job?

Down—My good man, I have told you time and time again . . .

Pierce—Did you get a job?

Down—Oftentimes I have found that . . .

Leo—I don't think he got a job.

Down—Unfortunately, due to economic working conditions, I'm afraid I had to refuse all positions offered me. They were entirely unfit for a man of my knowledge and experience. By the way, the Common Man's Club is meeting this evening, and as I am president I should set an example as to the problem of dues. I thought . . .

Leo—Oh well, perhaps John old boy would be so . . .

Pierce—No, I don't think John old boy would be so kind.

Down—Well, we have to get money some place. The situation is getting beastly.

Pierce—Leo, haven't you any ancestors, or things like that? Rich uncles? With a foot in the grave?

Leo—No, I ain't got no relatives. Had a mother and father, I think.

Down—Not really?

(Door opens; a fourth man enters the group. He is dressed in a business suit, has sharp eyes, pink cheeks. He is about forty years old, touched with grey.)

Foote—Good evening, fellows.

Down—What's good about it?

Foote—Why so glum? No success today, boys? Don't

give up; there's always hope. How's the trucking business, Leo? Still plugging along?

Leo—O. K., Mr. Foote—always was.

Foote—I never could see myself driving a truck; used to drive a car in my day, though. Why, I remember when I saw my first automobile. When cars came in . . .

Down—Yes, and they will be going out too. The automobile must go! It's the ruination of modern civilization. Ruination of modern civilization—I must remember to use that in a speech sometime.

Foote—How many members have you in your club now, Raymond?

Down—Well, naturally the club is very young and . . .

Pierce—How many?

Down—Well, if you fellows joined I'd have five, but at present . . .

Leo—Five! That means there are only two now.

Down—Yes, but you must remember that big oaks from little acorns grow.

Leo—Never mind the acorns, we have enough nuts around here without them. What did you want the dues for?

Down—Well, my capacity is president, vice-president, and treasurer, and my co-worker is the secretary. In order to advertise and expand certain funds are necessary.

Pierce—Where do you hold your meetings?

Down—Temporarily at the Union Station, but . . .

Leo—The Union Station!

Foote—Who was playing chess?

Pierce—Nobody.

Leo—We were playing.

Pierce—We were not playing. You play chess like you drive that truck of yours—too slow.

Leo—I don't think that was so smart, and besides my truck gets tired every once in a while; so I just take it easy, that's all.

Foote—Where were you boys planning on eating this evening?

Pierce—We weren't.

Down—I will dine as usual at the station.

Leo—The Relief Station.

Foote—Where were you going to eat, John?

Pierce—Well, frankly, I wasn't. Why?

Foote—Boys, I've found jobs for you two.

Pierce and Down—Jobs?

Foote—Yes, one of my friends on La Salle Street before the crash salvaged a small sum and started a business. It

expanded and now he needs two new men. He asked me if I knew of anyone, so I immediately suggested you two. What do you say?

Pierce—What kind of work is it?

Foote—It's rather unusual. He owns a novelty company. The job is selling.

Down—Then he has just the man.

Pierce—You mean just the men.

Down—Yes, of course. When do we start?

Foote—Tomorrow morning. I have the stuff here. We'll have to blow them up.

Pierce—Blow what up?

Foote—The balloons.

Down—The what?

Foote—Balloons. You sell balloons. Here let me show you. (Gets balloon from bag and starts to blow it up.)

Pierce—What's the pay?

Foote—Five dollars a week plus commission.

Pierce—What commission?

Foote—Ten cents every one hundred balloons.

Down—Oh! (Starts to figure with pencil.)

Leo—Boy, that's a fine job. And you're out in the open all the time too.

Foote—Yes I imagine it will be quite a novel experience for you two.

Pierce—Novel isn't the word.

Down—Mr. Foote?

Foote—Yes?

Down—I have been figuring, if I sell two hundred balloons a week which is unlikely unless I run into a stranded dirigible, I will make exactly five dollars and twenty cents. My shoes have leather soles. I paid two ninety-five for the shoes, so the leather is really only a good brand of cardboard. Fortunately for me I haven't been caught in the rain yet. In two weeks with the job, Mr. Foote, I would be barefoot. No, I can't accept the job. Thanks just the name though.

Pierce—I sure appreciate it too, Mr. Foote, but if the alumni news ever came out with "John Pierce, '32, is now peddling balloons on Mich. Blvd." I'd be ruined.

Foote—I'm sorry, boys. I just thought maybe . . .

Pierce—That's all right, Mr. Foote.

Leo—Say, did anyone get the mail?

Down—Yes, I did. Convenient, having one box for all four of us. Here's a letter for you, Leo.

Leo—I ain't got no relatives, and I don't owe no bills because I went bankrupt a year ago. It can't be for me.

Pierce—Well, it might be a good idea to see.

Leo—It's from some place in Iowa—Keokuk. Where's that? Iowa's some place south-east of here, isn't it?

Pierce—It isn't north-east.

Leo—"Dear Mullen: We . . ." That's funny.

Down—Well, I've got to get down to my meeting.

Leo—Hey!

Foote—Yes?

Leo—I don't get this.

Pierce—It isn't the first time.

Foote—What don't you get?

Leo—Listen to this: "Dear Mr. Mullen." . . . It's type-written.

Pierce—How unusual!

Leo—"After many years of supposedly useless research, we have at long last realized success. You, sir, are a descendant of Patrick Thomas Mullen, an early settler of this city. On Saturday evening next, we are staging our annual carnival in celebration of the founding of this city and we would like you to be the principal speaker of the day. We have agreed that since we demand your services, a payment of not less than five hundred dollars, plus all expense, would be an ample sum. Please let us know by return mail if the task will not be too much of a distraction from your work. Sincerely yours, Steven Parker, Secretary, Keokuk Chamber of Commerce.

Down—Leo, that's wonderful. Now about those dues.

Leo—Wait a minute. What does it mean, Mr. Foote? I don't know of any Mullens in Keokuk.

Pierce—So what? You know them now, don't you?

Foote—It means, Leo, that you will be five hundred dollars richer on Saturday evening next than you are now.

Leo—No fooling!

Pierce—Leo, you're a good fellow.

Foote—Well, let's not be too hasty. Write the gentleman and tell him you will be there. By the way, you'll have to give a speech. What are you going to say?

Leo—I can't give speeches.

Pierce—I was a member of the U's debating team. I'll go for you, Leo.

Down—Leo, in me you see a perfect Mullen.

Pierce—You don't look like a Mullen. In fact, you look like a Chekov, or a jag-off. I go; that's final.

Foote—Well, now, just a minute. I think Leo should have some voice in the matter.

Leo—Yes, I should have some voice, but that's just it; I have no voice. Oh, why wasn't I a debater? What do debators do?

Pierce—They debate. You see Foote he admits he can't speak. Someone has to go; we can't have Leo out five hundred dollars. I'm the logical choice.

Foote—There could be a dark horse.

Leo—What's a dark horse?

Down—The dark horse is me. Think of my years of experience in the theatre!

Pierce—What theatre and what experience?

Down—Well, I used to usher at the Rex as a kid. But I learned a lot.

Foote—I have an idea. We'll take this deck of cards and choose; high card wins. If Leo gets high he goes—speech or no speech. That's fair, isn't it?

Leo—I think I'm being pulled into something. Whose ancestor is this, anyway? But a fortune-teller tells me I'm a gambler at heart; let's go. (They all pick cards.)

Pierce—Nine.

Down—Jack.

Foote—King. Well, Leo?

Leo—Joker.

Pierce—That means we all draw over again.

Down—O. K. We all draw over.

Foote—No, I'm afraid not. Leo wins.

Pierce—But he had the Joker.

Foote—The long arm of Fate has intervened. She wanted Leo to win so she gave us a sign by giving him the Joker.

Pierce—That's superstition.

Down—Like hell. That's opposition.

Foote—Leo, you go.

Leo—Oh, Lord. I haven't got a shirt and tie.

Foote—We'll prepare your speech and you read it. Everybody does that these days. Naturally, we'll charge a fee—one hundred apiece, plus expenses!

Leo—O. K., O. K. But isn't that rather steep?

Down—Yes, so are you—Leo goes!

(There is a knock.)

Foote—Come in. (A young boy enters.)

Boy—Mr. Leo Mullen.

Leo—Here.

Boy—Special delivery. Sign here, please.

Down—Well, what are you waiting for. Sign it!

Leo—I never sign anything unless I read it first.

Pierce—It's all right Leo, sign it.

Leo—O. K. (Boy goes out.) It's from Iowa again.

Foote—What does it say?

Leo—I don't know.

Pierce—Well, open it.

Leo—"Dear Mr. Mullen"—This one is typewritten, too—"We regret to inform you that due to an unpardonable error on our part you were erroneously selected to represent Mr. Patrick Thomas Mullene at our annual festival. We have found that this Mullene spells his name with an "e" on the end and his descendent has been found here in our own city. In order to reimburse you for any trouble we may have caused we are shipping you a crate of our very finest corn. Sincerely."

Down—So we eat corn on the cob for a week. I'm going to my meeting. Nice knowing you, Leo. (He goes out.)

Pierce—I might have known if Leo was involved something would be wrong someplace.

Foote—That's too bad, Leo. I, ahem, I have a little English class with Mr. Levy. I teach him the language and he lets me use his phone. (He goes out.)

Leo—Well, I'm awfully sorry about all this. I wish . . .

Pierce—That's O.K., Leo. Forget it. Got a cigarette?

Leo—Here, you can roll one.

Pierce—Thanks. (Clumsily starts to roll it.)

Leo—It seems you'll never learn, you take the paper like this, and then you put the tobacco in like this . . .

(As he rolls the cigarette the curtain falls.)

A Culture Imperiled

● Claude Dahmer and William Smolkin

IN a lake-filled wilderness touching the Arctic courageous Finns have developed a distinctive culture, which through hundreds of years of foreign domination has retained an unyielding, independent spirit. This civilization is not characteristic of Scandinavia, although it was under Swedish influence for 600 years; neither does it reflect Russian spirit, although it was under Russian rule for over a century.

The builders of this civilization are a robust lot, hard to rule, quick to fight, and intensely nationalistic. Farmers by occupation, but scholars by choice, Finns are noted for frugality and perseverance. Braving sub-zero weather for half of every year, they have established on the icy wastes a progressive, modern land. They are not Slavs, not Teutons, but are part of the Ugrian race, which for centuries inhabited the banks of the Volga. Combined in their character are the vigor and self-reliance of the West and the languor and the mysticism of the East. It is this racial distinction, added to their notable accomplishments in education, music, literature, domestic affairs, and athletics, that separates the Finns from their neighbors and serves to segregate their culture.

The educational system of Finland, which is economical but thorough, has proven the most effective in the world. Ninety-nine Finns out of every hundred can read and write, a record which is not even surpassed in the United States, the Scandinavian countries, or England, nations noted for fine schools. In this small country of only 3,807,163 inhabitants there are three universities, a dozen colleges, and many technical schools of higher learning.

Progressive in domestic affairs, Finland has taken the lead in many reforms. It was the first in Europe to offer woman suffrage, first to try out national prohibition, and among the leaders in establishing farm cooperatives. Unemployment is practically unknown in this northernmost republic, and there are no slums.

It is in the art of music, however, that the Finns have attained most distinction. Jan Julius Sibelius, often termed "Finland's uncrowned King," has written music which has thrilled the entire world with its strong, passionate, individual character. His compositions, which can belong to no other nation but Finland, depict the mythical legends, history, and character of this northern land. The Kalevala, great national epic of Finland, was

translated into the international language of music by this famed composer, and many other patriotic idioms describing the struggles of his country against oppression have been recognized in his works. Inspired by patriotic fervor at the turn of the century, he wrote music that did more for the gaining of Finnish independence than thousands of speeches and pamphlets. *Finlandia*, a dramatic tone poem published in 1892, was prohibited from public performances by the Russians because of its exciting effect upon the populace.

Finland has also attracted attention in the field of literature. The people of this northernmost nation have always had high respect for the art of verbal expression. In ancient times their pre-Christian religion, Shamanism, was based on the magic power of words, which uttered by a priest, were supposed to influence the spirits and gods. In modern times, this creed, applied in the fields of law and literature, has raised legal and literary standards. Today there are more books in Finland in proportion to its population than in any other country in the world.

Frans Eemil Sillanpaa, recent winner of the Nobel Prize in literature, is considered the greatest of Finnish authors and has received acclaim in America with *The Maid Selja* and *Meek Heritage*, two works that have been translated into English. His writings, like those of Sibelius, are deeply rooted in the soil of his homeland, and special emphasis is placed on the life of the peasantry, the class which constitutes four-fifths of the Finnish population and from which the author, himself, rose. *Meek Heritage*, whose setting is rural Finland between 1860 and 1918, offers an unusually graphic description of the struggles of the author's race and class in these turbulent years before freedom. In 1920 Sillanpaa was awarded a pension by the government, and since then has been able to write, like Sibelius, with perfect freedom.

In addition to these intellectual achievements, Finns have also gained honored places among the athletes of the world. Paavo Nurmi, sensational miler of a decade ago, is possibly better known in America than even Sibelius, at least in some quarters.

All of these accomplishments in education, literature, music, and athletics, however, were not able to prevent the national crisis that now faces the Finnish people. This new struggle, resembling those so vividly depicted in their literature and music, is threatening again to destroy their unique civilization. Will this culture die, or can it again survive oppression?

Out Of Reach

● Robert McGreevy

JOHN Stevens was again a free man. On his 35th birthday he walked through the gates of Joliet penitentiary with nothing but the clothes he wore, a ten dollar bill, and a letter of recommendation for he was now an honest man.

It was just ten years ago that John last passed through these gates. Only then he was on his way in. Having failed in what he thought to be a "cinch job" he was faced with ten long years of confinement. What would this term of imprisonment mean to John? Would it teach him anything? Oh yes! It would teach him to be more careful the next time and not get caught. But ten years in prison give one a great deal of time for thinking. And John thought.

With the other criminals he attended Sunday services, where he heard new and strange ideas. John had been a petty thief and habitual criminal since his earliest days because he felt it to be the easiest way to get along in the world. But perhaps he had been wrong, perhaps he hadn't given the world a chance to prove itself worthy of honest men. This new thought was novel; it haunted him—John Stevens an honest man, one who feared neither the law nor the eyes of his fellowmen. It thrilled him. He decided to give the world a chance to prove itself. No longer did he do his work in the prison yard sullenly and halfheartedly. He went about with a zest he never dreamed he possessed. To him his rising self-respect and faith were like a treasure chest long buried and forgotten, and then suddenly unearthed. Yes, John Stevens would be an honest man, and he gloried in that thought.

He stood outside the prison wall. No one was there to welcome him back to the world; no one was there to embrace him and take him home. He had no friends; he had no home. Where should he go? What should, what could he do? His future looked far from bright. But he was now an honest man and bolstering that thought he set out for Chicago. Four million people were able to make a living there, surely he could.

Upon arriving in the big city he advanced six dollars of his wealth for a weeks room and board. Only four dollars remained in his pocket but that caused him little worry, as an honest man could surely find work within a week's time. The few dollars he had soon were spent in a barber shop and in outfitting himself with a worn but

clean suit of clothes. Before his imprisonment a good deal of the money he gained by his unlawful exploits was spent in attiring himself in the latest fashions. Now all was different. He had to be satisfied with second-hand clothes but he held his head high and resolved never to reach the degradation he saw in the hobos and bums who slept on park benches until they were chased away by some policeman. Those damn coppers! Why couldn't they let a guy have some peace?

As the week passed rapidly by, John's bewilderment grew. Always the same answer, a short "Sorry, but we can't use you," until he realized his letter of recommendation was more a letter of condemnation. It seemed that even a job of sweeping the streets required a list of references. What else could he do but show the letter from the warden. Yes, he was an ex-convict, he had been a thief; but now all was different. He wanted to be honest. This desire soon grew to a fierce determination which he knew could never be swayed. Temptations to return to his old habits were swiftly thrown out of his mind. With repeated disappointments his spirits began to fail. Wasn't the world looking for honest men? It didn't seem so. The sixth day, and then the seventh day passed, and he still was out of a job. He had only a few pennies in his pocket for perhaps a cup of coffee and no place to sleep. He resolved that he would never fall into the class of the confirmed bums who slept in parks. He would walk all night first. This position was something new to John, something horribly new.

For hours that seemed like days he walked. He stood fascinated by the whirling, pulsating water of the lake pounding against rocks lining the shore. No, to throw himself into the water would admit defeat. He was more than ever determined to prove to the world his honesty and worth. But no one seemed interested. Back toward the busy shops and stores he headed. Eye-catching window displays of food swirled around him. Like a small boy he stood peering into luminous stores with face pressed tight against the window. The gnawing, driving ache in his stomach seemed to increase with every step.

Suddenly John felt weak. His lack of nourishment and utter exhaustion gave way to a feeling of surrender engulfing him. He walked as if in a trance. Sleep . . . ! He must find a place to lie down or he would fall unconscious in the street. Instinctively he sought out a dark alley. Maybe he could find a basement window left unlocked by some careless housekeeper. He could spend the

night there and be away before dawn. Automatically his fingers traveled over the cold unresponsive window-pane. He searched for a short instrument with which to pry up the sash. He stopped, as vivid memories of other times flooded his mind. But this time he was justified in his actions. He heard the muffled click of the lock as it was broken. Stealthily he raised the window, making as little noise as possible. The task engrossed him so, that he failed to hear a shouting policeman running down the alley: "Stop! Stop, or I'll shoot!"

Then the sound and meaning of the command penetrated through his fogged mind. Frenzied he forced the window as he now distinctly heard the voice of the copper coming toward him. "Stop! D'ya hear me? Stop!" Finally he succeeded in raising the window high enough to allow his body to squeeze through. He raised himself slowly from the crouched position and looked up momentarily at the blurred image racing toward him. Without a second's hesitation he prepared to drop down to the room below. Bending over he hears a shattering sound.

* * * *

"These dumb crooks! Won't they ever learn they can't get away with their thievery? Skinny little runt. A little work and a honest outlook would have been all this guy needed to get along."

Fascism To Italians

● Joseph Benedetto

“CAMERATI, salutate il Duce, Fondatore dell’Impero!” shouted Starace from the balcony of the Palazzo Venezia to the masses in the piazza below. Everyone of that motley aggregation was eagerly expectant, awaiting the Duce’s appearance. Curtains were moved slightly in the great door high above on the balcony, and instantly everyone began shouting: “Duce! Duce! Duce!” Mussolini stepped out, and thousands of hands shot into the fascist salute. He looked very proud, with a smile as insincere as Mr. Roosevelt’s. An Italian remarked to me: “Look at the Duce—what a lion!”

When the Duce spoke, no amplifiers were needed to carry his voice to the twenty thousand people assembled. He said only a few words, about continuing to “march on Rome” and about his will being inflexible. He stopped, stepped back into the palace, and disappeared. The shouting continued, and the Duce had to make six appearances before the people dispersed.

Thus did the Roman people receive their chief. He was like a lion, like an imperial Caesar, like a modern Cola di Rienzo. My first impression was of amazement: how could any modern man stand before thousands of people and shout, “My will is inflexible!” with such a haughty attitude? His expanded chest and drawn shoulders made it difficult for him to give the Roman salute. Was it possible for a man to be so conceited? I was on the point of asking my friend, when he observed proudly, “Look at the Duce! How proud he is, how proud of himself, how proud of his people! Viva il Duce! Viva Roma!”

It did not require many weeks to understand that Romans and Italians in general love pride. Eternal Rome, Il Duce, the Empire, the Roman Spirit, are everyday expressions. Many boast of the Duce’s pride and imitate it in daily life.

Fascism claims to have revived the Roman Spirit, but this Roman Spirit is older than Fascism. Mme. de Stael observed it in the Italians a century ago; Alfieri wrote of it decades ago; Byron, Shelley, and Keats were inspired by this spirit. Italians, fascists and anti-fascists alike are imbued with it. An Italian schoolmate, anti-fascist in sentiment, but “Italianissima,” wrote after a visit to Rome: “I do not know if it is just an impression of mine, but when I find myself in that most beautiful city, I never wish to go away, because its fascination charms me in an indescribable manner; the beauty of her monuments and

the echo of her history speaks of her in every recondite site; it is the voice of her past and of a great past that reaches our ears and diffuses itself throughout the soul, filling it with joy and emotion." She was not fascist, just Italian. At Rome, at parties in the homes of friends, I could always cause a good laugh imitating the Duce's strut and salute, but once I thoughtlessly made fun of the "passo Romano" (Roman goose-step). Everyone became suddenly quiet; a close friend whispered that I had been a bit indiscreet. At parties we danced the Lambeth Walk until it was denounced as "contro lo Spirito Romano." Once after seeing an American movie, the young lady with me began to cry: "These beautiful films, these marvelous movies of America will no longer come to Italy." They too were "contro lo Spirito Romano," they were produced by Jews, they cost gold, and the new Italian cinema had to be protected. "Autarchy," she added.

Autarchy is a word seen everywhere in Italy. It appears in newspapers, on the walls of cities, and painted on houses all over Italy. In theory it means economic self-sufficiency; in practice it means very rigid limitations on foreign films, automobiles, machines, silks, cotton, gasoline, oil, perfumes, clothes, coffee, and everything that costs gold. It entails a high cost of living, since Italian raw materials are scarce and expensive. Often I have tried to make an Italian admit a complaint, but the only answer was, "We have a duty to the mother country; she needs us." Then I was told how in the Ethiopian war thousands, following the Queen's example, deposited rings and bracelets into the pot of molten gold at the Altare della Patria.

But once I heard a different note. At Florence a young boy, recognizing me as an American, came up unexpectedly and offered to show me the "glories of his beautiful city." He was a high school boy, and was probably playing truant. After spending a day with me, boasting of his beautiful city, its churches, tombs, and palaces, he said abruptly, "Why do we boast of the Empire? What difference does Empire make, if in being an empire coffee costs us three times as much and will soon disappear entirely?" I objected, "But Ethiopia will soon repay with profit." "No," he exclaimed, "that is what they all say, but as soon as profits come in, they will be used for something else, and they will still boast, 'We are an Empire.' We are not warriors! we are artists, poets, peace-loving people. We do not like arms; we like the fine arts, music, painting, sculpture, philosophy, and literature—we are Michelangelos, Raphaels, Brunelleschis, Dantes, Petrarchs,

Tassos, Acquinases, and Franciscos of Assisi, Verdis and Puccinis." Then he caught his breath, and I asked, "Hasn't Fascism encouraged the fine arts, civilization, and Italian culture?" He admitted that, but added enthusiastically and to my surprise, "Do you know what I like? I like the American spirit of emulation—free competition, private ownership, and everyone trying to surpass others to push American civilization forward."

At the University of Rome it was otherwise. Students boasted of Fascism as a form of government and were amused that I boasted of Democracy. They asked if it were true that America called herself a democracy; if brigands really plunder banks in broad daylight, and why the government did nothing about it; if I had had experiences with gangsters, and how honest people traveled about in gangster-infested cities; what kind of people took part in the lynchings in America, illiterate plebs or vengeful aristocrats; why the rich had to hire their own mercenary troops (private detectives) to protect their palaces; if the populace actually criticized the government openly; if eight million peasants and laborers were unoccupied; if even middle class people had automobiles, and if they really sent them, whole and entire, to an automobile cemetery after a few years; if morality were so low that girls of supposedly good families actually went about unchaperoned with men on automobile rides and to villa retreats (house-parties); if married people could really appear before a functionary of the state, pay him a few dollars for a permit to remarry (divorce, of course, does not exist in Italy); if some Americans really would drink until they fell asleep; if it were true that several American university men swallowed live fish for the bizarre amusement of their fellow intellectuals.

When Italians asked about delinquency in America, I asked about militarism in Italy. When I boasted that youthful military movements did not exist in America, many showed pity for America, for her pacificism, which they regarded as a sign of national decay. To my questions on militarism they replied: "Italy is menaced on all sides, and we need a strong army: Russia, Germany, England, and France are all ready to ruin us. We are poor, and we need a strong army to protect ourselves." In general the Italians had a ready answer to my questions on Fascism and Italy. Living with them made it easier to understand their problems and appreciate their achievements.

De Amore

● William Warren

LOVE is a chronic, infectious, systemic disease known to science as delirium amorenens. It is caused by the spirillum, *Spirocheta cupida*, a peculiar little microbe with green eyes and a forked tail. Although little is known concerning the life history of the parasite, it has been demonstrated that *S. cupida* shows a decided predelection for the heart as its place of abode. It is found in all persons, and may at any time become an acute menace to sanity.

This disease is as old as history itself. Delirium amorenens is first accurately described in the writings of the renowned Hindu physician, Susruta, who, in the fifth century B.C., wrote: "Skrta ugrum knomis rasim summedham rudraya dhanur sprcami." A more lucid explanation of the malady has yet to be written. The Greeks also had a word for it. Aristotle called it encephalitis erosica, and he wrote eloquently of it in a locus communis too widely known to need quotation.

The psychological aspect of delirium amorenens has claimed the attention of many famous philosophers. It was when in the throes of the disease that Sigmund Freud made the utterance that will ever remain a commonplace: "Ach, du lieber Augustin!" It must also be said that the Chinese philosophers had no mean talent in this matter of "cloud and rain," as they termed the disease. No Yentu, savant of the seventeenth century, wrote in the Chin-ku chi'i-kuan (the translation is ours): "It is apparent that the noble malady of Thunders and Lightnings is entirely due to a morbid condition of the noble mind, and he who so wishes may prevent the development of such a complex, as Confucius says, merely by the constant exercise of Hari-kari."

Lip infection is the most common method by which the scourge is spread. It is also transmitted by handling certain contaminated epistles, and by standing in the moonlight with an infected victim. Delirium amorenens is often caused by a mental process known as a psychotic deceiver which causes the patient to think he has contracted the disorder.

Most cases of delirium amorenens are unknowingly contracted. Once it is discovered, curative measures should be taken immediately, or the results will be disastrous. Here a difficulty arises, in that *S. cupida* often has a long

period of incubation—a year or more, at times—by the end of which the microbe has a firm hold on the entire organism.

The course of the disease is usually divided into three stages. The first symptoms are manifested when the patient is in the presence of the person from whom he has contracted the germ. There may be a slight palpitation of the heart, a debility of the knees and abdomen, and possibly copious quantities of blood forced into the capillaries near the surface of the face, causing the countenance to assume a russet hue—*dementia erubescens*, as scientists call it. During this primary stage, the *S. cupida* may be spread throughout the system, but as has been stated, its attack is generally confined to the surface region.

The symptoms of the second stage may appear at any time, and this second period is marked by more violent palpitation of the heart, insomnia, and absent-mindedness. Due to the fact that the sufferer often loses all appetite, there may be a loss in weight. A moody and moony expression is observed in the face, and the afflicted person is heard muttering inane vocables such as moon, spoon, roses, posies.

In the weighed opinion of the author, it is possible that a competent psychiatrist may effect at least a partial cure during the first two stages. The simplest sure and immediate cure for *delirium amorense* is the administration of large doses of bichloride of mercury suspended in a cyanide of potash solution. Usually one-third of a glass of this opiate is sufficient to alleviate permanently the patient's sufferings, although in more advanced cases of the second stage as much as a quart has been given before desired results were attained. Nevertheless, this drug always acts merely as a temporary analgesic and somnifacient. Many partial and a few complete cures have been effected by an intravenous injection of hymeneal rites, but this is a dangerous and treacherous palliative and should be administered only in extreme cases.

While a cure may be thus effected in the first two stages, the patient may resign himself to a life of suffering if the malady is allowed to run its course into the third stage. Often a suicidal mania develops, and invariably some form of insanity is manifested.

In view of the significant observations made above, it would be well for all, young men especially, to heed the thought so sadly confessed by the great Roman statesman, Marcus Antonius: "*In principio, mulier est hominis confusio.*"

There's Work For You

● Frank Julsen

"It is useful and legitimate employment that makes people happy."—Daniel Webster.

FOR the past decade our business world has been whipped by a vicious and painful scourge—unemployment. In the past, unemployment was considered a factor which followed in the wake of periods of depression. When fruitful periods of prosperity gave way to dark and sterile years of depression, it was not surprising to find myriads of people enrolled in the great army of the jobless. They expected to be deprived of their "jobs"—for jobs they were, not vocations—and in too many instances, the unfortunate laborer merely waited until he was called back, for he had no personal resources to offer as service in exchange for his needs.

Now there always has been unemployment of some sort, and there probably always will be unemployment. However, this unemployment will affect only that great mass of humanity commonly referred to as "unskilled labor," or that body of workers which can offer to a prospective employer only a pair of hands. On the other hand, past experience has demonstrated the truth of the practical axiom, "There always is a position for a good man." By "good man" we mean a trained man, one who is generally proficient in several fields of endeavor, or better, specifically proficient in one field. Past experience has demonstrated also that those who are hired when there is a scarcity of positions are these "good men." Only after the good men are completely absorbed by industry will the unskilled laborer find temporary security.

All this has been leading toward the object of this counsel: training, or a vocation, is absolutely a necessity in our present day capitalistic system. The days gone by, when the office-boy in a large establishment rose to the pinnacle of success and became president and owner of the firm, are but pleasant memories. Today, usually, the office-boy remains office-boy, unless he has been wise enough to prepare himself for a life-time career, so that when his opportunity for advancement comes, he will be ready to answer the challenge.

In the past, and unfortunately also in the present, there has been the disastrous tendency on the part of young men to drift into a position, whether appealing or not, with the result that they are discontented and dissatisfied

with their lot in life. Most of them are still drifting, and although many realize their folly as they grow older, it is often too late to start over again. Thus, what might have been a happy and useful life is wasted, to say nothing of a great loss to society.

An effective panacea for this condition is planning a career. We must make an orderly, systematic, and thorough survey of many occupations in which we are interested and for which we are best fitted. Only then can we choose one as our vocation. Our whole life is too valuable and our happiness means too much to us to gamble with chance. The choice of a life career is the most important problem a young man must solve. Careers must be planned.

Preparing for a career should begin in preparatory school, although usually it is not too late to start at the end of the second year in college. Most preparatory schools divide their curricula into general and scientific courses. The former path is intended for students who do not intend to continue their education, while the latter leads to continued study in liberal arts or the sciences.

The preparation for a career which the student makes during his preparatory-school days necessarily must be incomplete and tentative, for he has not yet reached the stage where he can decide definitely. For our own purposes, therefore, we shall approach the problem from the viewpoint of a first or second year college student who desires to find his vocation.

Logically, the first step is a survey of the possible occupations, which may be referred to as the Manual Occupations, the Mercantile Occupations, and the Professional Occupations.

In our first division we may include the industries, such as agriculture, forestry, and animal; the extraction of minerals and the manufacturing and mechanical industries. The mercantile field constitutes the various lines of business endeavor—transportation, trade, and clerical. Finally, the professions include various types of employment of a professional nature, medicine, law, and the like.

When the student has eliminated those occupations in which he has no interest, he has reached the stage where he must choose one. Difficult as this may be, it will be well worth the effort expended in analyzing each occupation for pertinent facts which will influence the final choice. Primarily, the student must keep in mind the questions: "Does this vocation interest me and appeal to me more than any other vocation? Am I better adapted to this vocation than to any other?" For the more interest

one has in his work, the better will he do his task; therefore, he will find more happiness and will contribute more to society. Louis Pasteur exemplifies this admirably. He loved his work, which gave him patience and perseverance even in the face of failure and ridicule. Had he been a shopkeeper, Pasteur probably would have been discontented, and society would have lost a great champion.

The fundamental points to be analyzed in surveying the occupational field may be: preparation required, importance of occupation, income, effect on worker, nature of work, qualifications, opportunities, advantages, and disadvantages. Faithful analysis has its reward in finding the suitable vocation. The student must think and plan carefully and wisely.

The chance of success in choosing a suitable vocation depends upon an analysis of one's qualifications, comparing them with the requirements of the occupation under consideration. Some measure of an individual's worth may be determined by the degree of perfection he maintains with regard to the following: ability to follow directions, accuracy, cheerfulness, concentration, cooperation, good appearance, health, honesty, initiative, patience, and persistence. A well-rounded education is implied, of course.

After this cycle has been completed, the student should be well on his way to success in his chosen field. However, the new worker must realize also that holding the position and making a success of his life depend immeasurably upon application and cooperation. His degree of success or failure in his chosen field depends ultimately upon himself.

Editorial Notes

EXCELSIOR!

IN our last issue, we devoted an editorial to raving and ranting against the lack of student cooperation in helping us make the Quarterly what it should be: an organ for the expression of student thought and writing ability. After a little thought we arrived at the conclusion that possibly the beam in our own eye had slightly distorted our vision of the mote in that of the students. So we all gathered around the editorial board, and, over our two-for-five cigars, formulated a new editorial policy.

Point one is that the Quarterly shall no longer be the medium of a small group of writers, who, issue after issue, contribute all the articles. We achieved this by deciding that the editorial staff be just what its name indicates: a group of administrators and editors, and not primarily contributors; that we should organize the Quarterly, solicit and edit articles, handle business affairs, and offer, generally gratuitously, our advice and criticism. It will be noticed that in this issue the editors' function is limited to purely editorial work.

In the second place, we determined that we would find new writers, in order to make this really a student organ, representative of as many groups as possible. We believe that our plan has met a measure of success and that the selection in this issue is typical of the large fund of writing talent and thought that has lain for some time latent in the School.

Let us glance briefly at several of our contributors—taken at random, since it would be impossible to include everyone—and see how fully the hopes of the editors have been realized (remember that each of these men is contributing to the Quarterly for the first time): Joe Shannon, freshman, demonstrated to us all in "Journey's End" that he is an excellent actor; he demonstrated to us all in his Quarterly play that he is a creative artist as well and that this communication of his special knowledge is well worth having. Bill Smolkin and Claude Dahmer, also freshmen, are students of the phases of Finnish culture they discuss, Smolkin having a wide acquaintance with Silanpaa's chief works, and Dahmer being a competent admirer of Sibelius. Roy Aiken, a new man at the Hill, has a broad Biblical background, a thorough familiarity with the King James and Douay-Rheims versions,

and has spent several months studying the new Westminster. Joe Benedetto spent over a year studying in Italy, and is qualified, by personal experience, to tell us what life is like under the fasces of Mussolini. We could mention others, all new contributors.

J. L. B.

PAX VOBIS

THE world now knows too well of its own pestilence. We hear havoc disputing uncontested on the street corners of the earth, ever ready to confound man and thereby to ruin him. The tragedy of war is an oversung theme, but how can one be silent when yet man plots another deadly parallel. Once again we witness the Iphigenia of unknowing multitudes sacrificed at Aulic altars of imperialist superstition and national prejudice. Though it be a common human failing to interpret current disaster as a permanent cataclysm, yet is there not something fundamentally wrong with today's picture of the human race, destroying every quarter-century some ten million of its members with unfeeling premeditation? War indeed is the most convincing of all realities; we cannot laugh it out of existence with epigrammatic irony. We cannot put it off as business for tomorrow's docket.

In this latest international liquidation we can clearly see that more than a temporary balance of power is at stake: it is the balance of sanity in the Western mind. Not that the Germans, or the Russians, or the Japanese are responsible for the peril of present-day culture. Rather the frays in which they are engaged are occasions whereby the jungle of irrelevancies is cut away to leave the issue naked before us: modern man has, wilfully or otherwise, become a traitor to his destiny. He has forgotten his responsibility to himself, refusing to recognize his own dignity and thereby to realize and respect its possibilities. He has ignored his obligation to the community either through blindness brought by submersion in selfish interests or in unconditional subservience to the state; for, while obedience is half of duty, guidance is equally essential to it. And last in order but first in importance, man has forgotten his obligation to his Maker, for from this primary principle flow the other two; from the recognition of this reality man arrives at a perspective of life and its value.

And so, precisely because the present Paschal season comes upon a somber world can we better understand the eternal message of Easter. Clearly do we comprehend how little man alone begets. The timeless reminder of

Eastertide is sharpened by the gloom of the moment. How can our hearts help expanding with joy at sight of this, the only true emancipation? And from the darkness of man's negligence, we can turn to the consoling light of tomorrow's peace: "I arose and am with you yet. Alleluia!"

J. L. M.

PRAGMATISM OF PHILOSOPHY

IT was Aristotle who said that we must all philosophize; for if we say that we do not philosophize, we must philosophize our reasons for not doing so. But for many years, non-philosophers have hurled against philosophy the charge that it has no influence on life, no importance in terms of living, and is therefore a futile activity which should be abandoned. And now, John Dewey and the Pragmatists have, after two thousand years, given the most striking proof of the truth of Aristotle's dictum, by constructing a philosophical system devoted to the thesis that philosophy has no meaning, and that the true is merely the useful.

Whatever may be the value of their system as a philosophy, we owe Dewey and the Pragmatists a debt of gratitude for having at last given the lie to those who contend that philosophy has no influence on life. For Dewey, by confounding truth with utility, and contending that we must construct philosophical systems with reference to their utility in terms of living, has demonstrated that the conclusions of philosophy do have a most definite effect on one's way of life. Else, why should our philosophical conclusions be those most adaptable to the way we want to live, if we did not let those conclusions guide us?

With the humanistic emphasis in modern thought, it is peculiar that such a conclusion as to the unimportance of man's beliefs should hold sway. For to deny the practical importance of the philosophy of a man or of a generation is to deny the very nature of man, as a thinking animal. The great difference between man and his fellow brutes is that man is able to construct his life and activities in accordance with a preordained plan; whether he is building a house or a state, man is guided by principles of whose truth he is convinced. And that those principles may be the very abstract ones of formal philosophy, the history of thought affords ample proof.

It is significant that the breakdown of Scholasticism, a philosophy of universal principles, should be contemporaneous with the rise of Protestantism, with its insistence on the individual and his personal judgment. It is more than coincidental that the French Revolution came

at the flowering of Condillac and Voltaire's translation into anti-authoritarian terms of Locke's empiricism, a rebellion against the intellectual authority of necessary principles. It is a recorded fact of history that the official philosophy of the Prussian state was Hegelianism, the theory of constant strife. It is a most immediately present fact that Hegel's synthesis of thesis and antithesis has been achieved in Hitler's fusing of capital and labor into the Nazi state, by Stalin's making the State the triumphant antithesis of the thesis of the individual's rights, and that these two new theses have found their antithesis in Britain and France. The totalitarian conceptions of the necessary absolutism of the State, and the right of their State over all other States, seem not a coincidental working out of Hegel's theory, but the application by political Hegelians of his philosophy in the practical sphere.

To come down to more personal terms, the breakdown of metaphysics has led to a consequent despair or ignorance of a personal Diety and man's future destiny, and the logical conclusion that if man is merely a more clever animal, bound to this earth, then life should be devoted to making that stay as pleasant as possible. The consequent collapse of morals and its attendant misery and confusion of values has been experienced by all. The increased emphasis upon mundane happiness has led to a preoccupation with man's economic status, and the evolution of such systems as Communism, whose sole aim is the material happiness of man, to the total neglect of his spiritual side. For Communism is a philosophy, albeit one of despair, as well as an economic system; most of us have heard the term Dialectical Materialism flung about by the ubiquitous parlor-pinks of the pre-Russo-German Pact era.

So the Pragmatists have enunciated a great truth, even though it is only implicit in their formal doctrines: simply, that the conclusions of our philosophy always become the premises of our reasoning about plans of life. And if our philosophy is that philosophy has no meaning, then that philosophy too has implications for practical life; the implication that if the quest for ultimate ends is meaningless, then life too is meaningless. We do not, however, have to accept the Pragmatists' primary conclusion from their realization of the importance of philosophical convictions for living, that truth must conform to utility; rather, we should realize that philosophy is not an intellectual game, but the highest activity of man's life; because, for thinking beings, truth determines living, and not living truth.

J. L. B.

The Bible In English

● Roy F. Aiken

WHEN the heresiarchs of the sixteenth century began to use the Bible for polemical purposes, the Church became cognizant of the need of a new English translation eliminating all inaccuracies and obscurities of previous versions and furnishing English Catholics with a translation of their own—one upon whose accuracy they could rely and to which they could appeal in the course of argument. This first concerted effort was undertaken by the faculty of the English College at Douay in Flanders, men exiled for religious reasons from their fatherland.

The progenitors of this project translated not from the original Greek or Hebrew, but directly from the Latin Vulgate, declared by the Council of Trent to be authoritative. Political unrest made it expedient for the college to transfer temporarily its scene of activities from Douay to Rheims, and during its sojourn there the New Testament was published in 1582, becoming known as the "Rheims Testament." Progress on the Old Testament was delayed by various circumstances until the whole Bible was published in two quarto volumes 1609 and 1610, by which time the college had returned to Douay.

This Douay version of Scripture was to maintain for over a hundred and thirty years its preeminence for reliability and accuracy among English translations. Richard Challoner, Bishop of Debra, undertook in 1749 the revision of the Douay Bible, and the revision was so drastic that Cardinal Newman styled it a new translation. Particularly conspicuous in the Challoner Bible was the absence of obscure and literal translations from the Latin, obsolete locutions, and the paragraph division (being replaced by verses). Several years later he again revised his own work, and after his death several independent revisions, chiefly of the New Testament, were accomplished by various Irish ecclesiastics, with the result that we have now at least four distinct varieties of the Douay-Challoner version, substantially alike, but different in details, and all more or less unsatisfactory.

Dissatisfaction at this result was not confined to the British Isles. We find Bishop Francis Kenrick of Philadelphia inaugurating in 1850 a movement to remedy the situation. While his work failed to achieve any notable degree of success, it, paradoxically enough, became a deterrent element in the production of what probably would have been the definitive English Catholic translation. The

Second Provincial Synod of the Province of Westminster passed resolutions to the effect that a complete and accurate rendering of Sacred Scripture from the Latin Vulgate should be secured as soon as possible. The project was to be carried out by such "learned men as the most Eminent Archbishop (Wiseman) should select." After two years the Archbishop finally transmitted to John Henry Newman a formal proposal that he assume responsibility of editing a new English version of the Bible according to the Synod's recommendation. A few weeks later Newman accepted the invitation and began immediately to seek out competent translators.

The work was progressing rapidly when, a year later and without a word of explanation, Cardinal Wiseman forwarded to Newman a letter from the American bishops deprecating the British enterprise on the ground that Archbishop Kenrick was engaged in a similar task and had completed and published the New Testament. He also sent Newman a proposal of the American bishops inviting the English episcopate to collaborate with Archbishop Kenrick in a single rather than two versions. Wiseman, with whom the decision lay, suggested no way of dealing with the situation, and Newman, after waiting some time in utter perplexity, took the Cardinal's silence as a revocation of his commission and disbanded his staff.

Archbishop Kenrick persevered in his task and completed the entire Bible in 1860. Although he described his work as a revision of the Rhemish version, it seems that most scholars take a different view. The Archbishop apparently did not hesitate, when he thought it fitting, to desert the Vulgate and follow the Protestant rendering of the Hebrew. Father Francis Gigot tells us that this version was never accorded any notable degree of popularity, even in the United States, and the accuracy of his statement is evident from the fact that the Four Gospels alone reached a second edition.

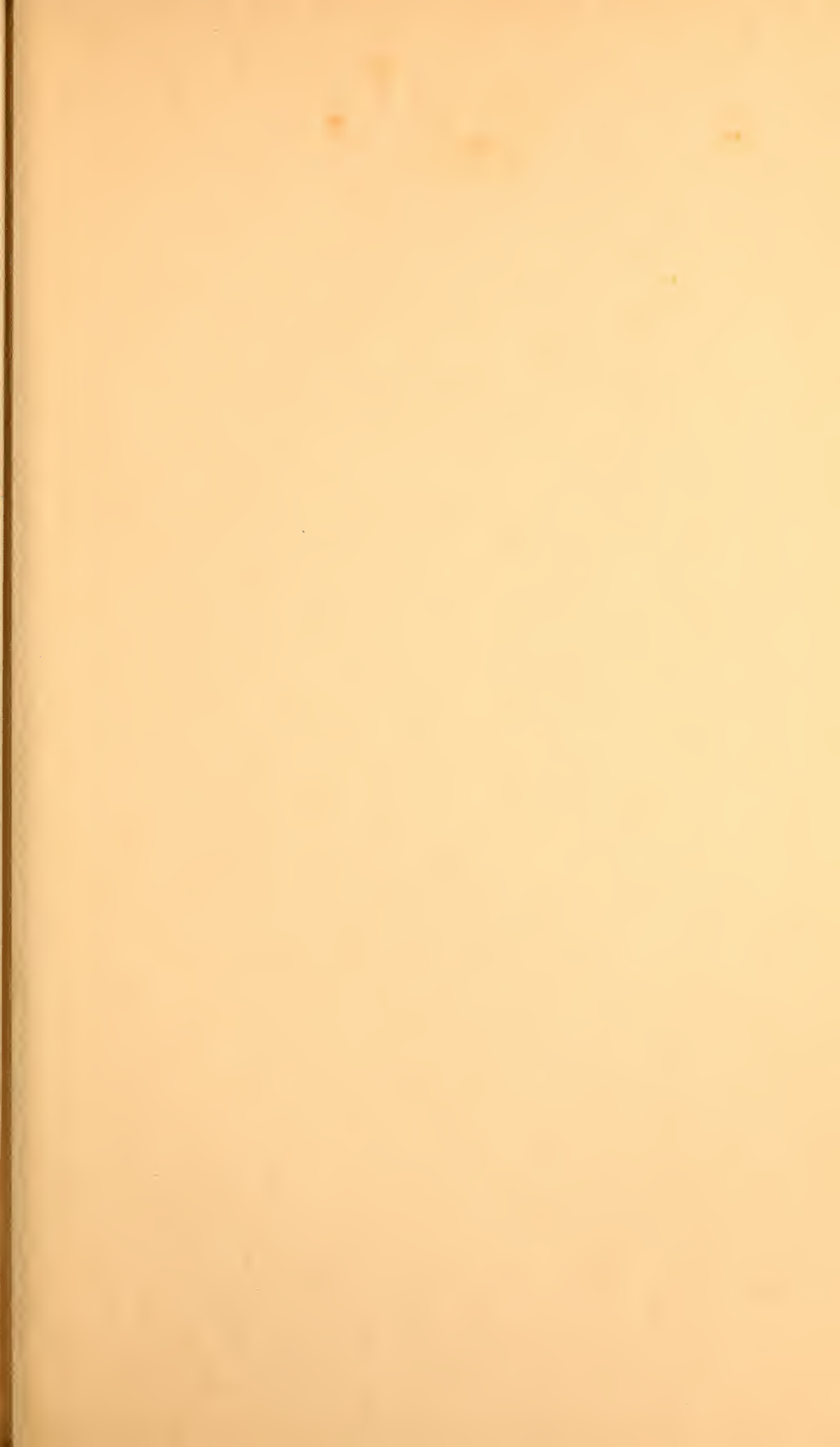
Finally in 1913 a group of English scholars took the initial steps toward remedying the Scriptural situation. The projectors of this undertaking were advised by a prominent English bishop not to move for the appointment of an Episcopal commission or the establishment of a board of editors and translators, a process which would have caused indefinite discussion and delay. They resolved accordingly to persevere in their original intentions and seek their objective entirely through personal efforts. Ecclesiastical approbation was sought and granted at a meeting of the English hierarchy in March that same year.

The general editors solicited the collaboration of a representative body of Catholic scriptural scholars, selected from England, Ireland, and the United States. Father Joseph Keating, S.J., editor of the *Month* was named chairman of the commission, and Father Walter Drum, S.J., of Woodstock College and Father Francis Gigot were the Americans who were invited from the beginning to participate; Father W. S. Reilley of St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, was added later to the staff. The seat of activities was the Diocese of Westminster, hence the name—The Westminster Version of the Sacred Scriptures.

In order to enhance accuracy and intelligibility, the commission determined to translate directly from the original Greek and to equip the work with such exegetical comment as was necessary to eliminate obscurity. This plan involved several volumes rather than one, and financial considerations made it impossible to publish all volumes at once; consequently, the editors decided to produce their work in sections. Financial and other reasons, such as the World War, brought about annoying delays. The fifteen separate sections into which the New Testament is divided appeared at irregular intervals from 1913 to 1935.

The production replete with annotations, introductions, interpretations, presents a dignified appearance. The custom of publishing Scripture in separate verses has been ignored entirely by the Westminster editors. The text is set up in large clear type, with only such divisions as the sense requires, with subtitles to indicate changes of subject. Each separate volume is accompanied with introductions dealing with date, authorship, place, occasion, etc., of the individual books, as well as appendices on different points of dogmatic significance.

The version is scholarly but not pedantic, and difficulties which an exact translation cannot remove have been explained in notes. It does not pretend to be perfect, but hopes in time, by dint of discussion and suggestion, to be improved. Since the primary concern of the editors was not the attainment of the highest degree of literary form, the Westminster Version (in the writer's opinion) is inferior in this one respect to the King James. Nonetheless, its main objectives—accuracy, clearness, dignity—have been achieved, and the translation is assuming gradually its rightful position among English-speaking Catholics.





SPRING HILL QUARTERLY

Summer 1940

Today The World Flies

Free Press---Censored

Intercollegiate Tennis

Why I Like Americans

SPRING HILL QUARTERLY

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Why I Like Americans

● Ramon Arrinda

LESS than four months ago I came to the United States for the first time, arriving in New Orleans after a two-day trip from Havana. Just after leaving Havana I met my first trouble—a bad case of sea-sickness (I thought of it as “mareo,” but it is an international affliction and one gets it in any language). Even more painful, though, was homesickness (this is another new word for me; I always thought of it as “nostalgia,” which, I am told, is a high-brow English word for the same ailment). Added to this was fear, natural enough for a young person coming to a strange land. We Latin Americans frequently had found people from the United States distant and hard to become friendly with. So many Americans who come to Cuba for business reasons make no effort to become friends with us, that I imagined that all Americans were too matter-of-fact and thought of nothing but money. We Latin Americans have the impression that the word “home” is unknown in the United States, and I was afraid that I would never feel at home in America. Finally, I was worried about the language problem; I had studied English in school, but had had no experience in speaking the language.

Several of us gathered on the deck as our boat went up the Mississippi, anticipating our arrival in New Orleans. A dense fog made it difficult for us to see the skyline. At last the gangplank was put out, and we descended for the first time onto American soil. Then came the formalities of the customs house. Directly in front of me was a Mexican who answered “No” to every question asked him by the inspector. When my turn came I was unable to understand a word the inspector said, so I too answered “No” to every question. Apparently my answers were satisfactory, and I was officially admitted into the United States.

My Mexican acquaintance and I took a taxi for the bus station. I asked for what sounded to the man at the desk like “Mobili.” He looked puzzled; I was puzzled. “Don’t these people know where Mobile is?” I thought. I repeated several times, “Mobili, Mobili.” Then his face brightened. “You want Mobile, do you?” I replied, “Yes, Mobili!” I asked for the bus time. I understood him to say, “Two o’clock.” Then I went to the cafeteria, where I had no trouble making myself understood. As I was eating, the negro porter began gesticulating to me: “Hurry up!” I ran off, paying as accurately as possible, since I didn’t

understand all this business about tokens. The bus was actually moving when I arrived, but it stopped for me and I got on. The man had really said that the bus left at twelve o'clock.

At Mobile I asked a taxicab driver to take me to Spring Hill College. He said, "Sixty-five cents." When we reached the college he demanded a dollar. This language problem was becoming acute. Once on the campus, though, I was immediately made to feel at home. Here ends my diary.

I have already mentioned some of the commoner prejudices against Americans. Latin Americans do not like people from the United States to call themselves Americans"; we too are Americans. Since my arrival I have become more sympathetic to the name. First of all, I feel, if we didn't call people from the U.S.A. Americans, what could we call them? We call people from the United States of Mexico Mexicans, and those from the United States of Brazil Brazilians; why shouldn't we call those from the United States of America Americans? But more important, it seems, is the feeling that one gets from the U.S.A. of something new—a new continent, a new world—America in the truest sense.

Another thing we Latin Americans frequently hold against people of the U.S.A. is their feeling that their country is the best in the world, in everything. On the other hand, I have come to understand this feeling. As I wrote my father recently, the U.S.A. has more material advantages and development than any other country—in some respects more than all other countries in the world together. Automobiles and telephones and radios and railroads and other conveniences are so plentiful in the U.S.A. that I can understand why Americans feel that they have the best of everything. Then too, isn't every country just as proud? I personally feel just as proud of being a Cuban as any American of being an American.

I mentioned before that Americans are thought of as the least friendly people in the world. It didn't require long for me to realize how wrong this opinion was. No doubt much of my favorable impression of the friendliness of Americans is caused by the fact that I have lived only in a fine Southern college, where a tradition for friendship and cordiality is ingrained. On the other hand, even my first day here proved that not only college boys, but others as well were anxious to make my stay in the U.S.A. happy. I went to bed that night feeling almost drunk with happiness brought about by this realization.

Americans, too, are thought of as too business-minded to have time for enjoying life, at least as much as people from Spanish America. Again I soon realized that they are as gay a people as even the Spaniards whom I have met in Spain. In this regard I should say something of the American ability to "let off steam" in athletics. We Latin Americans are notorious for the frequency of our revolutions and national crises; Americans forestall revolutions by going to football, baseball, and other games.

But perhaps my greatest surprise after living among Americans for almost four months has been in the matter of religious life. Movies, radio, cheap magazines, and other one-sided manifestations of American manners have created among Southern nations an impression that Americans are irreligious. It was a cause of great astonishment to observe that in many respects Americans are much more religious than Cubans. I'm not denying exceptions on both sides, but my impression is definitely that especially the young people of the U.S.A. are more religious than those among whom I have been reared.

I don't want to give the impression that I like Americans in a sort of negative way; my attitude toward them is not merely a matter of broken-down prejudices. I like their whole outlook; I like their democratic way of life. It must be a real feeling of safety to know that one may say what one likes, that one may even criticize the government as much as one wishes, without being accused or punished as a traitor. I like the way Americans take you for what you are, and not for your family name or status.

I like the tolerant attitude of most Americans. In Spanish and other Latin countries one may not express an opinion without having to fight. In this country one may like or not like Hitler, and almost everyone is courteous about another's opinion. Not that Americans lack convictions, only, most of them are willing to respect the opinions and convictions of other men. Recently, in Cuba, I had occasion to express an opinion in favor of Franco. Immediately several people wanted to fight: "Franco is a murderer!" I found it safest to express no opinion; but here things are otherwise.

Since this article has to end somewhere, I will have time to mention only one more reason why I like Americans. It is their spirit of cooperation and helpfulness. In fact, after only a few months in this country I confess that I would have been unable to write this article at all, had it not been for the help of several Americans, who

invited me to write it, who helped me plan it, who "translated" it into understandable English, and finally, who typed it for me. But every idea, even every expression of the ideas, is my own.

Perhaps this brief article has created several wrong impressions. I have written about the things I like in Americans, not about the others. While most of what I have to say about them is quite favorable, it is true that some few points could be added on the other side of the ledger. Nor do I mean to give the impression that I am dissatisfied at being a Cuban; quite the contrary. Yet we Latin Americans have much to learn from the United States, and I only wish that all of us could have the opportunity to come and see what Americans are really like. I wish, too, that Americans would make a stronger effort to understand us. That would be the best possible move toward a real Pan-American friendship and unity.

Persidos Odi

(An Adaption)

There's nothing much worse than Victorian trappings,
Like flowers of wax in their splendid glass cases,
And Grandma's stiff parlor, I cannot imagine
Just where a worse place is.

The preference for me is a place in the country,
A cottage, my lad, filled with burning pine-odor,
Where I can relax or can read while you're mixing
My night's Scotch and soda.

—D.L.

Priceless Carbon

● Theodore Tatum

THE average person's idea of carbon is the substance in a pencil that makes the black line; another form of that same carbon, with a slight change in its crystals, is the diamond. This highly valuable form of carbon has eight sided crystals, while the pencil lead has thin leaf-like crystals. A rough diamond resembles any other rock when whole, but if a corner or side is chipped off it can readily be identified by its ability to reflect light. Diamonds, in fact, were used in this rough form until about the time of the Renaissance, when a goldsmith discovered that a rough diamond could be cut and polished into a beautiful gem.

The diamond best known to the writer is the common stone ranging from one-twentieth of a carat, or five points (the smallest usual cut) to two or three carats. Carats are measures of weight, and are divided for convenience into hundredths, each hundredth known as a point. These five point stones are much harder to set or mount, but the smaller value of the stone compensates for the difficulty, rendering the risk slighter.

To set a diamond one must drill a hole, slightly smaller than the stone itself, into the metal at a ninety degree angle to the surface. This is the only process in which a power driven tool can be used; all the remaining work must be done by hand. Next, the diamond worker cuts a seat for the stone with a graver, a tool much like a small screwdriver but with a fine sharp end. This seat must fit exactly with the bottom edge of the stone in every spot, in order to keep the diamond from cracking or breaking through unequal pressure. Once the stone is properly seated, the worker must bead it, that is bring enough metal over its edge to keep it firmly in the set and yet not cover too much of the visible surface. The commonest method of beading the stone is raising four beads equally spaced over its edge. For this process a smaller graver is employed. The point is dug into the metal near the stone's edge, and the chip or loose end is pressed over the top of the stone. Here the worker faces his greatest risk; in pushing the metal over the diamond he can easily allow the tool to slip and chip or even break the stone. This bit of metal is then filed to the shape of a small round bead, and all of the filing is done from the center of the stone to the edge, since an upward stroke can flake the top off the stone. The hardest work now over, the setting is presently polished and cleaned.

The writer has chipped or broken many glass diamonds while learning the art of setting them, and has even chipped real diamonds in actual work. The greatest difficulty he experienced was the fear of putting excessive pressure on the stone when pushing the bead down. One quickly learns that diamonds are rather tough, after all. The writer's next difficulty was in aligning the top of the stone with the surface of the metal; more than once he has had to reset the stone because it was not level.

Diamonds are usually set in white gold or platinum, since these metals tend to give them the much desired blue-white color. Platinum is a much easier medium to work in, since it is softer and more malleable. The writer uses platinum whenever possible in order to decrease the risk of breakage.

Most perfect and expensive of diamonds is the blue-white stone without flaws. Next in value is the green and red stone, while the yellow diamond is commonest and least expensive. An unusual quality of some blue-white stones is phosphorescence after exposure to the sunlight. There are also black diamonds, which are used for drills and cutters, since diamond is the hardest substance known to man.

The diamond's ability to reflect light more than any other gem makes it valuable. But traditions and the fact that the De Beers Company, owners of the Kimberly mines in Africa, own and control ninety-nine per cent of the diamond market have much to do with the price of diamonds. A large perfect emerald of from ten to twelve carats will cost more than its equivalent weight in a perfect diamond, since there are fewer perfect emeralds in the world.

Anyone who works with diamonds and comes into contact with diamond merchants has heard many strange stories of mysterious curses connected with famous diamonds. It is no wonder, when one considers the unusual value and glamour associated with the very word. Appreciating the beauty of a great diamond and learning the marvelous work of nature combined with man's never tiring endeavor for new beauty, one learns why such carbon has such a price.

Intercollegiate Tennis

● Louis Faquin

The big question in the minds of most tennis fans throughout the country is—who will be the national intercollegiate champion in 1940? Everyone knows that ten years ago this question would have been of no great interest, since intercollegiate tennis at that period and before was relatively undeveloped. Since then, however, such an unprecedented expansion in the field has taken place that sport enthusiasts can no longer ignore this type of athletic activity.

Ten years ago tennis was an important sport in only the "Big Three" eastern schools, Princeton, Harvard, and Yale. At that time the only team of any note in the south was Tulane, which was then in an early stage of development, and even this was due principally to the unusual interest manifested by New Orleanians in the sport. In the midwest and west tennis was practically unknown in collegiate circles.

What reasons may we assign for this remarkable change? First, I believe, is what may be called the universal appeal of tennis. By that I mean, now merely that anyone can enjoy the game, but that it is accessible to almost anyone. Admittedly the two outstanding players were Bill Tilden and "Little Bill" Johnson; Tilden, the master tactician of the court, was six feet one and a half inches tall, while Johnson hardly reached the five feet eight inches mark. Thus both tall and short, young and middle aged persons can enjoy playing and can even excel in this branch of sport.

Another universal aspect of tennis is the comparative inexpensiveness of the game. Only two people are required for a match, and the equipment necessary is very slight—two racquets, two balls, a net, and about sixty-five hundred square feet of level ground. Compared to the other intercollegiate sports, tennis is almost cheap in its demands. This, added to the fact that the game can be played even after college days unlike other sports, has helped to make the game popular among small colleges, which would be unable to cope with larger institutions in the more expensive branches of athletics.

Next let us cast a brief glance at the actual expansion of tennis. First, the national tournament has become so large an affair that qualifying meets must be held in the various parts of the country. And this is the case in spite of the six days allotted at the traditional old Marion

Cricket Club. How extraordinary this is may be seen from a comparison with the old national tournament held formerly without preliminaries.

Popularity of intercollegiate tennis has grown proportionately. At Vanderbilt University, for instance, is a new stadium, especially designed for tennis, with a seating capacity of some three thousand. In some of the smaller colleges as well, grandstands have been erected exclusively for tennis fans who attend matches in ever increasing numbers.

In the south, in particular, has the expansion been phenomenal. Rice Institute, present titleholders, have an almost invincible machine headed by Frank Guernsey, who recently played here at Spring Hill in an exhibition match. A regular match has been tentatively planned for next year. Tulane, L.S.U., Vanderbilt, Sewanee, and all the Southeastern teams have representative teams, and will send representatives to qualifying rounds in the national tournament. In the west, it has been said that most of the youngsters cut their teeth on tennis racquets.

If one may venture a guess by way of answer to the question proposed at the beginning of this survey of intercollegiate tennis, the writer believes that the logical winner of 1940 is Don McNeil, nation's number three ranking man-player and runner-up in the national indoor meet for 1940. Frank Guernsey, present champion, and Joe Hunt, of Annapolis representative of the United States in Davis Cup competition, are also popular choices. These three names really mean something in tennis. Their remarkable playing ability shows the excellent brand of players representing colleges throughout the United States and proves that, despite its past expansion, the future advance of college tennis in our country is unlimited.

Free Press---Censored

● William Smolkin

A CROSS the Atlantic's waters today comes a continual, steadily-pounding barrage of claims and counter-claims, of assertions and denials, of half-truths and outright distortions, a verbal offensive which has taken the United States by storm, and which has left Americans in a quandary. A Solomon's wisdom indeed would be required to ascertain what to believe and what not to believe in the current conflict. Berlin may report one hundred Allied planes destroyed in a major air battle; London may counter with the assertion that no British planes were lost, but that two hundred Nazi ships were downed; Paris may say, "There was some aerial activity on the western front today."

Confused by multitudinous contradictory reports emanating from overseas, many Americans have condemned both press and radio for publicizing reports of undetermined authenticity, and have charged them with leaving the nation open to foreign propaganda.

To these criticisms and accusations has come a common-sense reply, something like this: "The question of war news presents the editor with a ticklish situation. He has one of two courses to follow: print 'colored' dispatches or print none at all. He has chosen the former, using his sense of public responsibility as a guide, aided by special correspondents stationed abroad, who are able to get through some unbiased accounts."

And the task of these reporters overseas is not an easy one. Theirs is a continual struggle for truth, a battle of wits with the censors, and a constant striving for authentic reports. Hindered at every turn by secret police, hampered by public officials' reticence to discuss news events, and balked by the censor's office in getting accurate dispatches out of the country, correspondents must depend mainly on euphemistic, sugar-coated war communiques for their sources of information. An ideal situation for the war reporter is to be able to smuggle his copy across the border into a neutral country. Even then he faces the danger of direct contradiction by mouthpieces of the affected government.

Take the case of Leland Stowe, Chicago Daily News correspondent, who in a sensational dispatch telegraphed through a neutral country stated that British troops landing in Norway were poorly armed, disorganized, and unprotected from German bombing attacks, that the British

army and navy lacked coordination, and the "fifth column" in the Scandinavian country had played havoc with its national defense. Immediately there came a statement from English officials, branding the report as a "distortion of the facts" and severely criticizing the American for his "inaccuracy." "Inaccurate" as Stowe's article may have been, subsequent news items confirmed his dispatch and even added more damaging details.

This is the situation at the news sources. Back in the United States the local copyreader, noted for his fiendish hatred for unconfirmed stories, is having a fine struggle with his conscience. To his desk each day come hundreds of conflicting accounts which he must assemble into a series of coherent news stories. "There was activity on the western front today," says an official communique. "We lost some men, but our brave troops inflicted heavy losses on the enemy." The other side issues a statement completely ignoring western front activity. "Our troops today launched a gallant offensive in the north and gained considerable ground. Nothing to report on the western front." Considering that this situation confronts the copyreader many times each day, we realize that the problem of giving the American public a clear picture of the war looms almost insurmountable.

What are the press and the radio—traditionally free, accurate, and public-spirited institutions—doing about this problem? Are they really splashing inaccurate, distorted, biased news accounts over the front pages in order to increase circulation? If we know that both sides are coloring their claims, why are the newspapers and the radio giving out "canned news" and government propaganda?

To answer these and other queries, merely glance at any representative newspaper or listen to major broadcasting networks and note the change which has come about in the presentation of news from abroad. Having no method by which to confirm incoming reports, they are clearly labeling all rumors, claims, and opinions as such, and are warning the public that all overseas dispatches are subject to censorship. The New York Times, for example, explains to its readers in large, bold letters that "Dispatches from Europe and the Far East are subject to censorship at the source," and the National Broadcasting Company says that the reason its Berlin correspondent sounds out of breath is that he must run up four flights of stairs to reach the studio from the censor's office.

With the datelines on stories come the announcements "Passed by Censor." In the body of articles we find "Four Words Deleted by Censor" to warn us that an overseas blue-pencil man has been at work. Photographs have their sources clearly exhibited, and even two-word captions are marked "Approved by Censor." An equally scrupulous radio warns its listeners by the same words as the press.

In news columns strict objectivity has prevailed. Editorializing has been left to highly specialized war experts, who sign their articles. These are usually to be found on the editorial pages, and if for some reason they appear in the news sections, they are clearly marked as one man's opinion. Radio commentators, of course, are assumed to be voicing their own lines, except when broadcasting bare news reports.

The newspapers and the radio today are following a traditional on-the-fence attitude which is quite difficult to maintain, yet which pays very great dividends in an informed public opinion. They are making the best of an unfavorable situation by compromising, not with the iron unfavorable situation. They are presenting both sides of the conflict in their news columns, and leaving the personal interpretation of world events to their editorial pages. What more could be asked of a human enterprise, carried on by human beings, with human qualities and human failings?

The Art of Loafing

● Marion Markey

L OAFING is the art of passing time idly with apparent enjoyment. This is the briefest, most adequate enunciation of the nature of a world-wide pastime. In fact, loafers are more numerous than any other class of society.

Loafing, I repeat, is an art. It is correctly so called because it requires practice and a rather definite procedure to achieve proficiency in its techniques. It is my hope that the method expounded in this article will assist mediocre loafers in reaching new heights and mere out-and-out amateurs to become at least moderately skillful.

Only a few implements are requisite in the acquisition of our art. A deep, soft chair, together with a convenient desk or stool on which to rest one's feet, is the first essential. Let me emphasize; the chair must be soft, because when the feet are in an inclined position hard surfaces at the spine's base produce discomfort, and discomfort and genuine loafing are incompatible.

But mere external necessities are hardly sufficient. Complete cooperation between mind and body is needed in this almost more than in any other fine art. It is conceivable that a musician play in a state of abstraction, but no such conditions are possible here. To loaf, it is true, one must have a tired or drowsy feeling, but this feeling cannot be allowed to overpower one. Remember, our purpose is to loaf, not to sleep. The ideal loafer must be neither wide awake nor unconscious, but in a blissful condition hovering midway between the two. Briefly, one needs a "morning after night before" sensation, without the headache.

Next one must place oneself gently in the chair and raise the feet so that the body assumes a ninety degree angle. Surprising as it may seem to the uninitiated, this position is both salubrious (medical men will agree on this fundamental point) and most helpful in the attainment of the end.

Then, in this semi-conscious state, one raises one's arms, places one's elbows on the armrests (which, by the way, come with the chair,) and placidly lowers one's hands, one on top of the other, into one's lap.

All conditions, both internal and external, are now right. Contentedly one reclines, enjoying one's self immensely in the sensation of an art mastered. Ah, life is indeed pleasant!

Democracy Without Drama

● Alfred Lambeau

WHEN Congress dealt its mortal blow to the Federal Theatre Movement last July, it was not the first such miscarriage that the American theatre suffered. From its inception in 1753 until the present day the history of the theatre in the United States has been a sad series of hopeful speculation.

The first recorded opposition encountered by the American theatre was at the hands of the Quakers, when they and their adherents carried a petition to the government for the prohibition of "profane stage plays," which petition, after much debate, was finally forgotten. However, it was on the 24th of October, 1774, that the first congress passed the resolution discontinuing and discouraging every species of extravagance and dissipation, including "gaming, cock-fighting, exhibitions of shows, plays, and other expensive diversions and entertainments." Congress did not deem a company of English players fit instruments for promoting the cause of American liberty. Thus for a period of almost ten years the American theatre ceased to exist, and during this time Americans turned all their attention to the more vital drama of the Revolution. Only after the proclamation of the peace treaty had rendered the colonies free and independent did the American theatre again draw on the buskins.

Drama was debated in the legislature for the first time in 1785, when the Pennsylvania law-makers met to add a clause to a bill before the House for the suppression of immorality. The clause prohibited the erection of any "play-house, stage, or scaffold" for the purpose of acting any kind of dramatic work. Fortunately, the clause was rejected after much discussion and heated controversy.

The drama then continued its uncertain existence until the Civil War, at which time histrionics languished throughout the nation. Many places of amusement were closed, but, as the war wore on, the spirit of the theatre succeeded in surviving, and the American nation emerged from its bloody altercation to find that it had largely lost its Puritanical straight-jacket, probably because of war-time fervor and license.

The story of our drama from here on is one of gradual expansion; yet it never quite reaches the point where it can be termed "national." Then came the first World War, after which American drama began to come of age. In 1920 our drama attained its majority, for in that year

the Provincetown Players produced three of Eugene O'Neill's works, and in another three years O'Neill was no longer a lone figure. Anderson, Kaufman, Connelly, Howard, and many others did much toward making our theatre "national" by taking their plots and characters from the American scene and facets of American thought.

No sooner, however, had the national drama acquired the use of its limbs than it was brutally hamstrung by the financial onslaught of the depression. Crushed were all the nationalizing elements of the theatre, save the Theatre Guild, now known as the Group Theatre, which since the congressional decree of last July remains the only vestige of a national theatre in America.

The American theatre did not, however, become truly national in its scope until 1935; in that year the Federal Theatre was organized as a unit of the Works Progress Administration. Although it was begun merely as a means of alleviating a certain amount of unemployment, it proved much more than that and did much to make our drama national and to make American citizens stage conscious—bringing many of them to a realization that the movie is not the only dramatic form. It created drama of and for the people, but now, alas, the Federal Theatre is no more, and America again ceases to have a National Theatre.

To the Federal Theatre we owe the decentralization of the theatre—the theatre ceased to be New York, Chicago, and San Francisco, and became national. The Federal Theatre achieved this by establishing thirty-three projects in twenty-three states and thus showed the soundness of expanding the market for actors and playwrights instead of confining it to Broadway. Probably its greatest single move in this respect was the simultaneous production of Sinclair Lewis' "It Can't Happen Here" in fifteen cities throughout the nation. But now all this is no more.

Perhaps the most concrete hope for a national theatre at the present time lies in the ardor and zeal of an organization known as the American National Theatre and Academy. Its president, Robert E. Sherwood, is conducting a preliminary survey of local centers that would support a national theatre under private management. A national theatre under congressional charter, but operated under private management, would solve many of the free-speech and personnel problems that a government theatre would have to face.

That we do need a national theatre must be patent, for a democracy that is to live needs not only material relief

and protection, but an awakened culture as well. Democracy itself is dependent upon an enlightened population, and, sad to say, we have done too little toward vitalizing a democratic culture by affording the great mass of the people a chance to lead well-rounded lives worthy of human beings.

It is especially drama's place to supply this aspect of culture, because voice and gesture, with some form of dress and decoration, are at the constant disposal of all—of the child as well as the adult, of childhood as well as maturity of nations. It is interesting to note that Greece, center of classical culture, was the birthplace of democracy. Drama is life and as such has a definite part in actuating a democracy; it is democracy's place to see that the life-blood of drama is allowed to flow through its veins.

Every step further into real democracy has presented certain problems and no end of opposition, but they were overcome in time, just as this problem can be. More and more we are in need of an educated population, and a democratic national theatre, administered independently of politics for all the people, would help create one and do much to make us understand each other, living together in peace and loyalty.

You Came Again

I had forgotten you, my love.
My heart was mine again.
Unraveled was the paradox
Of you—the joyous pain.
I know not why you came again.

You stood and smiled at me, my love.
Why angels made you fair
I know not. Mist and candlelight
The harvest of your hair!
I know not why they made you fair.

Was it to torment me, my love,
That you returned again?
I had forgotten you. Oh God . . .
Forgetting was in vain!
I know not why you came again.

—M. T.

Competition---An American Paradox

● Taylor Peck

THOSE who view the contemporary American scene will find many seemingly unresolvable paradoxes on every hand and in every field of endeavor. The confused diversity in thought, method, and action is nowhere better illustrated than in the paradoxical attitudes advanced on competition and business enterprise. Through the past decade of economic decline there has risen a host of panaceas and economic utopias.

The conflict over the nature and kind of competition lies at the bottom of most of this economic legerdemain. The notion, however vague, of "free competition" is regarded as diametrically opposed to the equally obscure notion, "business cooperation." Shunned by the advocates of both "free competition" and "business cooperation," or "economic royalism," are the advocates of government regulation.

The advocates of "free competition" maintain that the proper method for reestablishing economic stability and security is through a return to their system of "free competition" in the economic sphere. The "economic royalist" contends that this desired stability can be secured only by systematic control of production and distribution through his centralized economic power. The advocate of government regulation is able to regulate, directly or indirectly, the greater part of the economic life of the nation.

Herein lies the difficulty and the paradox. In order to establish "free competition," its advocates demand governmental dissolution and reorganization of the existing centralized industrial units. They then expect the governmental authority to withdraw, permitting nature in the form of "free competition" to take its course, generally in the direction of their personal gain. The "economic royalist," to protect himself from the attacks of "free competition" and from invasion by his fellow royalist, must entrench himself in law and governmental prohibitions. Lastly, the advocates of government regulation cannot do away with either competition or concentration of economic power without involving the nation in a drastic economic upheaval and a complete reversal of political and social philosophy.

Which is the most desirable? As a whole, none of them is particularly attractive, yet each has something to be said in its favor.

Competition in the economic sphere is broadly defined as rivalry to attain a specific end. Under our present capitalistic system that end is profit or at least the earning of a living. Competition has been the basis of our economic development since its founding, and it cannot, therefore, be abandoned without a complete change in our national philosophy: economic, political, and social. Thus far the outstanding feature of our democratic system has been the preservation of certain inalienable rights. Similarly, it follows that any conditioning or restriction of these rights may only be had in order to protect the rights of the people as a whole.

No system of economic philosophy denies governmental authority in certain powers of control. It is impossible to imagine a people governed by law in all phases of its life except the economic. Just as absolute political freedom, minus any social obligation, is political anarchy, so is absolute economic freedom without any social obligation synonymous with economic anarchy.

Laws for economic activity must be established. This is the primary function of government in the economic sphere. Those who live under the law must observe laws either through self-regulation or must be coerced by the government. This is a second function of government. In the past it has been found that private business and industry have evaded, avoided, and broken the established codes of moral behavior and the legal restrictions imposed by government. Unless economic activity is held within these established methods of conduct, the so-called freedom or cooperation is nothing but meaningless anarchy or selfish individualism or collectivism.

The third function of government in economics is regulation for social control. This activity becomes imperative when business and industry fail to recognize their social obligation, and as long as industry fails to exist for the people, considering that the nation exists for it, this function must be exercised.

During our period of expansion the economical system was entirely decentralized, and the government followed a policy designed to bring about the widest possible economic development. There followed a consequent territorial and industrial growth of amazing proportions, the benefits of which left no reason for adopting a policy of governmental regulation of production, distribution, and the like.

However, about the turn of the century this economic expansion had reached its limit, absorbing all sources and

markets, and evolving into a system of large units of concentrated economic power. The social obligation was ignored and far-reaching problems created, while free competition degenerated into a struggle to wrest markets from a competitor.

Today the United States is a nation of these highly centralized economic units, and must take cognizance of this power: its problems, its abuses, its advantages. Government must be expected to fulfill a necessary economic control to insure and protect its citizenry, and to protect and insure its perpetuation in the democratic tradition.

The ultimate problem is, then, that of the proper placing of authority over our country's resources, insuring a constructive social program. The alternatives are self-regulation of industry with a growing consciousness of social obligation, or governmental regulation, direct or indirect, to the same end. Perhaps a third solution would be most desirable: a compromise consisting in recognition of the values of economic centralization, using at the same time indirect governmental control to achieve a greater social control.

Legend of Oak Grove

● James Evans

JOHN NAYLOR had been sitting for some time on the hillside, to all appearances romantically watching the sun disappear until nothing remained but a russet glow. The beauty of the moment, instead of giving him any uplift, only brought back to him more painfully than ever the realization of his failure. He groveled in his depression, and remained impervious to the charm of that summer twilight.

He was in the middle-twenties, still young, but he had dreamed and planned from boyhood of rebuilding Oak-Grove, of slaving until it should resemble its former self before the great crash. For four years he had worked as hard as any man could, and he had seen big plans go down, one by one, until everything seemed empty. Disillusioned, he felt that at last he was going down in absolute defeat. Soon, in fact, Oak-Grove would be no longer associated with the name Naylor.

As he shuffled to his feet another potential source of delight met him—the moon sparkled through moss and oak, and a rustling breeze added even more to the scene—but nothing appealed to him. Reaching the entrance of the long drive, he stopped and surveyed for a moment what had once been beautiful grounds. Imagination made him see the stately mansion facing the drive, with automobiles in front. From the veranda a soft murmur of voices and tinkle of laughter came floating through the still evening. From negro shanties the harmonious negro voices completed the picture of a southern plantation.

Back to reality, and all that remained, visible in the moonlight, were the decaying remains of an old house. By this time he reached the building, entered the one inhabitable room, and partook of a very meagre meal. For some time anything above the plainest fare had seemed a luxury to John. After the bite of food he took his accustomed seat on the verandah steps and leaned back against a pillar.

By now the moon had risen high above the oaks, and it was almost as bright as at sunset. John began musing over the innumerable legends associated with his old home. He almost forgot his despond as he thought of how the superstitious negroes always avoided the dilapidated old house which in ante-bellum days had been used as slave quarters. Story had it that a Confederate soldier used to ride down the oak grove on full moon nights;

presumably the soldier had been a trusty friend of John's grandfather who knew the whereabouts of a generous supply of gold hidden during the Civil War. John remembered the talk about this old soldier, who had been killed during the war, and according to the negroes, he still rode up the avenue to the former slave house. In fact, he would continue to ride, they said, until he imparted the important information to some member of the family.

John had permitted his thoughts to drift to other old tales, when he became aware of a horse cantering up the drive. The horseman approached the steps, dismounted, removed his hat, and inquired if he were addressing Mr. Naylor. John assured him that he was. The stranger advised him to look beneath the hearth of the old slave house. The young man stood there dumbfounded, looked over toward the house in question, and then back to the stranger. The steps were vacant.

In one of the trees along the drive a whippoorwill was sending out his mournful call; back in the house a rat scuttled noisily over the rotten boards of the floor; but there was no other sound. John scratched his head in perplexity and concluded that he had been dreaming. Yet, as he thought the matter over, it seemed almost too clearly imprinted in his memory to have been a dream. He remembered too that the man had worn an old faded uniform, like the one he had seen in pictures, that his mode of approach and his speech would have been typical of the old south as described to him by his grandmother. He reasoned too that he had been too much influenced by the darkies' tale, and his present state of melancholy had made him too impressionable. Nevertheless, it wouldn't do any harm to investigate out of curiosity.

Into the house he went to get a flashlight. Then over to the old slave quarters. The atmosphere seemed so dingy and forlorn that he hesitated to enter. He laughed at his childish fears and entered. There was the hearth stone, composed of two pieces of granite. Some effort was required to lift one side. The flashlight revealed nothing but cobwebs and dust, and mouldering brick underneath. Again he laughed at his superstition, deciding to give a quick look at the other side and get out of the uncomfortable place. The other stone came up with greater ease. John looked, gasped, and realized that the home of his fathers would live once again. What a strange coincidence, he thought.

Is There Another Side?

● James Donohue

IT is an indisputable fact that the sentiment of our American people lies with the Allies. Today that sentiment is more universal than ever before. Since that same attitude, being the basis of our actions as individuals and of the actions of the nation as a whole, will formulate our position and policy as regards other nations, it would be well to analyze the causes and origin of that sentiment.

It originated in the early days of the last war. Germany's war guilt was established by means of England's control of the cables, as also was a belief in German war aims. These were, it was supposed, directed at this continent, being calculated to raise doubt as to the future security of this nation. Our war-time Administration was decidedly pro-Ally, and this only strengthened our sympathy for England.

Our entry into the war consolidated the nation in its favoritism for the British Empire, which feeling has come down to us as heritage of a generation which was hoaxed into a war side by side with the British. It is accepted by us without thought or reason; to us it seems always to have existed and never to have been questioned.

During the past weeks this subjective belief in England's righteousness has again been threatening to drag us into a war in which we have no place. Again we feel called upon to preserve the economic security of England. As yet we Americans are not fighting, nor do we intend or desire to fight. Accordingly, it would seem that we do not realize or appreciate our responsibility in preserving "civilization"—which, of course, is England's one great aim in prosecuting this war, according to Mr. Chamberlain.

Presented thus in British light, our position offers two alternatives: we will be too selfish and egoistical to face our responsibility, or we aid England wholeheartedly in its crusade against the powers of darkness.

Perhaps a third course may be suggested for us to follow. Perhaps it is not National Socialism that threatens civilization so much as war itself. This dire threat of war will hardly be lessened by our participation. Before the war National Socialism replaced Communism as the prime bug-bear of England's demagogues; what some fail to realize is that war is the biggest real threat to the world's prosperity.

It has been wisely said that "people do not fight on

behalf of mere abstractions—for liberty and against slavery, for justice and against injustice, except as they read into them their own specific hopes and fears.” The hopes and fears of the British government rest on the preservation of the British Empire, and they also rest on the preservation of the status quo in Europe. That safe status quo implies a multitude of nations, not strong enough to effect a challenge to English supremacy, and equally aligned on opposite sides. Czechoslovakia was a strong point in the alignment against Germany because of its strategic position extending into the east flank of Germany and because of her military alliance with France. When she fell, the strategy of the Allies was destroyed, and we were called upon to emot in sympathetic feeling toward her.

Germany is now powerful enough to effect its challenge and England has been forced to take it up. England is again fighting for her politico-economic mastery of Europe (and incidentally the rest of the eastern hemisphere)—no more and no less. She is fighting for the lion’s share; if she can keep it all will be well.

England has never fought a battle of which her own interests were not the real cause. It is perfectly true that she has nothing to gain; this is only because there is nothing left for her to gain. Read in this light Mr. Henderson’s sanctimonious utterance bears revaluation: “There is no material gain in it for ourselves. True to our own spirit of freedom, we are fighting for the moral standards of civilized life, in the full realization of our own responsibilities and of the cost we must pay for shouldering them.” I am not defending the technique of the Hitlerian war-machine; I believe simply that the cause is not one of the simplest honorable motives proffered by British respectability.

Thus we observe England as the preserver of peace and justice in the world—the pirate who, after obtaining all he wanted, desires to persuade his victims to settle down to pious, peaceful lives. It has been asked by Mr. Mackey, writing in a recent edition of the New York Times, whether it is possible “not to believe that the pacifist sentiment in general derives mostly from selfish motives and aims wholly at worldly ends; and that it holds the highest way of life to be not self-sacrifice but self-indulgence.” England is fighting not so much to preserve any abstract democracy, but her standard of living and “any nation whose policies are determined exclusively by self interest dare not expect permanent immunity from human suffering.”

Christianity At Work

● G. F. Cooley

IN 1587 the Jesuits were first called to Paraguay by Don Alonzo Guerra, Bishop of Asuncion. Although they founded seminaries, colleges, and retreat houses throughout the territory, their fame there rests on that singular experiment in colonization known as the Jesuit Reductions of Paraguay. These same Reductions are a shining light in the great void known as the colonization of the Western Hemisphere, a period notorious for exploitation and virtual enslavement of the natives of America.

The pioneer Jesuit in the fields of South America was Father Luis de Valdiva, who was respected by Spaniards and Indians alike and known as a great champion of the latter. Among them he founded four colleges, spending the greater part of his eighty-two years teaching and helping them in every way possible.

At the suggestion of Father Aquaviva, General of the Society of Jesus, the Jesuit missionaries of Paraguay held a meeting at Saca and determined to set up an Indian state, provided that royal permission were granted. Philip III, in desperate need of funds and anxious to receive the poll tax from this new state, granted a patent "conferring the desired powers on the Jesuits and . . . ordered that no white man with the exception of the Governor should enter the Indian settlements administered by the missionaries without the permission of the latter."

Since everything was now propitious for the undertaking, the Jesuits realized that a real "Regnum Christi in mundo" could be established among the primitive Indians of those dense forests. To avoid all previous settlements they decided to start the Reductions higher up the rivers, above rapids and cataracts, thus providing a natural fortification against the incursions of Spaniards and Mamelukes.

The Missionaries first efforts were discouraging; the Indians naturally timid and afraid of white men, were reluctant to receiving any help. Accordingly, the fathers decided upon strategic methods: the pleasure shown by the Indians whenever they heard them singing religious melodies.

The members of the fierce Guarani tribe were the first to be banded together in a Reduction. Soon Reductions were springing up everywhere, covering considerable portions of present-day Argentina, Paraguay, Brazil,

Uruguay, Chile, and Bolivia. Among the many missionaries who lost their lives in this work were Fathers Gonzalez and Castello, but by 1620 there had been established twenty-eight Reductions, each containing from two to ten thousand souls.

Two fathers were assigned for duty in each Reduction; they taught the Indians everything necessary for their physical and spiritual welfare and cared for the sick and invalid in the community hospital. It was here that the fathers discovered the remarkably beneficial effects of quinine. Called in Europe "Jesuits' bark", this medication was at first stringently ignored by continental doctors, and only later did quinine become the principal medicine for treating tropical fever.

In each Reduction there were two schools: one for the first rudiments of learning, and another where music and dancing were taught. The Indians were not taught to speak Spanish, but were able to read and write it perfectly. Since no amount of instruction could teach the converts mathematics, the fathers were compelled to care for the economic well-being of the colony themselves.

Each Reduction was a separate state in itself and was almost totally self-sustaining, though barter was carried on between the several groups. The government rested chiefly upon the missionaries, but a number of war chiefs governing bands of sixty to a hundred and a few regidores and alcaldes for policing and superintendence of public works were elected yearly by popular vote. Because of the native love of pomp each Indian official had a distinctive uniform, richly colored, which he wore on great feasts or holidays. Realizing the Indian enthusiasm for music, the fathers spared nothing to make them proficient in singing and instrumental work.

The buildings were constructed for convenience and beauty, the church being highly decorated and ornamented in native style. It was large enough to hold the entire population, and was, in some cases at least, a close rival of the finest Spanish churches. Choirs were the chief pride of the Indians, and we have reliable information that their part-singing would have done honor to the best cathedrals in Europe. School buildings, assembly halls, granaries, and workshops surrounded the church. In front was a large square, containing the statue of the Reduction's patron saint and a large crucifix, where was the scene of numerous gay and colorful fiestas. The buildings were constructed principally of stone, were in one storey, and were connected for protection from inclement weather. The streets were well planned, and

sanitation was so well preserved that disease eventually became almost unknown.

Each family possessed its own field. The uneconomical tendency observed in the Indians made it necessary to apply somewhat stringent remedies. Any man too lazy to work his own field was compelled to work in the common field which provided for emergencies. Money was unknown, but barter was carried on to obtain whatever was necessary.

The daily order was so arranged that no time was wasted. After morning Mass, attended by all, came breakfast and work time. In the afternoon came siesta, and the day usually closed with Vespers and games and dancing. On great feast days no one worked, and a general celebration was held. By thus mingling work and play the fathers succeeded in keeping the Indians happy and content in their way of life.

But such happy circumstances could not last for long. The Spanish settlers, jealous of the peace and comfort of the missions, began to circulate calumnies about them. Incursions by bands of pagan Indians were led by certain Spanish and Portuguese, and while the Reductions defended themselves successfully, many missionaries lost their lives. The population of the Reductions fell between 1732 and 1736 from 141,000 to 107,000.

The great blow was yet to come. Charles III, crowned in 1759, had certain anti-Jesuit councilors bent upon the destruction of the Society. Impressed by calumnies the weak king decreed the expulsion of all Jesuits from his dominions. Within one year after the decree all the Jesuits had been deported from Spanish America, many of them perishing on the way.

The Reductions, left without their advisers, fell rapidly into ruin. The government leaders failed to aid the Indians, and many of them returned to their original forests, others being enslaved by the Spaniards. By 1782 nothing remained of the splendid state, and today the only relics of this "kingdom of Christ on earth" are the ruins in South America, tales still told by Indians of the golden age of the padres, and the reputation of the state that was.

Perennial Philosophy

● John Mechem

IN ancient times lived two great minds; they were Greek. In them, perhaps more than any others, we find syntheses of all the speculation of their people. One of them, the elder, yielded more to the poetical and the intellectual; he assimilated all the former elements of mysticism and introspection and the moral balance of his immediate forerunner, Socrates; the younger and in some sense the disciple followed the tendency of his race for experimentation and analysis; he absorbed all previous theorizing and demonstration of the world of nature, forging all into a firm compact synthesis, which was expositied in the clearest, most definite terms. Through the years that have followed, the vision of these men has risen and fallen in the eyes of humanity. But their influence, on Western culture particularly, has been incalculable.

Some centuries elapsed, when once more Western thought took cognizance of them, but this time with profound differences. The East had penetrated into its speculation with the foreign notions of all-prevading divinity manifesting itself in partial perfections or demons; we shall call this element gnosticism, not because that was the sole example of this tendency, but because it realizes it most obviously. Plotinus is the man who resurrected Plato to form his step from speculation to mystical union with a pantheistic One.

From another quarter came a new element into philosophy, Christianity. Bringing notions of divinity, man's place in the universe, the beginning and end of this world, it was only natural that it should have strong repercussions in the field of natural speculation. This new unity of philosophy and religion manifested itself in Augustine, who absorbed everything compatible in neo-Platonism (as Plotinus' school was known) and turned speculation to considerations hitherto undreamed of—revealed truth.

During the rise of Christianity, the Hebrews, now completely hellenized, attempted a synthesis between Platonic speculation and the Old Testament. This tendency is later justifiably exemplified in the work of Maimonides, a Spanish Jew, who dealt with the entire field of thought, from cosmology to morals. Throughout his work, he established a coherence and a careful distinction between revealed doctrine and that of reason. Immediately preceding the Jewish flowering of reason, arose a new religious movement, incorporating something of both

Hebraism and Christianity, particularly monotheism, into its doctrines. But the descendants of this movement must also need reconcile their religion and their reason. Avicenna and Averroes represent what their conclusions were; they turned especially to Aristotle, for their road to truth, bringing forth once more his scientific inquiries and his logical and metaphysical conclusions.

But Western culture has never been Mohammedan. So we must look once more into the Christian speculative progress. That world, based on ancient traditions, crumbled, and new order painfully made its way. At first, it worked mainly in imitations of the Fathers, mostly Augustine. Then a certain pseudo-Dionysius, a neo-Platonic Christian, helped give rise to a reconstructed pantheism in the writings of John Scotus Eriugena. But Scotus was out of his time; rather in the logic of Aristotle was the Christian age to take its form. And the problem of universals gave rise to Abelard's solution by Aristotelian logic. After a brief flourishing of Patonism and Augustinism, the work of the Arabians and the Jews became known, as well as fresh translations of the Greeks. And medieval philosophy took a definitive form. From Aristotle, it received a necessary logicalness of exposition, a scientific method of treatment and demonstration, its views of cosmology, and the theory of matter and form. From Platonism, it received the impetus to reach by reason the supermaterial the highest good, the divine. From Christianity, it received a guide in its pursuit of truth; it profited by the enoia of Arabs and Jews in this.

But medieval philosophy went much further; it manifested itself in "Summae" or syntheses of all knowledge, all categorized and united. Particularly in the problems relating to the divine did it show itself active in thought and not simply a passive receptacle for a former age's work, dominated by a revelation, hardly relevant to the speculation. We can define Scholasticism, as this movement is known, as the combined effort of several centuries of Christians to synthesize Greek speculation with the truths of revelation into an organic unity. The thought of the Greeks was used as a foundation, and the entire edifice was welded together by the essentially Hebraic notion of the necessary One and original plenitude of existence. The method of attack was Aristotelian, while much of the viewpoint was Platonic. The importance of Scholasticism, as a philosophy, is not that it handed Greek speculation down to later ages, but that it successfully united the best efforts of the Greeks to the foreign Jewish and Christian notions of monotheism and creation.

Activities In Retrospect

● Frank Rauch

THE first campus organizations at Spring Hill College, forerunners of the many of today, were the Philomatic and the Thespians, founded between 1848 and 1851 for the advancement of oratory. Two years before the Civil War a group of military-minded students were organized into the Spring Hill Lancers, who were reviewed by the Governor of Alabama and several prominent army officials. With the actual outbreak of hostilities, the Lancers hurried home to join their local regiments in the cause of the Gray. In spite of numerous such activities during the war, the college continued to function for younger students, and during this period Spring Hill edited its first annual.

After the great fire of January, 1869, activities were somewhat in abeyance during the Reconstruction Period, until toward the end of the century minstrel shows became the vogue. Several companies were formed for college performances: The Merry Magnolia Minstrels, Dobson's Cullud Combination of Merriment, and Dawe's Dusky Dewdrops.

The twentieth century inaugurated an era of greater and more diverse athletic activity at Spring Hill. In 1900 the college baseball team won almost all their games and had the historic clash with the Mobile Independents, playing an exhibition game with the Chicago Cubs as the year's climax. During the first decade the first football team was formed, coached by Fred Fletcher, and the first tennis tournament held. A dramatic association, forerunner of the Yenni Players, presented its triumph of the decade, "Justice Will Prevail."

The next few years found athletics reaching maturity with four undefeated football seasons and equal success in baseball. In 1915 was formed Spring Hill's first social fraternity, Omicron Sigma, which celebrated its silver anniversary this year. Basketball was brought to the college, and the football team began traveling.

The Great War found Spring Hill again ready to heed the nation's call. Early in 1918 eight students left for Fort Sheridan. In September the college was accepted by the government as a unit in the Student Army Training Corps.

The college's remaining history is of unprecedented expansion and development in every phase of college activity. Joining the S. I. A. A. meant admission to higher athletics, especially since both football and baseball

championships were won. The Mobile Olympic Meet in track, boxing, field, tennis, swimming, and diving, was won for two consecutive years. The baseball team toured New England, defeating such teams as Holy Cross and others.

The nineteen-twenties also saw the founding of the Mississippi Club, Spring Hill's first state club, the publication of the Springhillian in newspaper format, the formation of a pep club and of the Mendel Club, the first commencement dance, and the opening of a golf course.

The centennial year, 1930, marked great building expansion in Mobile Hall and the Thomas Byrne Memorial Library. In the same year Spring Hill was made a member of the Dixie Conference, and has subsequently won championships in golf, tennis, football, and baseball. The college victory march, Purple and White, was composed by Fathers Chapman and Hynes and given a nation-wide publicity by Rudy Vallee.

Later in the decade Phi Omega fraternity was organized and the Gas House Gang chartered. The Chicago Club was formed for the great number of students from that metropolis. Portier Academy took the spotlight in 1937 by arranging an international debate with Oxford and Cambridge Universities.

More recently an elaborate system of intra-murals has been worked out, giving every student frequent opportunity for physical development. The Annual and Quarterly have seen a renaissance, and a number of new organizations have been formed: International Relations Club, for students interested in political questions; Philomelic Academy, for those particularly interested in fine arts; Phi Alpha Gamma, for the advancement of classical languages; Beta Beta Beta, national biology fraternity, has recognized a chapter on the campus, and several other national honorary fraternities have been established at Spring Hill. During the past year the Civil Aeronautics Association gave the college students a splendid opportunity to learn flying, and, in a word, almost every conceivable type of college activity has been thriving.

The Human Culture

● Harry Bryan

(Paper read at May meeting of Phi Alpha Gamma)

OUR inquiry into any branch of learning should, according to Cicero's advice, start out with a definition of the subject to be investigated, in order that we may definitely know what we are about to discuss. What then are "the humanities"? Webster's New International Dictionary says that "the humanities" are "the branches of polite learning, especially the ancient classics; belles-lettres; sometimes secular, as distinguished from theological, learning." Other dictionaries claim that "the humanities" signify a conflict with the social and moral on one side and the intellectual on the other, or a conflict between the intellectual and the practical. With so many conflicting views on the subject it is necessary for me to make my own definition.

I define "the humanities," then, as those studies which contribute to a cultural background. In his broad sense, every study is a potential humanity, even professional studies. All studies cease to be merely potentially humanistic when their humanistic possibilities are realized in intercourse between the seasoned humanity of the teacher and the innocent humanity of the student. Since these favorable conditions are not always prevalent, it is important that the liberal arts course stress those studies which are of such a nature that they can scarcely fail to emit some humanism even between uninspired teachers and uninterested students.

Such studies as history, literature, art, and philosophy, afford the highest probability that students, even if they do not want it, will obtain from teachers, even though they do not have it, some slight trace of that freedom, of that learning, imagination and sympathy, of that dignity and behavior proper to a man, which is known as humanity.

To a great many the term "humanities" brings to mind "the humanities" par excellence, such as history, literature, art, and philosophy, but to an even greater number the term brings to mind the classical studies, the studies of the Greek and Latin languages and literatures. Since the aim of this fraternity is to foster an appreciation of the classic, it seems fitting in this paper to treat the humanities as the classics, which is, after all, the most common notion of them.

All of us are taking a liberal arts course, which means that we are studying the classics in one form or another. We may be studying Latin or Greek, or even both, and yet we may fail to realize how great will be the benefits derived from our efforts. It is my purpose to point out how much we can receive from the study of the humanities, that is, from the study of the classics.

First, the study of the classics gives us a sense of language. Today, in our slang expressions, we tend to destroy the real meanings of words and use them to bring out our emotions and our physical urges. This is not the true use of words. The humanist has a sort of reverence for words, a reverence which dates from his struggles with the vocabulary of Caesar. To him words have a meaning which connotes something definite; they mean something to him. Rudyard Kipling was classicist enough to know and to exemplify "the magic of the necessary word." This magic is precision of meaning.

When one studies the works of the great Greek and Roman writers he cannot fail to be struck by the choice of words. Vergil and Homer, as well as the other great Greek and Roman writers chose words which put over the exact meaning which they wished to give. They sometimes used words which by their position, or their form, or their nature, portrayed double meanings, so that the reader would get the impression that the character in the story was in doubt, or that the character wished to give a false impression.

Not only do studies of languages give us a precision of meaning, but they teach us that the rhythmic flow of language is the means of expressing our logical thoughts. But studies of languages go even farther than this. They actually teach us how to think logically. In reading Greek or Latin, one must consider the subject and the object, with their numerous modifiers, and he must consider why the modifier is this way instead of some other way. Then he must consider the verb, and its mood, tense, person, and number. The student who has mastered the classical sentence, which is infinitely varied in its external form, but always the same in its underlying principles, has gained for himself a thorough knowledge of all grammar, and any language which he might come across will be a source of culture for him.

For one who intends to write when he goes out into the world, there is nothing better than the study of the classics. Mainly from this study will his style become anti-thetic and balanced. History shows us that the great English and American writers achieved their style mainly

through studying Greek and Latin. Shakespeare, Milton, Dryden, and Macauley studied Latin for several years in grammar school but never spent an hour on English grammar and composition. Thomas Jefferson's dignified style, which has become famous in the "Declaration of Independence," came to him through the study of Latin and Greek. Ralph Waldo Emerson and Henry Thoreau were well acquainted with the classics before they even began writing.

Professor David M. Key, whom we were fortunate enough to meet personally only a few days ago, in an essay called "The Value of the Classics for Today," says: "For years I have been hunting for a boy, or girl with the *cacoethes scribendi* (the itch for writing) who will place himself completely under my tutelage. I should like to read a little Latin with him and give him a dab of Greek. Then I would exact a solemn promise to read the entire remains of Latin and Greek literature. Busy days, but it wouldn't take so long. A long summer vacation or two with the immortals and the wasted hours of a few college year would suffice. DeQuincey did it before he was sixteen years old. Then an apprenticeship on the local paper and the New York and Washington papers, and throw him into competition with the smart young American writers of the next generation. I bet he would write rings around them."

The Greeks, and also the Romans, who based their literature on Greek models, thought a great deal more of the sense of proportion than do the moderns. You cannot read far in Greek and Roman literature without being struck by the charm of Horace's golden mean, or by the charm of an aesthetic sense so great, that to the Greeks, the death of a young soldier was painful not because of the death itself, but because the beauty and proportion of the fair young body had ceased to exist. The very nature of Latin and Greek cultivates in one who studies them the desire for proportion, smoothness, rationality, and clearness in every field of human activity. The classical civilization exemplifies this sense of proportion not only by its literature, but also by its beauty in architecture, in government, in religion, and even in the economic structure.

Today the whole world is in chaos. A great many of the European powers are at war, and the leaders of the other nations are in a dilemma as to whether they should join forces with the Allies or the Germans, or whether they should remain neutral. The leaders of the United States realize that we are about to be drawn into this

conflict, but they cannot see clearly the plan which they should follow. If classical studies fortify the mind in its striving after some pattern and plan in the midst of confusion, that is a very definite value in a time like this.

Father Castiello seems to think a great deal of the humanities as a means of obtaining this sense of proportion. He says: "If a man has been in touch with the culture of Rome and Greece, if he has put himself in contact with the living personalities, not with the mere words and verbal expressions, of their intellectual, philosophical, artistic, and political leaders, he will have admirable standards by which to judge in art, literature, law, social life, history, and politics. He will have gathered to himself that which is best and purest (from a natural standpoint) in mankind."

The people of the present generation live for the present only. They never give a thought to the future, or profit by an act written up in history. The sense of time has gradually been lost. The Romans and Greeks had it two thousand years ago, and yet we, who should have everything they had and a great deal more besides, do not have it. When the Romans were not satisfied with their conditions, they elected a new leader to stay in office only until the situation was remedied. We choose to put into office a dictator, with absolute control. He immediately turns things inside out, and if he is accused of being too radical, he gives the excuse that he is acting in the modern manner. This adjective modern is an apehet used to praise any and everything from furniture to governmental theories. The ancient civilizations were also modern, in that their methods were in accordance with the sense of proportion at this time especially, so also would this sense of time be valuable in a world of disorder and confusion.

When men began thinking of the classical studies as "the humanities," they were no doubt thinking mostly of that ideal of human relationship which the classics stir up in us. Several weeks ago Father Bogue pointed out to us, in a talk given on Peace Day, that war would not be abolished until the people of all nations learn to love the people of other nations. The study of the classics is one of the means through which the world will come to this philosophy of peace on earth for the sake of brotherly love, even though this philosophy is opposed by racial prejudices, geographic barriers, and economic maladjustments.

Pliny said that when we study the great writers, we meet the really supreme men. These men, although they

have been gone for centuries, can do much more for us than most of the men of today. They have best expressed the thoughts and feelings of men, and when we study their works, we seem to be studying something that was written especially for us, so personal do they seem.

The classics attract us by their beauty, their heroism. The Greek and Roman writers have come nearer to the human ideal than the writers of any other period; they have picked out what is essential and unchanging in man, and consequently their works are not for an age, but for all ages.

The humanities, when properly studied, stir up in man that dormant tendency to imitate an ideal. They help us to wipe away the haze that surrounds our inner self, and enable us to set ourselves clearly. They teach us to lead richer lives, to see better the world of nature and man, to think better, love and desire better, to be, in a word more fully human.

In closing, I shall read an excerpt from an essay by Professor Samuel Eliot Morrison, Harvard University Historian, whose benefits derived from the study of the classics are the same as those goods which all of us can get from our study of Latin and Greek literature. It must not be thought however, that this Harvard Historian is one of a few. There can be cited hundreds of examples of men, ranging from accountants to educators, whose opinions are substantially the same as the one given here. Professor Morrison says: "I have never taught Latin or Greek. As a historian of the United States, I have found them of no practical or immediate use. Yet the years I spent on the ancient classics in school have been the foundation of my education. Moreover, they have given me more delight, and afforded me more wisdom than anything else I have since learned. As I advance in age the thought and the literature of the ancients seem to push through all the accumulations of the last thirty years, and to speak directly to the soul, with their original freshness and simplicity. Life is infinitely sweeter for what little I can comprehend of the grandeur that was Rome."

Today The World Flies

● Jack Rambeau

IN the field of aeronautics America's place in the world of tomorrow depends upon whether or not America has or will develop adequate facilities for research and experimentation. To some this issue may seem to be remote, but the true solution of this question is vital to our national security and to America's commercial progress. In the entire field of aeronautics, not only the promise but the possibilities for improvement are limitless. As we go forward today's boasts will seem puny beside tomorrow's accomplishments. In the world of tomorrow travel by air will reach beyond the wildest dreams of us who traced so anxiously the wings of the Lone Eagle just thirteen years ago.

But air transport is not only of the world of tomorrow; it is an integral part of the world of today. Yesterday, travel by air was both an adventure and an experiment. Today, to some it is still an adventure. But it is not an experiment. Our modern airliners operate on routine schedules, regularly and dependably, building up a record of safety and efficiency which leads the world and commands the unstinted admiration of foreign operators.

Why, you may ask, is travel by air to some still an adventure when it has become so regular a routine?

You, yourself, can find the answer to that question during the shortest, least eventful trip. The great avenues of the heavens afford a constantly changing scene of wonder and of beauty. The airliner is our magic carpet, available to every man. Upon it he may ride on a voyage of exploration denied to the earthbound. The vast panorama of the earth, set off by an occasional fleecy cloud, presents a map more fascinating than could be drawn by the most skillful cartographer. In clean air, above the dust and grime of cities, the traveler moves through nature's most intimate chambers of delight.

For those who follow us, the value of a single journey by air far exceeds many days of poring over books of geography. And for the busy man or woman, air transport brings relief from the drab scenes of every day, restoring a vision of God's great universe, a vision all too frequently lost in the bustle of modern life.

In this, then, is the eternal adventure of air travel. Icarus dreamed of it—and tried. Now we have it at our finger tips. Passengers are attracted, of course, by the extraordinary speed and luxurious comfort of the modern

airliner. But beyond all that there is the appeal of a highway bounded only by the far horizon, where the mind and soul of a man can soar to new heights or fulfill childhood dreams.

It is no wonder that our air lines are finding it necessary to buy new planes, to run extra sections, and to add new schedules all over this broad land and along the airways over which we operate to the four corners of the globe. The vision of the Wright brothers and the painstaking preparations of men such as Charles Lindbergh are reaping the most satisfactory of all rewards in that a swelling army of us ordinary men and women are enjoying this great new means of travel and trade which their genius has made available to us. Month by month thousands more of our countrymen are crowding the airline terminals. Through the long years of depression air transport grew steadily. It grows still more with every passing day. Your neighbor and mine have taken to the air for business and vacation travel. Today America flies.

Two years ago Congress recognized that air transport had passed beyond the experimental stage and had become so necessary and so vital a part of our national life that it should be held to the same legal standards applying to the railroads. The Civil Aeronautics Act was adopted. Its distinguishing feature is mobilization rather than centralization of initiative in civil aeronautics. Freedom and self-government rather than thralldom and constraint were cradled in industry. Further, it is based upon the premise that air transport had proved itself to be a regular means of common carriage as had the rail and motor carriers. So now the air carrier is held to a legal standard of reasonable service at reasonable rates, with the strictest regulation, in the interest of safety and economy, which our Government has yet evolved. To such size has the industry grown and so important is its place in the daily life of each of us, that Congress created a special independent commission to devote its undivided attention to air carriers and their passengers, and to the hand-in-hand development of air transportation and private civil aeronautics.

The conservative financial community also has come to realize the dependability of air transport and is indicating its willingness to invest large sums in this business. Where a few years ago investment in any phase of aviation was regarded as a speculative risk, a distinguished member of the new federal Civil Aeronautics Authority wrote that today the banks are coming forward with proposals

for financing "at an interest rate which compares favorably with that enjoyed by many railroads."

In fact, the most conservative of all financial institutions, the insurance companies, have participated in a recent purchase of air line equipment trust certificates.

The growing competition among our stable and leading financial houses to invest in the air transport industry is the surest guarantee to the public that this great business has come of age.

One still hears, of course, questioning as to the safety of air travel. To a considerable extent this questioning comes from those who read of the occasional crashes either of military planes or of privately operated pleasure or miscellaneous planes. They fail to distinguish between scheduled air line and planes that operate under differing circumstances. To fail to make this distinction is like judging the safety of our great motor bus lines by the huge accident toll among miscellaneous automobile drivers. Last year not a single fatal accident occurred on any line.

When insurance companies, by careful calculation, find that they can make money by the sale of insurance to cover this or that contingency we may be sure that the contingency is remote indeed. There is no truer indication of the safety of travel by rail than the insurance policy, at low premium, which may be purchased in any railroad station.

For over a year the insurance companies have made available to every traveler on the scheduled air lines the same sort of policy. The air passenger can buy an even more liberal \$5,000 policy at a rate which is almost exactly the same as that available to the rail passenger. So insurance companies have passed judgment upon the safety of travel by air, just as they have upon the safety of travel by rail, and they have not found it wanting. Carefully have they investigated, conservatively have they calculated, and they have ascertained that travel by scheduled air lines is today so safe that they can insure any passenger of the air lines at any time on a rate basis strictly comparable to that prevailing for the rail passenger.

Thus our enthusiastic air passengers, increasing by the thousands as each month goes by, the appropriately cautious insurance companies, the conservative banking houses, and the Congress of the United States have joined in affirming that air transport is a regular, established, dependable, modern mode of travel. This judgment is amply supported by cold statistics. To show you how

rapidly our record of safety is going upward, I need only refer you to the figures issued by the Government which disclose that from March there had not been one single accident. Furthermore, during this time the four largest air lines in this country flew 800,000,000 passenger miles without a single accident—in fact, without so much as a single forced landing. And one of our large air lines is today approaching 600,000,000 passenger miles without a single fatality to passengers or crew or persons on the ground.

The air lines have made their extraordinary record by dint of rigid adherence on the part of management to the strictest, most conservative operating standards. These standards have secured a body of men who pilot our planes unerringly to port and who are second to no other group in all the world. Alert of mind, steady of hand, the pilots of the air lines represent a choice of our nation's manhood. No less worthy of your confidence are the men who stand behind them in the shop, at the radio, behind the desk, every one of them intent upon one thing: safe public service, to the men and women from every walk of life who pass in a steady stream through the nation's airports.

The selfless zeal with which this splendid personnel devotes mind and body to the public service may have been equalled in the glorious history of American industry, but it has never been surpassed. Of late we have heard much of the passing of the frontier, of the changing character of our society. This change is evidenced by no lessening science to the service of every man. And you will search in vain for any lack of effort among those who man the air lines in plane, in shop and in office. With hope of but modest material reward, they have pursued with single purpose an ideal of public service almost without parallel. Their phenomenal success has spurred them forward. For them that day is lost when another record has not been broken.

America has not fallen down in matters of quality in aeronautics. Today American planes in Europe are recognized as the best in the world. There is only one way that we can keep ahead in aeronautics, and that is by giving every encouragement to our scientists that they may improve upon what we now have and develop to the utmost these new things which we yet may need.

Editorial Notes

NEW CONSTELLATIONS

WHEN the board of editors saw the makings of this present issue, we were ready to declare a dividend. Not only was there far too much material to be put into one issue, but we came through with eight new contributors. The new editorial policy begun in the Spring number was not only feasible but a success.

Contributing to *The Quarterly* for the first time is All-Dixie conference athlete Ted Tatum who, with vast experience in diamonds, baseball and otherwise, tells us the in and outs of the priceless carbon. Tennis ace Lou Faquin puts over a smash volley on inter-collegiate tennis. Revolving in his own orbit as winner of the Alpha Sigma Nu trophy for the outstanding Sophomore, classicist Harry Bryan holds high the torch of learning in his treatise on the Humanities.

James Evans, sub-qualified as "Bing," croons with his native wit a tale of the South. Shakespeare in the modern manner appears as Ed Rogers re-lives the seven ages of man. That vivacious Cuban, Ramon Arrinda, after five volcanic months in a struggle with the English language, confesses and tells us why he likes Americans.

Frank Rauch provides us with a view in retrospect of the past student activity at Spring Hill and gives us encouragement for future achievements. Frederick Cooley, winner of the Bishop O'Sullivan medal, appropriately contributes in this year of the 400th anniversary of the founding of the Society of Jesus an article of the famous Paraguay reductions.

James Donohue, freshman with definitely original ideas on international questions eloquently persuades us not to enter the war.

Among the other articles by former contributors are pilot Jack Rambeau on aviation, journalist William Smolkin on the timely subject of propaganda, and Marion Markey's experienced voice raised on the art of loafing. Voted outstanding Freshman, Joseph Shannon appears for the first time as an editor of *The Quarterly*. His editorial on an unusual aspect of the present war is worth a second reading.

With these and the many new lights in our literary heavens, *The Quarterly* closes what the editors believe to have been a banner year. We have even higher hopes for greater successes and an expanding literary horizon for Spring Hill as we view the prospect of the future.

● F. T. P.

LET'S BE IMPRACTICAL

TIME has once again turned back its mighty dial and dumped the mass of people who inherit the earth into the cauldrons of hell. Again contagious Armageddon has, like a disease, corroded the steel of human wills until men have reached a state of perversion leading to ultimate ruin. Daily tabloids scream awful truths of civilized hate and greed. Machiavelli has arisen from the tomb and his ghost hovers ominously over the heads of leaders in our present states. There is a general craving for some salve to soothe and eventually to heal the hideous cicatrice branding the world and its peoples as so many beasts prowling and plotting means of destruction. Horace's apophthegm about the nobility and glory of death for one's fatherland is daily pounded into the stagnant brains of sycophants who inhabit these dominated states. The world seems no longer a place of rest and peace but a blazing, Tartarean region presided over by Moloch. Where then is the ointment to heal the wound?

Platitudinous as the answer may seem it is simply this: the needed ointment may be found in the hearts of every Christian man and woman. There lies the only possible solution—a retreat into real Christianity. The plan for international peace proposed here has been outlined systematically by Pope Benedict XV, who reigned during the first World War. It is a Christ-like plan which, because of a general lack of recognition of it, can hardly be envisioned in the near future, but is at least possible. This design for Christian living is the salvation, the emancipation, the redemption of the Christian civilized world.

Briefly, the papal plan consists of three main bodies similar to the United States governing assemblage: executive, judicial, and legislative. Their functions require no explanation, being familiar to all civic-minded Americans.

The big power that has been neglected by nations, the power that will prove all-important in any plan for peace, is simply love for fellow man, an international fraternity. Never in history has there been more vocalization about the brotherhood of man and such cliches, and yet never in history have men indulged in such wholesale fratricide as in the past fortnight. Patently, mere sentimentalizing will be ineffectual in the future, as in the present. The world has never really tried Christianity; let it take a dare, give it a chance, and be impractical, now that pragmatism has proved its impotency.

● J. S.

WHERE DO WE STAND?

IN this day when the rights of men are being violently denied and our form of representative government is being challenged on every hand, the American citizen, and especially the college student, should pause and take a serious reckoning of his position. Perhaps the present situation is a result of his neglect and lack of foresight. With sophomoric cynicism he has regarded government as party politics and the governors as party politicians. What interest he had was in personalities and not in policies. By his attitude he has endangered his freedom in word, thought, and deed.

It is perhaps belaboring the obvious to say that the primary concern of most men is to live happily. There are few who do not work for the fullest and most satisfactory life and who do not complain when their life is not to their liking. Equally obvious is the fact that ours is a highly organized, complex society. The life of the individual and the life of the society are intimately interwoven; one without the other is inconceivable.

The college student and the average citizen have heard time after time that they live in a democratic society, but frequently they have regarded that society as something distant, if not entirely apart, from their individual selves. And they have failed to realize that their government is the concrete element of her abstract society, that it is a result and function of the society, that the condition of the society is reflected in the condition of the government. Poor government is the reflection of a poor social consciousness. Citizenship and a voice in the government have been taken for granted and often abused. In having regarded the society, the government, and ourselves as separate entities, we have debased our society and brought grave threats to ourselves.

There is little special training for citizenship, and little formulation of ends at which to aim. Elsewhere it is not so. The scientist, the engineer, the artist, each knows his own work. His training covers a span of years, and he can tell you what his work is about and what its purpose is.

But in the affairs of government and society the individual is conceived as endowed by nature with the power to pronounce judgment on the most abstruse questions with seeming infallibility. Yet, if any man were to imagine that his mere inclination to be a physician, or what you will, was sufficient qualifications to justify him in hanging out a sign, he would be laughed at.

Nevertheless, men will aspire to important positions in administration of the state and society on no more solid grounds than their desire for office and the possibility to get enough friends to vote for them. If we need knowledge for the simple pursuits of everyday life, how much more do we need it for the governing of the destinies of men.

The chaos of public life and society lies not so much at the feet of the irresponsible, inexperienced office-seeker as it does on the heads of those citizens who put him there. They cannot expect anything for the growth of those political philosophies which promise purpose and design, regardless of the nature of the purpose and the design.

It is the duty of every citizen and especially the college student to study, know, and participate in his government. Unless an intelligent, responsible citizenry can be developed that will face the issues with deliberation and study, that will participate in the government, that will make the government part of it and not it part of the government, there is little reason to expect continuation or success in our present form of government.

● F. T. P.

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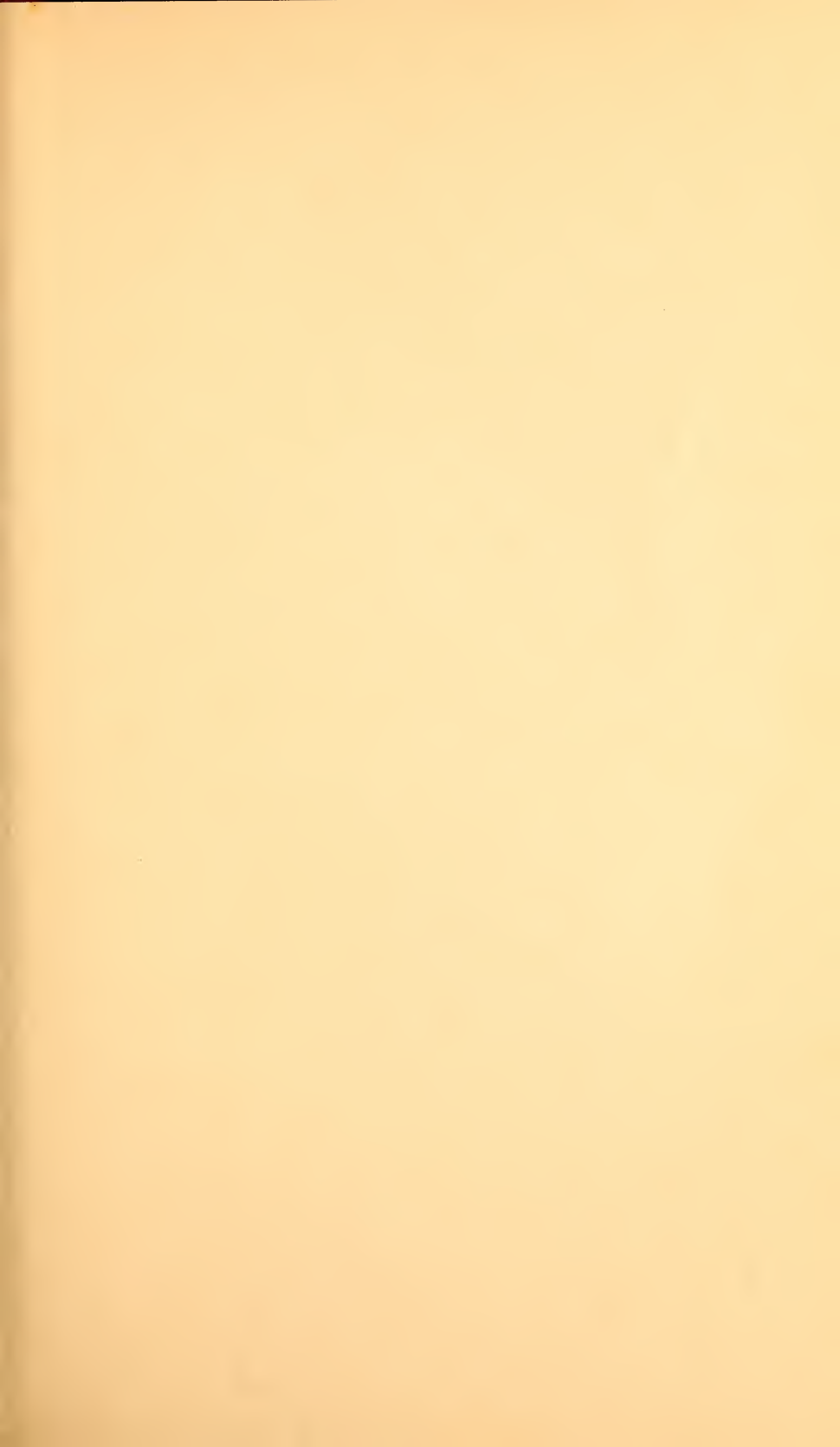
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SPRING HILL QUARTERLY

Autumn 1940

Carnival Americana

Birds Flying South

Lesson In Patriotism

Beyond Recall

SPRING HILL QUARTERLY

A u t u m n , 1 9 4 0

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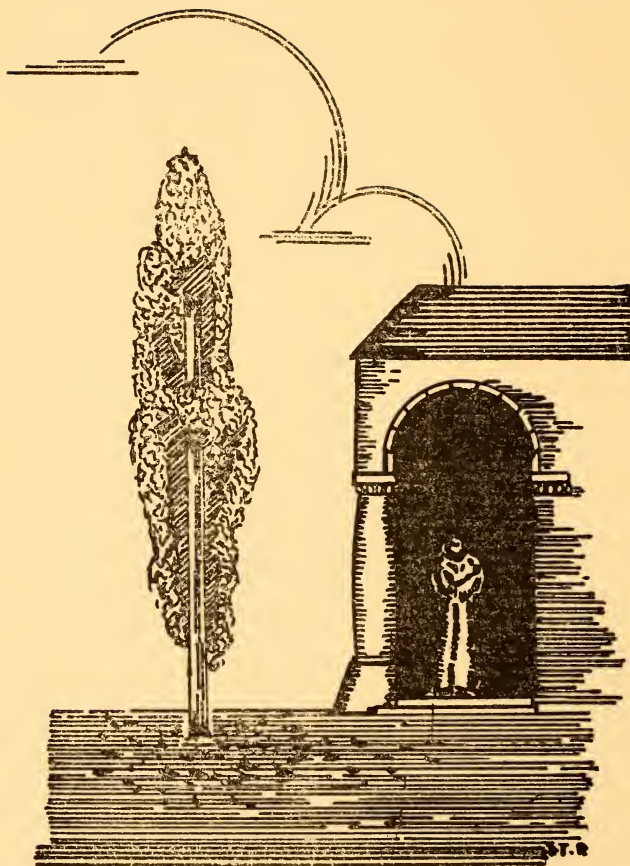
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"These are the days of truth;

The mortal years have passed . . . "



Autumn

I look with sadness on brown leaves
That cover the earth with a monk's hood.
The colors of life, running together,
Have melted in this somber shade,
And happiness, whose heraldry is brilliance,
Steals off and leaves the world to death.

B. W.

Herman

● Harry Alexander

THE dominating trait in Herman's character was belligerence. Probably this was because he was trying to show the world that, in spite of his lowly origin, he was equal if not superior to the rest of his race. Herman was born in the heart of the railroad district of Jersey City on a date that is lost to the world. His parents, judging from Herman, must have been a conglomeration.

At a very tender age Herman was adopted by a kindly man who was attracted by the bellicosity of the little fellow; and so Herman came into polite society. As soon as he arrived in his new home, he was given a bath. This is probably symbolic of the washing away of Herman's past, for from that day on he acted as if he had never known the dirty, noisy railroads of Jersey City.

As a youngster, Herman was certainly a problem child. He would pick a fight without the slightest provocation, and usually with some one who was much larger and older. But in all these scraps Herman's luck and contentiousness carried him through. He always emerged without a scratch. In the house he was no better. He would do anything and everything except steal, for Herman was one of the most honorable individuals that I have ever met.

As Herman matured he curbed his unruly desires, drew himself into a shell, and became more belligerent. The middle and latter part of his life were very uneventful because he seldom ventured out of the house. He would spend his time just sleeping, eating, and occasionally going for a short stroll.

As Herman grew still older his activity was decreased even more. He would go outside occasionally as before, but would spend his time just sitting on the front porch watching the activity that went on around him. In his declining years he contracted an ear infection which became steadily worse until on January 15, 1939, Herman died.

Probably you have been wondering what Herman looked like. Well, Herman was rather small all his life, he never did attain average height. He had enormous yellow eyes, which seemed to be able to peer right through you, and finally, he had a nondescript mixture of black and white fur which he always kept immaculate. Herman is probably the most extraordinary cat that ever washed a whisker.

Carnival Americana

● William Smolkin

THE most amazing presidential campaign since the blistering fights of the nineteenth century will reach its climax this week, when the nation's voters trek to the polls to make their choice between Wendell L. Willkie and Franklin D. Roosevelt. When it is all over, and the nation is again restored to normalcy, the radio listener will once more dare to dial, the newspaper reader to chance the editorials, and the button business to count the profits. But now the political winds are loudly howling and the spectacular carnival that is America in an election year is beginning to shine its brightest.

However, beneath the superficial coats of party rivalry, beneath the railing and fist-waving at the opposition in the current campaign, there runs a somber note which threatens to drive the flag waving and soap-boxing into the background. Events across the seas cast their shadows across the White House, and the candidates know, and the people know, that on the ability, courage, and cool-headedness of the man who wins in 1940 may depend the fate of mighty, but as yet defenseless nation.

Wendell Willkie or Franklin Roosevelt? This choice faces the electorate. Wendell Willkie: corporation lawyer, business man, political meteorite of the Republican party. Franklin Roosevelt: twice President of the United States, originator of sweeping social reforms, "indispensable man" of the Democrats.

At a time when national unity is imperative, the candidates themselves have set the example of campaign conduct. Neither has attempted to inflame the public against his rival personally, and both have censured the zeal of their supporters in denouncing the opposition. For Mr. Willkie, especially, this is a recommendation which will win him many votes. Faced by a particularly difficult choice, (attack the administration and be called unpatriotic; refrain from attack and be called weak-kneed) Mr. Willkie has demonstrated that he thinks more of the Presidency of the United States than he does of Wendell Willkie. In his nation-wide speaking tour the Republican candidate presented a series of talks well above-board, and though met with boos, melons, tomatoes, rocks, eggs, and what-not, he did not resort to "smear" tactics in answering the vandals who heckled him.

Mr. Roosevelt's conduct also has brought commendation. At first the President refrained from political discussion altogether, but when the exigencies of a heated

campaign forced him to defend his position, he acted with all the dignity, with all the seriousness which his office demands.

But while the candidates themselves were thus keeping clean collars, nothing prevented their aides from indulging in a few mild dogfights, which if nothing else, added a touch of humor to the otherwise grim campaign. Here are typical examples: Democratic Convention Chairman Barkley: "... the charge of the light brigade in the heroic Battle of Kilowatt." Harold L. Ickes on Willkie: "... a simple barefoot Wall Street lawyer." Senator Styles Bridges on Ickes: "A common scold ... puffed up by the authority of his office ... a Hitler in short pants." Alabama Senator Lister Hill on the Republican nominee: "This man who tousled his hair and quit pressing his britches ... his campaign song (against conscription of industry) should be, 'I didn't raise my dollars to be a soldier.'" From Republican satellites: "Frankly, our candidate is not an indispensable man ... he openly seeks the office of the Presidency." Look magazine: "Willkie—the Republican Roosevelt." Campaign buttons: "We don't want Eleanor either ... Life begins in Forty ... Willkie for President—of Commonwealth of Southern ... Roosevelt for Ex-President." And from rival newspapers a war of accents. "Roosevelt—I hate wah." "Willkie—Roosevelt wants too much par." Finally the classic of the campaign: "Is he (Willkie) man or mouth?" So it goes, this stream of trivial, but diverting nonsense.

On the real battleground of specific issues, there was one which relegated the rest to the limbo of forgotten words. Which man could more speedily and more efficiently arm the nation for total defense? Willkie, the business man, or Roosevelt, the government organizer? For the Republicans, the answer was Willkie, the Hoosier who had from lowly beginnings ascended to the Presidency of a huge corporation, who was a business executive, and who could therefore handle the "business problem of building our armed forces." For the Democrats, it was a standard bearer who had already enlisted as helpers in the program some of the most bi-partisan talent in the country. Willkie, they charged, was not a business man, but merely a corporation lawyer figurehead of a huge corporation, a man who had no previous connection with the production problems which would face the leader of a defense program. Others contended that even if Mr. Willkie was a business man, that would not make him a fit candidate, for the President's task, they asserted, is not to run the defense program, but to appoint competent men to do it for him.

While that controversy raged back and forth, minor issues floated about, but nobody paid any attention to them. There was the question of New Deal spending policies, and there was the issue of public ownership of utilities. There was even the debate about Elliot Roosevelt's much publicized captaincy, but after both sides had taken turns at the blasting fuse, clearing smoke found national defense still in the spotlight.

And when the voters go to the polls to decide who can better manage that national defense, they will have with them the most complete information any electorate has ever possessed. For the radio, the newspaper, and every other possible means of communication has been alive for the past month with campaign discussion. Boiling down all the oratory the arguments seem to take this shape:

"We Republicans are in favor of many of the social reforms of the present administration, but they were not original—merely follow-ups of legislation that had formerly been proposed or that had already been inaugurated in other countries. Some of these reforms are good; others represent an unwarranted interference by the federal government in private affairs, which is continued, will lead to the 'sovietizing' of this nation's business. The New Deal has set up a system of bureaus so bumbling and so inefficient that business has lost confidence. By placing a premium on private initiative, the New Deal has brought about the conditions which hamper our national defense. That defense program is bogged down. What it needs is a business man at the helm. We have such a man—Wendell Willkie. He has come up the hard way and he is familiar with the common man as well as with the business executive. With the support he will receive from the nation's industry and from the people as a whole, Wendell Willkie will build up this nation. He will maintain our present position in foreign affairs by standing up to the dictators, but he will talk only when he can back it up. A vote for Willkie is a vote for a progressive, liberal, common sense, business-like government."

"We Democrats who have seen President Roosevelt take a floundering nation and bring it back to prosperity could never vote for a man who comes from the very ranks of the men who were responsible for the depression. We laugh at those business men who now shout for for Willkie, when we know that those very men were the first to come crying to President Roosevelt in 1933. No other President has done as much for the common man as President Roosevelt. Now those common men will want him again to run their affairs in a type of crisis which he

has demonstrated that he can manage. President Roosevelt has the confidence of the American people which Willkie does not now possess, and he has used that confidence to start us well on the way toward total defense. He has taken members of both parties into his defense commission, and is rapidly preparing the nation to defend itself. America wants for its President no 'me too' corporation lawyer who has had no experience in government. We want Roosevelt!"

Thus the flow of rhetoric has cascaded through the length and breadth of the land, and has left the ordinary voter slightly dizzy. But however dizzy, however confused, the American voter this week knew that he was helping to make one of the most momentous decisions in the history of his battle-won country. He took the campaign fanfare with a grim, tight-lipped smile, and as he prepared to enter the polls, he prayed to the Great President above that his choice might be wise.

WEARINESS

A weary man is like a vacant house
That in its gray emptiness
Stares voidly from dull windows
At the passing world.

B. W.

Birds Flying South

● David Loveman

THE sky was dark with the flight of the birds, a winged cloud that shadowed the land in its passing. Lern Hallfred, returning from the barn, stood at the fence and looked skyward. Birds flying south. Winter waiting in the far pasture to force you out on dark mornings with fingers too stiff from the cold to do much milking. Winter's bad. It fights against the farmer.

He squinted again at the sky, a sprig of browning grass between his teeth. There was something about those birds, that brought a frown and a forboding shake of the head. They were almost gone beyond the trees across the river and the sunset was the same apricot color as before. But to Lern the corn-stalks, pyramided beyond the fence, seemed ghost-like and the wind that scattered the leaves had a new, piercing chill.

He turned to the house, where the lamps just lighted in the kitchen reassured him, and the smell of strong coffee made him aware of hunger and of good warm food awaiting him. Kitchens were comforting things and a good meal could make a man forget almost anything. These moments of returning home to lights and warmth and a wife bending over a stove cooking his meals he could pick out of life and call his own. Harvest times were good times, days of hard work, and nights to spend talking with Clara of the things he had done and planning for the future. Clara was a good wife, the best any man could want. She understood a man's ways and could help him. She could work, too—but of course not now, not when the baby was so near. Sometimes he worried about that, but she was strong and young. It was foolish to worry. It was just that . . . well, the first baby, and he knew so little about such things. He loved Clara, too, almost better than he loved his fields and his cattle and his plough.

For a moment he stopped outside the window to watch her. Her mouth was moving like she was singing and her hands were busy carrying things from the stove to the table, fixing his plate, pulling up his chair. She was a good cook. Lern smiled and sniffed again to catch the flavor of the coffee.

Clara looked up when he entered the room, wiping her face on her apron.

"You startled me, Lern. I didn't know you was back."

"Been back a long time," he said. "Been watching you

outside the window, seeing how pretty you look when you're cooking."

"Ain't I pretty any other time, Lern? 'Cept when I'm cooking your supper?"

"Course you are," he smiled, "but you're prettiest about supper time."

She laughed a little, watching him wash his face and hands. It was nice to joke with Lern, to have him come home after work to a meal she had fixed for him. Sometimes when he was gone she was afraid, thinking of the baby, but when she watched his big awkward body moving about the kitchen and knew they could sit and talk, it all seemed all right, and she didn't worry a bit.

They ate in silence, Lern eating like he did anything else, quickly, determinedly, quietly. Clara didn't eat much anymore, but she liked to watch Lern. She liked a man who enjoyed food. He was aware of her watching him and stopped, a full fork halfway to his mouth.

"What's the matter, Clara? Anything wrong? You feeling all right?"

"Course I am, Lern. I feel fine. You worry too much. It won't be bad, really it won't."

There were many nights like this one, warm and companionable. Lern didn't even mind the dark mornings when they came, or ploughing through the snow to feed the animals sheltered in the barn. Now that evening was earlier and there was less work to do in the frozen fields, he could sit in front of the fire and look at Clara while she sewed on clothes for the baby. Often he made her stay in bed on cold mornings and cooked breakfast himself, but always when he returned from the barn at evening he would find her in the kitchen, singing as she prepared supper. So they often sat and talked and thought of the baby.

Halfway through December, Lern grew anxious again about Clara. The time was so near and the last few days seemed to have exhausted her, but she protested one night when he tried to make her rest while he washed the dishes.

"I'm all right, Lern," she said. "It's just that I get tired quicker than I used to. But a few dishes never hurt anybody."

So they worked together, and while they worked they talked of the spring and next year's crops.

"Maybe," Lern said, "I can get me a man to help out with the first ploughing. It'll be a good season, plenty of rain. If the market keeps up good as it's been, who knows but what we'll have several men and buy new land."

"That'll be good, Lern." She wiped the dishes slowly. "You can't have too much land."

"Sure," he answered, "and the way I figure it, in a year or two we'll be able to pay back what we borrowed and still have a little left over we can put in the bank for the baby."

Clara didn't answer. She felt hot and weak. Lern was talking but she couldn't understand. She could see him there standing beside her, but he looked so strange. A dish dropped from her hand.

"Lern," she whispered. "Lern!"

She felt him lift her, carry her to the bed. The room was dark and cold and she cried a little, while Lern smoothed her hair and held her hand.

All through that mid-December night she lay in the silent room, fighting with all the strength she knew, fighting to keep Lern.

He was still holding her hand when she died, and the baby with her. It was almost morning, and there was a faint flurry of snow beating against the window but Lern was unaware of the winter morning or of the doctor who patted his shoulder. He couldn't understand this thing. What would new land mean without Clara or all the spring rains that would ever come? Somehow he watched them draw the quilt over her face, heard their whispering voices, somehow found his way into the kitchen. He stopped, picking up the scattered pieces of the broken dish.

It was still snowing the day of the funeral, but the snow was wet and sluggish and the ground was covered with brown trodden slush. Within the room, he heard the preacher's voice, but the words were unintelligible. A row of faces above stiff black-clothed bodies across the room looked down on him and he felt uncomfortable. He didn't want to see Clara there, lying in the center of the room, the object of well-meaning neighborly curiosity. It was too still in the room, too still and hot.

He rode in the doctor's carriage to the little graveyard across the town, and stood silent in the snow as it turned to rain.

So it was over. The doctor beckoned to him, but Lern hesitated. He would walk home and clear his mind from death in the icy rain. He walked slowly at first, through the town, across the wooden bridge. He cut across the fields where mud and water reached his ankles and from the feel of the earth he gathered something of its strength.

He was walking faster now, while the rain stung his face. It was cold and his clothes were wet, but he had

forgotten the preacher's voice and the muddy hole that was Clara's grave. He was thinking of his land and the new crop that would come with spring. He looked up into the sky, wondering when the clouds would break.

Cutting across the pasture, he stopped at the barn. It was dark now, but in the glow of the hanging lantern he fed the cattle and shut them in their stalls, closing the barn door against the rain.

Slowly he turned to the house. It was good to be home again after the days work, to find a kitchen bright and warm and a stove with his supper. He needed a good meal on a night like this, and afterwards they would sit and talk and plan for the future. Clara was a good wife, the best a man could want.

Lesson in Patriotism-Canadian Style

● Joseph McIntosh

AS the realization of the tremendous significance of World War II is brought home to us by the actual reality of peace-time conscription, we Americans would be well advised to study the reaction of our northern neighbor Canada in a somewhat similar situation. In view of the present state of world affairs, a lesson in patriotism would be something other than harmful to the citizens of the United States.

The majority of us probably fail to think of Canada as being connected with the war Britain is now fighting. Nevertheless, Canada is a vitally important factor in the English defense; and not least among the qualities which make her so is the whole-hearted patriotism of her people. Almost simultaneous with Britain's declaration of war was the entrance of Canadians, as a unit, into active participation. Young men everywhere left good positions as clerks, engineers, and office workers to volunteer for active service. Long before the conscription bill was put into effect, Canadian troops were seeing action in France, and throughout the dominion the formation of every conceivable kind of aid society was prevalent.

Probably the most important work being undertaken by Canada is the development of an air force, for the defense of England. Flight officers, gunners, observers, each and all are receiving hasty and yet complete training; and are being sent overseas to stem the steady flow of Nazi air might which is gradually wearing down British resistance. The air force, however, has no need of conscripts as the R. C. A. F. already has more applicants than it can handle.

When the conscription bill was finally put into effect in Canada, it was then only a matter of signing for active duty or home defense. There were naturally a few slackers, but as a whole those eligible for fighting were only too glad to enlist. Viewing these facts, I feel safe in saying that if Britain should be eventually victorious in her struggle with Germany, you may be sure that such spirit as this will be one of the decisive elements.

Our case is of course much less serious, since we are not at war, and there are even some, however, who scoff at the idea of the United States ever being invaded. Despite the opinion of this optimistic faction there remains a very definite possibility of our going to war in the near future. In such a case, the training of an adequate army, which can be accomplished only through conscription,

would be our best defense. The attitude of our manhood toward this issue, especially the young men, could hardly be termed over-enthusiastic. It is not that Americans are not patriotic, but rather that we have grown so smug as to be unable to realize the importance of supporting the government in preparation for defense.

I only hope that when we do realize the importance of co-operation with our present defense plans, it will not be too late. In the meantime it would do no harm to take a look at England and see what stubborn resistance has been born of a spirit of patriotism and loyalty, as typified by the Dominion of Canada.

"ROLL ON . . . "

Caerulum atque altum pelagus, rotare!
Plurimae naves agitant leves te,
Cum notant terram juvenes ruina,
 Litore tuto.

HARRY BRYAN

November 11, 1918

(Fanfare)

Blow ye bugles, roll ye drums;
War is vanquished, peace has come.

(Shouts, whistles, tolling of bells)

Man is brother now to man;
Fear is banished from the land.

(Deep, reverent applause)

Justice stalks with mighty stride,
Borne by arms the men who died,—

Died that Freedom might prevail
And force of arms no more avail.

(Tears, quietly brushed away)

But weep not! Shed not tears again;
For those who died died not in vain.

(Solemnity)

Arise, rejoice! Throw down your arms!
The world has done with war's alarms.

(Shouts of Aye, So be it, etc.)

Love shall reign from pole to pole
Till stars shall dim and spheres grow old;

(Solemn nods of assent)

Old hatreds flee and fears depart,
And nations rise in single heart.

Free, unhampered, undefined,
Victor and vanquished side by side!

(Three hour demonstration with artillery fire)



The Passage of the Islands

● Adrain Lee

YOU are sailing in the lee of an island chain that stretches down Biscayne Bay. These islands are only sand drifts overgrown with tufts of grass. As you scud along about a hundred feet off shore, they seem solid green; but when you steer in close, you see grass tussocks sprouting in tawny sand. The surrounding waters are treacherous. The channel is guarded by reefs and sand bars and it requires a good sense of judgment to negotiate the passage without running aground.

You approach the narrow on the port tack and bring the bow to bear on a rocky point that juts out from the island. The boat covers the distance in half a minute. The seconds tick by,—one, two. To windward of the islets, a breeze comes scurrying across the bay, kicking up the water in its path. It whispers through the grass and hurtles into the sail. The boat heels over sharply. A burst of spray comes stinging back into the cockpit like a fistful of shot. You throw up your arm instinctively, but the drops are already rolling down your face. There is a tight feeling in your midriff, as you watch the mast curve with the sail's strain. The bailing tin clatters across the floorboards and lodges under the thwart. You haul in the sheet rope hand over hand until the port side is running awash. Leaning back you charge your lungs with salt air and breathe it out in an exuberant shout. Nine, ten. The boat ploughs through a patch of seaweed with a faint swish. Another gust of wind hits the sail and the sheet rope burns through your fingers. You open your hand and there is a red welt across your palm. The bow smashes into a whitecap and the deck gleams wet in the sunlight. Nineteen, twenty. The water is shoaling rapidly. You glance over the side and there is the shadow of the hull gliding along beneath you on the sand. The centerboard grazes the bottom and the boat staggers. You push the rudder over and the boat turns in a rush of water. The wind spills out of the sail and the boom swings inboard and hovers over the cockpit. You straighten out the tiller and the boat goes careening away on the starboard tack, water foaming about the bow. You traverse the starboard tack in fifteen seconds. Just ahead the water swirls and eddies around the shoals. The current tugs at the rudder and throws you off the course. You pull in the sheet rope and the boat leaps forward. Now you are threading your way among the sand bars, and down the bay the islands are swinging into line. The bottom is dropping away and suddenly you are sailing in blue water. Behind you the wake twists and turns. It gleams yellow with sand stirred up by the boat's passage.

The Realm of the Living

● By William Warren

THE problem of life and its causes is secondary in the realm of human speculation only to the problem of life and its consequences. It has caught the imagination of philosophers, scientists, and poets, and each has given back his theory as answer. Some are based on fact and some on fancy, but all fail to give an adequate answer to the question.

It is possible, however, to distinguish a number of fundamental characteristics found in all live things and which divide these living beings into several classes. First, protoplasm, the living matter of animals and plants, is composed of the same kind of matter as inorganic substances. Twenty-five of the ninety-two elements are known to occur in the complex molecules, and twelve are found in all protoplasm. Secondly, life is adaptable, for from the poles to the tropics, from the dryness of the desert to the humidity of the great forests, the world teems with living creatures. Thirdly, by immanent and spontaneous activity—growth by intussusception, directive and sustained motion, irritability, and the power of reproduction—life differs from non-life. It is according to the degree of spontaneity with which they exhibit these vital activities that they are recognized as plants, animals, or men.

When, where, and how did life originate on Earth? No one knows, and probably no one will ever know exactly when life first appeared on our planet. We may theorize, however, that it was not until millions of years after the formation of the Earth, for until the planet cooled, gathered about it an atmosphere, and developed bodies of water, it could not support life. All evidence points to the sea as the place of the origin of life. The simplest forms of life now known live in the water, optimum conditions for life are found there, and myriads of living beings inhabit the ocean. But how life started has not been touched. The two schools most prominent today are the "Mechanists" and the "Vitalists."

The mechanists contend that characteristics by which life is distinguished from non-life are but the results of the physico-chemical reactions that go on in living organisms; that life is a function made up of functions. Their claim is that millions of years ago, when conditions of temperature, light, pressure, and so on were just right in the primeval sea, some simply organic compound was formed which by autocatalytic reactions changed and ac-

quired one by one all the characteristics of life.

Given the correct compounds necessary to produce life, the mechanists have attempted to describe the development of vital activities. It is said that after the first mass of organic matter had reached a certain size, sol-gel, electric, and chemical reactions caused it to divide, beginning the reproductive process. Locomotion and irritability originated, perhaps, as consequences of surface tension. It is assumed that this first protoplasmic mass would act like an enzyme and change inorganic matter into its own.

The vitalists agree with the mechanists in that every action of the living being is accompanied by a series of physico-chemical changes, but in addition some sort of "vital principle" must be added to the organism before it has life. This "vital principle" cannot physically be demonstrated, but its existence is proved through metaphysical argument. Living creature are characterized by several features and functions unique to themselves. These qualities are essentially different from the properties exhibited by inanimate objects and cannot be explained by ordinary physico-chemical terms. Therefore, the only satisfactory explanation of these properties lies in the existence of a vital principle, which by definition controls the actions of the inorganic matter.

There are many, perhaps insurmountable, difficulties attendant on the solution of this absorbing problem. Life, itself, is not well understood. At present the only thing we can say about it is that if a thing possesses certain characteristics, then it is alive, and if it does not, then it is not alive. All life as we know it is found in highly organized bodies, for it is generally agreed that life did not begin in organized cells as we know them today, and the evolution of non-cellular life to completely harmonized cellular being offers as great a problem as the origin of life itself. Moreover, no one as yet has been able to synthesize life in the laboratory. The most complex compounds made by modern chemists are relatively simple when compared with the simplest building blocks of protoplasm, and the general tendency in nature is toward deterioration of these compounds rather than their synthesis.

Few contend, however, that it will forever be impossible to create life in the laboratory, but until we have scientific demonstration of the fact, it cannot be stated that life originated by this definite chemical synthesis or that one. Until the time, therefore, when life can be produced by purely physico-chemical means, this explanation is inadequate, and the recognition of a vital principle as the source of life is necessary.

Tobacco Road Home

● Philip Dolan

He got up from the player's bench,
A chawin' his tobacco.
The dust and sweat gave off a stench
That would have stifled any wench.
But smiling he looked toward the fence,
Still chawin' his tobacco.

UNDOUBTEDLY the ideal place to see a display of the fine art (or vulgar habit, if you wish) of "chaw-in' " tobacco is a baseball game. At least two-thirds of the players won't start the game without a "chaw," and many are superstitious about the size, shape, or brand of tobacco. I know of one instance where a player ritually measured off exactly three-fourths of an inch of a specific brand for ten days straight, while his team was on a winning streak.

Undaunted to the plate he came,
A chawin' his tobacco.
A home-run now would win the game
And through the nation spread his name.
He vowed that pitcher he would tame,
Still chawin' his tobacco.

By far the leading contender in this masticating marathon is the pitcher. Invariably he has a wad of tobacco tucked comfortably in the side of his mouth to turn to in crucial moments when stalling for time. He glances about the field, nervously switching the quid from one cheek to the other; he faces the batter, but before delivery usually anoints the ground several times with jets of savory fluid extracted from the mellow herb.

He gripped the bat in knotted hands,
 A chawin' his tobacco.
And then a buzz rose from the fans
As in a flash the throng he scans
And knocked the ball to left-field stands,
 Still chawin' his tobacco.

The prime requisite of a rookie ballplayer is proficiency in chewing tobacco. Immediately after the initial practice he goes out to purchase this necessary equipment. The next day he can be seen in the out-field chasing flies to the tune of frequent coughs and expectorations. He suffers agony for a few weeks, until finally he either begins to like chewing, or becomes so disgusted that he would even quit baseball rather than become adept in this loathsome practice.

As he came 'round bag number three,
 A chawin' his tobacco.
A tiny voice rang out in glee,
And you could very plainly see
It was the player's son, for he
 Was chawin' his tobacco.

Southern Ghosts

● Caldwell Delaney

THIS is the first of a proposed series of four articles dealing with the histories and legends of anti-bellum houses of tidewater Alabama. Three houses in the region of Camden, Alabama, have been selected for this issue, on the merit of both architectural beauty and the interesting characters and anecdotes associated with them. Pen sketches of the houses selected have been made by Frank Kearley, '42, who will also sketch the nine remaining houses of the series.

The winter issue, in observance of the four hundredth anniversary of the Society of Jesus, will be devoted to houses associated with or near the college. Stewartfield of the campus, once Gonzaga Hall, Yesterhouse, once Kostka Hall, and Palmetto Hall will be included.

The spring issue will contain the Tory House at Claiborne, with an account of Lafayette's visit there; the Blount House on the Alabama River above Mobile, with the story of its mistress, the Baroness De Reviere; and King Plantation with its fourteen hundred acres and deserted mansion.

The summer issue will include Bluff Hall at Demopolis, and King's Landing, the home of William Rufus King, vice-president of the United States.

Camden is in the cotton belt of central Alabama. Before the War Between the States it was one of the wealthiest small towns in the state, and it remains so today. For that reason, probably, it retains more antebellum buildings in good repair than any other place of its size in the Deep South. The court house around which the town grew in typically Southern fashion, is of red brick with heavy, fluted Doric columns, and an unusually graceful double stair of iron with grillwork balustrade and balcony. The Masonic Hall also has a portico of excellent proportions and fan-lighted doors of grace seldom seen since the War put an end to the Classic Revival in the South.

There are many fine town houses, most of them in the classic tradition, but we are interested primarily in plantation houses. They will speak for themselves.

TAIT PLANTATION

ALTHOUGH agriculture in the Deep South has never completely recovered from the blow dealt it by the break-up of the great slave-operated plantations after the War Between the States, the mistress of Tait Plantation can still look out from the classic portico of her "big house" upon three thousand acres of good Black Belt cotton land and call it her own.



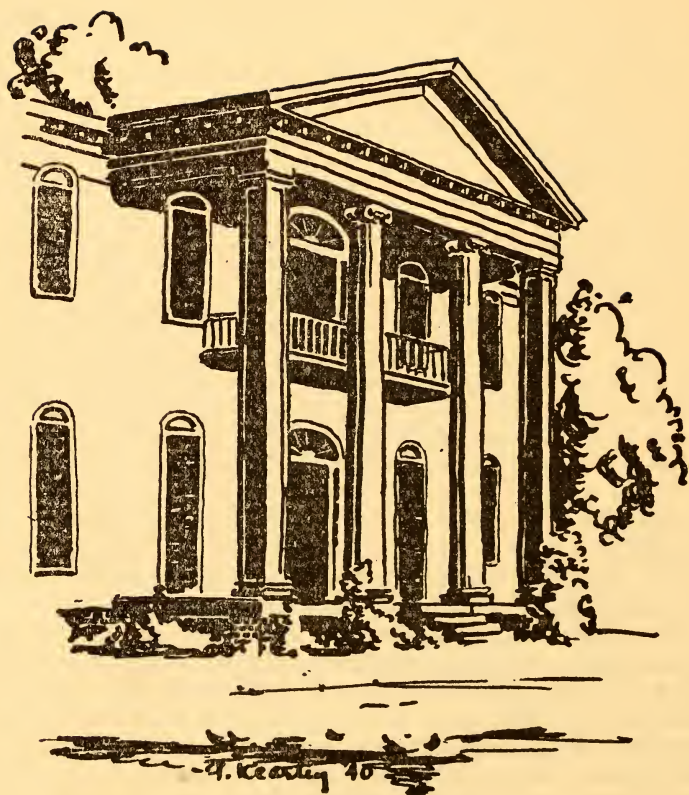
Tait Plantation
Camden, Ala.

And life on those acres, strangely enough, has changed little since the fall of the Confederacy supposedly spelled the doom of such estates and houses. The old commissary has been moved from the river, where it stood in the days its stores were replenished by packets which tied up at the landing, and is now near the house, where it is stocked from trucks. But rations are still doled from it to the blacks who tend the miles of cotton fields, and their lives differ little from those of their grandfathers who followed the same furrows.

The house was built in 1834 completely of materials produced on the place. A brick kiln was especially constructed to produce the thousands of bricks used in the basement, and the timbers were hand hewn and planed by slaves under the command of an itinerant architect-carpenter.

Time has brought changes to the house, but its lines remain substantially unaltered. A tornado carried away the front steps and the lower portico rail, together with many of the oaks from the avenue, but the graceful Tuscan columns are original, and the balcony retains its delicate Federal rail of conventionalized arrow clusters. When it became impossible to keep a butler in the upper pantry and the colored cook who took his place became too old to climb the stairs, the basement kitchen with its two pantries, dumb waiter to the dining room above, nine rooms, and other storerooms had to be abandoned. An octagonal overseer's office which stood originally in the garden was moved to the rear of the house, raised to the level of the first floor, and now serves as kitchen.

The floor plan of the house is not unusual. The fan-lighted front door, which retains the original glass, opens into a stair hall fifteen by forty feet in size. It divides the house on the first floor and is matched by other halls of the same size in the basement and on the second floor. On each side of this central hall are two rooms, those on the lower floor connected by broad sliding doors. The parlor and the dining room are elaborately frescoed and corniced in a plaster design employing both the conventional molding and a frieze of acanthus leaves in bas-relief. The door and window openings carry out the motif of the portico with slender fluted side columns supporting Doric pediments with architraves and dentals.



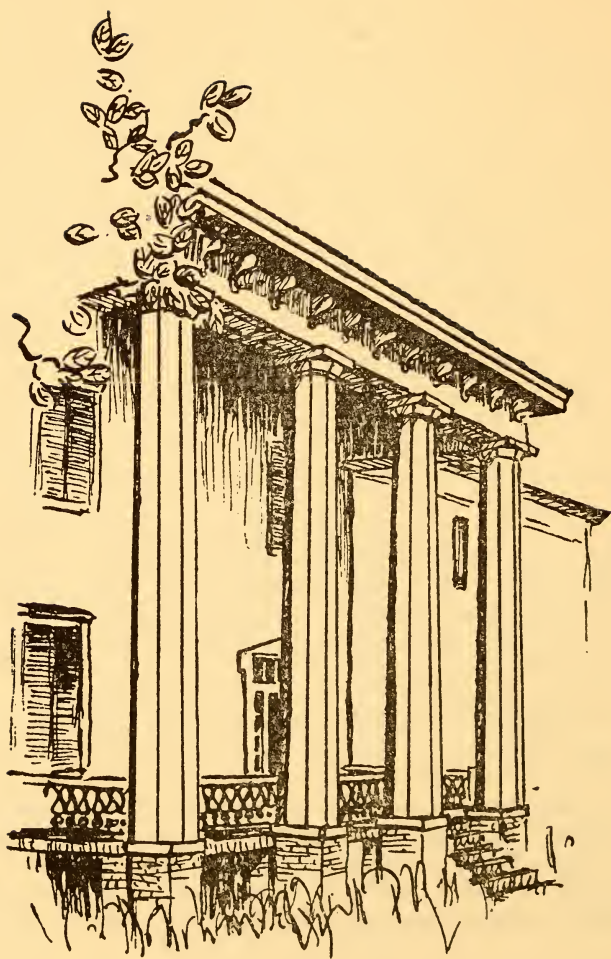
McDowell Plantation
Camden, Ala.

THE McDOWELL PLANTATION

BEHIND the McDowell house, just beyond the kitchen gallery, a large brass bell is mounted on a post. A rope loops from the clapper to the gallery where it is tied. Over a hundred years ago the bell saw service on a river steamer which plied between Mobile and Selma. The steamer hit a snag one night, however, and sank in the river near the landing. Pickaninnies were taken down from the plantation by the master to dive for the bell. At last they succeeded in getting a rope around it, and it was pulled to shore, taken to the house, and mounted where it now stands. It has served since to summon the hands to the fields—slaves when there was slavery, free negroes with the new order.

The outstanding features of the house are its portico, the central columns of which are unusual for this part of the country in that they are Ionic, and a magnificent ballroom-hall with carved stair and faded frescoes. The heavy Greek cornices are masterfully executed in plaster with a hollow frieze of adapted fleur-de-lis and fretwork. The parlors are done in rich blue with pedimented doorways and windows in white. A rosewood piano and family portraits in their heavy gold frames complete the setting. The full French windows onto the portico are evidences of early construction and reflect a Latin influence lingering over the years after the French had abandoned that part of the colony of Louisiana. The original stencil designs may still be traced on the walls of the upstairs hall.

The dining room, as was customary, is separated from the main house by a gallery which encloses it on three sides. This is the largest room of the house, and from it French windows open onto the galleries for summer dining. Of the original pieces remaining in the dining room one of the finest is a mahogany sideboard from which Lafayette is said to have accepted wine while being entertained during a pause in his farewell tour of America.



South Portico, Starr House
Camden, Ala.

STARR HOUSE

ONE catches his first glimpse of the Starr house from a dusty country road which winds to it across a flat valley. The four massive Doric columns, framed by the branches of old oaks, present a startling picture when seen over the low cotton fields. The size of the house is immediately evident especially when one realizes that the heavy portico which rises from the lawn is not the first seen, but rather the west, or main entrance to the house, while the other ornaments the south wing.

The storm gutters of the house are decorated with brass eagles and the construction date, 1860, and the house show many evidences of its period. The fine lines of the Greek Revival are beginning to deteriorate into Eclecticism, as seen in the use of brackets at the eaves rather than dentals and a pierced balustrade on the portico. The columns, however, are superbly proportioned, and the cornices and molding of the interior, are almost severely classic in their simplicity.

A great hall runs through the center of the house, with a smaller transverse corridor leading to the south portico. Across the end of this corridor, above and to the side of the portico doors, winds a mahogany stair of unusual grace. The parlors are of enormous proportions but rather severe in design; the dining room is a banquet hall set apart from the main house and reached by an open gallery leading from the central hall. The doorways are done in the Egyptian fashion so popular before the war, with flat pediments and sloping pylon facings.

Felix Tait, its builder, was a typical planter of the Old South. He was one of the three grandsons of Charles Tait who came into Alabama when it was still part of the Mississippi Territory and who was instrumental in its securing statehood. Charles Tait lived long enough to win a proffer of the ambassadorship to Great Britain in 1828, but refused and died a few years later, leaving a great fortune. From the beginnings made by their grandfather, Felix and his two brothers secured plantations comprising thousands of acres of cotton land in the vicinity of Camden.

Felix Tait took his master degree from the University of Alabama as a prelude to his life as a planter, then settled on the land, he thought, for the rest of his life. Interruptions came, however, when he was called upon to serve in the war with Mexico, to act as a delegate to the Alabama assembly, as a trustee of the University of Alabama, as state senator, and finally as major of the Alabama infantry in the War Between the States.

“The Owl and the Pussy Cat . . . ”

They met one day in Central Park
About the fall's election.
They talked all day from dawn to dark
And sneered and cheered at each remark.
Now make your own selection.

Said Franklin D. to Wendell L.:
“It's mine and you cannot take it.
I've got them all beneath my spell
And everything has gone so well,
I'm sure you'll never make it.”

But Wendell tossed his wind-blown bob
And hissed at him politely:
“Keep up your smiles, you fat old snob,
I've got the whole dern Wall Street mob,
Let's see you take that lightly.”

“You've never seen me fail to pack
The place where I'm campaigning.
I've covered every railroad track
From Elmwood up to Maine and back
To find my votes are gaining.”

“Such nonsense,” said the smiling Frank,
It's really much less trouble
To lend the British some old tank
Or watch the navy's airships bank
To get your votes to double.”

But Wendell said, “Your politics,
My friend, are more than smelly.
You've got yourself in such a fix
It's time you took a few new tricks
From Messrs. Nash and Kelly.”

Then Franklin grinned at him and said,
(Repeating fire-side speeches),
“To change your horse in times so dread,
When half way 'cross the river-bed,
Is what no wise man teaches.”

So Frank and Wendell fight and fight
On who shall be our prexy.
But if they keep it up all night
How will it end? Who knows, they might
Both get apoplexy.

M. T.

A Little Applied Psychology

● Warren Clark

"BOY, what a pushover!"
"We sure rolled thru 'em—!"
"Rose Bowl next stop, gang!"

At the last exclamation the Hudson team broke into a loud if somewhat off-key version of "California Here We Come."

Coach Hayward glanced around the Hudson locker room and the lines in his face seemed to grow a bit deeper. To the casual observer, it would seem strange that the coach was not wearing the famous grin that every kid in the country knew, from seeing it adorning the sports page of their local paper. The popular grid mentor had begun guiding the football destinies of Hudson College a year after he had run wild across college gridirons in the Southwest. He had been unanimously picked for the All-American team by every sports writer and every radio grid commentator. Grantland Rice had termed him "the player of the decade." "He does everything as well as Grange and does a few things better" was the comment of the usually reserved Ted Husing. But the one bit of praise the coach always cherished was John Kieran's summation of the man—"Tops, on the field and off."

He looked over to where Bill Burke, the wiry red-headed captain of the Hudson aggregation, was sitting and saw his sole hope for an undefeated season and possibly a bid to the Rose Bowl. Bill, chidingly known among the players as "Lungs" because of his thin frame, sat thoughtfully knocking some mud from his cleats. The redhead was the only player in the room whose head hadn't gone up like a balloon because of the 27-0 trouncing Hudson had just handed Marragansett College. Burke knew just as well as the coach that it had not been the Hudson machine which had beaten Marragansett but merely the fact that unexpected weaknesses had cropped up in the Indians line-up, and they had in reality beaten themselves. Even at that, Hudson had only won on a series of breaks and extremely bad football by the opposition. That 27-0 score seemed to have fooled everybody but the coach and captain.

"Why the sour puss, 'Lungs'?" bellowed Dutch Strauss, the big blonde tackle, interrupting the redhead's apprehensive thoughts.

"Yeah," chimed in Ed Ryan, the speedy end, "the way you sit there with gloom written all over your kisser, you'd think we were on the wrong end of the score. Wadda we have to do, run up telephone number scores to

make you happy? You look like one of those 'before using Carter's pills' ads."

Even Ben Riley, the colored trainer and water boy of the team who looked upon Bill as some sort of God, looked askance at the youthful-looking captain.

Before answering Bill looked slowly around the room at this aggregation of great athletes and what he saw did not make him any too happy. The team was taking the victory, if it could be called a victory, over such an inferior team, in much too happy a manner. Over in the corner Frank Farley, the best punter in the Conference, was playfully snapping a towel at Al James, the elusive little halfback, who was clad in a manner that would have made Lady Godiva resemble a clothes horse. Joe Brink and Jim Brannigan were sparring in a corner of the room and in general, an air of hilarity prevailed.

"Lungs" cleared his throat as a signal that he was about to speak. The horseplay stopped and the players gathered around expecting a eulogy for their brilliant afternoon's work.

"I've never seen such a bunch of over-confident egomaniacs in my life. Do you think that victory out there today means anything? Sure, those drunks up in the stands howled whenever we scored but what do they know about football? They didn't see you miss the block on that safety man, Farley; they didn't see you mouse-trapped time and time again, Dutch—but Coach saw it and I saw it. You're not hustling any more. Why Vassar or Bryn Mawr could have run us out of the park today. Do you think we can beat Monroe next week playing the way we did today? I hate to say this fellows, but I think if you'd hustle a bit more and pay a little less attention to your press clippings we'd be playing a lot better football. You can't play with one eye on the ball and the other on the press box—."

"Now wait a minute, Burke," broke in Farley. "We have the best football team in the conference if not in the country. This business of pep talks and workouts every day in the world is OK for a bunch of tramps but not for us. We'll roll it upon Monroe for one reason—we're too good for them."

The murmurs of agreement with Farley's words convinced both Hayward and Burke that their fears were correct.

* * * *

Hayward fell into step with Burke as they left the practice field one afternoon the next week. The session had been sloppy as usual and the team seemed to be resting on its laurels. Ed Ryan had dropped three passes

in the end zone during the scrimmage and his playing had been listless except for the few moments that Pat Cryan "the beat of his heart" had been watching the session. Farley's punting had left much to be desired but the blonde romeo of the team didn't seem particularly disturbed. James and Strauss didn't even show up for practice.

"Well, Bill, it doesn't look too good, does it?"

"Damn it, coach," blurted out Burke, "I can't fathom it—they're all good eggs and all of those guys were born with footballs under their arms—it's just that we've powdered these set-ups so much that they think they're a super team. If we go into the Monroe game with that attitude, we'll be slaughtered."

"At any rate, it won't do us much good to moan over it, Bill. Why don't you go over to the show at the auditorium tonight? It'll do you good—take your mind off football for a while."

Bill grunted an answer to the coach's "so long" and with his large hands jammed deep in his trouser pockets, walked on.

His last year, his last football game this Saturday and a bunch of over-confident fellows were going to spoil it for him and for themselves, too. There must be a way to prove to those guys that they weren't the little tin gods the adjective crazy newspaper men were building them up to be. "Joe Brink, the tackle of the year"—in spite of his problem Bill almost laughed aloud. Sure, Joe was a good tackle, a damn good one, but hell, there were plenty of good tackles around and Monroe had two of them. But Brink and the rest of the Hudson team believed the glowing pictures the Hudson press agent had painted of them.

Bill thought for a moment of going to one of his friends on the faculty or even to Dean Cole himself, but he knew it was his problem and as captain of the team, it was up to him to find an answer. As he plowed through the layer of leaves that the slightly frosty hand of autumn had plucked from the trees, he fell to reading the advertisements that were scattered about the campus, proclaiming the excellence of the vaudeville talent that was to be offered at the auditorium that evening. Each year, Bill remembered, a group of intinerant actors made Hudson College a stop on their circuit. Bill perused the list until he came to one that read: "Paul Spencer, Master of Disguise." A smile crept over his features—a plan was forming in his brain. "If it'll only work—it it'll only work," he whispered.

* * * *

Practice proceeded through the week at much the same pace and Saturday found the team still faced by the hazard of over-confidence. The only innovation of the week was the hiring of an old ex-fighter to be locker boy and perform odd jobs about the club house. Not much was known about the old timer except that there was no mistaking his early profession. His cauliflower ears and bashed nose were mute testimony of many years spent in the squared circle. He said little and kept to himself most of the time. He chatted on occasion with Bill Burke but no one else seemed to be able to break through his wall of reserve. Most of the boys liked him as he always seemed to have a towel ready when they stepped out of the shower, their helmets were always in place, and in general the locker looked much neater than it ever had in the past.

Joe Brink asked the coach where the old codger came from but Hayward either pretended not to hear or he ignored the Hudson tackle. The only information that anyone could pry from the usually loquacious coach was that the old guy's name was Moroney—"Young Moroney" had been his ring name.

At the mention of "Young Moroney," Strauss, who was the captain of the Hudson boxing team, jumped to his feet, "Hey, wait a minute—you're not—you couldn't be—maybe I'm nuts but are you the 'Young Moroney' who used to be middleweight champ? My old man used to tell me that he was the greatest of them all—the classiest boxer the ring has ever known."

"I guess I'm guilty, young fella," quietly answered the punch drunk veteran, who seemed to flush with pleasure at the compliment the big Dutchman paid him.

"Holy smoke," whispered Ed Ryan. "Twenty years ago a champ and now a slaphappy chump." The rest of the team crowded around the once famous fighter whom fickle fandom had now forgotten, and plied him with questions.

"Yeah, boys, I was de champ—and I wasn't bad, I wasn't." The ex-champ smiled to himself as though remembering the halcyon days when he wore the middleweight diadem and had been the toast of the fight game. "Da scribes said I was de McCoy but I had a smart pilot and he steered me away from dose writer guys. After awhile, though, I began to figger that I must be pretty good if they said I was. Training, dat was for mugs—not fer me. I began to hit da bright lights. I knew every dive from 59th Street to da Village. But I was sure I'd put dis mug Greb away in two stanzas. Well, it was over in

two stanzas all right but it was Canvasback Moroney who was sleepin' peacefully when it ended."

He paused to see if he was holding the attention of the young behemoths who stood before him and being assured that he was, he continued, "I can see myself in dis ball club—you mugs're headin' for a fall, just like me, if you don't snap out of it. Dat Monroe team ain't goin' to be interested in those write-ups you've been gettin'—dey don't read da papers. When yer out dere today just tink about da champ who became a chump just because he thought he was too good."

The battered wreck of what must have once been an invincible fighting machine slumped down on a bench and held his head in his hands—a pathetic picture of a repentant man in the twilight of life looking back on a wasted youth.

The team slowly filed out with a new light in their eyes. No longer did they swagger—no longer were they cocky—their boasts were missing, and in their place was a quiet grim determination not to let the fate that had befallen the unfortunate pug trip them.

The coach remained behind to talk to the old timer. Then an amazing transition took place. Young Moroney straightened up, removed the cauliflower ears, straightened out the battered nose, combed his hair, removed the rest of his make-up and revealed himself as Paul Spencer, the "Master of Disguise," one of the actors who had performed at the school auditorium earlier in the week.

"Well, Paul, that was a swell job and here's that hundred bucks. Boy, you sure earned it." The coach sat down in his easy chair and puffed contentedly on his pipe.

Spencer, packing his make-up kit, turned to Hayward and said in an admiring tone: "You and Burke were sure right about that psychological angle. Yes sir, Young Moroney certainly did impress those kids with his tale of woe, didn't he?" The actor chuckled, "I don't think they'll be over-confident now."

"No Paul," answered the coach placidly, "Everything is under control now."

As dusk fell over the empty stadium that night the scoreboard proved the coach was right.

I'M dead now, but even in my final resting place the curse I inherited stares out of my grave at everyone who passes. The affliction lasted over half a century. Even a mother-in-law doesn't hang around that long. All through life it was my most permanent trait. It was not really physical but the results it produced were physically painful and morally discouraging. Maybe you suffer from something similar. Truly unlucky are you if such be your fate.

My overjoyed parents had been planning for months what they were to give me. Feature this if you can. They gave me the family curse. At that time I was unable to defend myself. Later it held me so strongly that I was unable to break away. Strangely enough, great-grandfather, grandfather, and Pa had met and had been defeated by the same Nemesis. Pa suffered most.

His friends would unthinkingly blurt out his secret just when he was making a new acquaintance. Women on meeting him would smile and look proudly at their husbands. The husbands would stick out their chests, gloating in their glory, since they weren't cursed as the poor man was. In business it kept Pa from closing important deals.

Promotions were given to other men because they weren't suffering like my father. The boss would tell Pa, "No sir, I'm sorry, but Mr. Smith is the new manager, because . . . well, because . . . Oh, you know why." Yes, Pa knew. Dejected and uncommenting, he would stumble out of the office. What was the use of complaining? It was his and he had to keep it.

Of course when I was young and innocent it wasn't much trouble, but grade school began to show me what a catastrophe it really was. The teacher grinned when I met her—not a soft, parental smile, but a pitying, "You poor child" smile. Classmates didn't pity me; they mocked me. Several puerile squabbles resulted from my drawback. They didn't know I got it by inheritance. All they knew was that I had it.

Later it reached its peak, but my family tired of keeping me indoors. I went forth into the cruel world. Jobs were open; there were good jobs in those days. You see, there wasn't F. D. R.'s W. P. A. Even ditch digging paid well, but I didn't get to the ditch. When I applied, the employers laughed, and I would turn away.

Though life has finally ended, my affliction lives. M. PERCIVAL ARCHIBALD DENTWORTHY stares out from my headstone. Passers-by, like all the others, chuckle at the name. Curse that curse!

Beyond Recall

(A Play for Radio)

By David Loveman

Street scene. Sound of cars moving in a steady stream of traffic. Horns blowing; bells ringing intermittently; shrill of policeman's whistle, etc. Fades into distance rumble. Sound of footsteps, hurried at first, then slow, slower. Silence. Sharp tinkle of a shop bell. Door opens and shuts. Pause.

SHOP MANAGER: Good morning, sir. May I help you?

KARL: (a little hesitantly) That ring. That opal ring in the window. I've never seen one so beautiful.

MANAGER: Oh yes, sir. I see you have excellent taste. That is one of our most exquisite pieces . . . as well as one of our, er (a little cough) most expensive.

KARL. Expensive? (Then a little wistfully) But of course, it must be. (Pause) I wondered if . . . if I could just see it. I mean just hold it for . . . for a moment . . . if it wouldn't be too much trouble.

MANAGER: (a trifle annoyed) Why . . . I suppose so. Just a moment.

KARL: I hope it's no trouble. I was just passing down the street and I saw it there in the window. I had to come in. It was so beautiful.

MANAGER: Here you are. It is a lovely piece. Of course, we are not in the habit of keeping anything in the shop like it. It's a bit above our usual price. But then you never can tell. Someone may happen to see it in the window and come in and buy it (He snaps his fingers) just like that.

KARL: Oh I'm sure someone will buy it. I wish I could. Look how it glows in the light. (Abruptly) You've been very kind, sir. I hope I didn't put you to too much trouble.

MANAGER: (Bruskly) Not at all. (To a customer) Good morning, madam. May I be of any . . .

(Fades as door opens and shuts accompanied by shop bell. Sound of street rise then grow distant again.)

A VOICE: (Speaking slowly, mockingly) That ring. That opal ring in the window. That one the man's just placing in the little velvet box. It's the most beautiful ring I've ever seen. Look at it.

KARL: (Startled, a little frightened) Why yes . . . I was just looking at it. (Slowly) I was just thinking how beautiful it is.

THE VOICE: It lights up the whole window. You could shut the box and it would still dim all the others. What

a perfect stone. It must have been made by magic.

KARL: Yes. It was made by magic.

THE VOICE: Think how it would look on someone's finger. It would catch the light of the sun and the moon and hold it eternally. It would dance in the day like fire and at night it would smoulder in the darkness . . . on my finger . . . on yours . . . perhaps . . . on yours.

KARL: On my finger . . . Oh no, it isn't mine. I can't buy it.

THE VOICE: But you want it. (Karl speaks).

THE VOICE: It can be yours.

KARL: No . . . no . . . it can't . . . and yet . . . and yet . . . I'd give my soul for it.

THE VOICE: I'm not the devil, friend.

KARL: (Excitedly) Then who are you? I've never seen you before. Why do I stand here talking to you—listening to you.

THE VOICE: Because I say what you want to hear. You want that ring then listen to me. Listen to me.

KARL: (In a whisper) I can hear you.

THE VOICE: Take it.

KARL: Take it.

THE VOICE: Take it. Tonight when the shop is closed. A brick through the window. You'll be gone before the sound is heard.

KARL: I'm not a thief. I've never stolen anything before.

THE VOICE: You've never wanted anything badly enough. There's nothing to it. No one will know but you and I. They won't catch you. And you will have the ring. It will be yours. You can wear it on your finger. You can watch it sparkle. You can touch it, hold it, look at it. Take it if you want it. Do you hear me? Take it if you want it badly enough.

KARL: I do want it. I do.

THE VOICE: Then you can have it. Tonight. It will take only a moment. Then it will be yours. And you will never want anything again.

(Sound of traffic grows loud, then louder, still louder, then fades.)

(A door opens and shuts. There is a slight pause.)

TOMMY: Oh hello, Karl. You're white as a sheet. Are you sick, Karl.

KARL: No. I'm O. K., Tommy.

TOMMY: What's the matter? You're late tonight. Any luck? Did you find a job?

KARL: No. Not today. Anything to eat.

TOMMY: Yeah. I saved you a sandwich. It's there on

the table. Something's wrong. What is it? You're trembling, like you're frightened.

KARL: It's nothing, I tell you.

TOMMY: But Karl . . .

KARL: Oh, leave me alone, leave me alone.

TOMMY: You're a funny fellow, Karl. We've been friends for years, ever since college. And yet, I never really know what's going on inside you. You know you can trust me. I'm your friend. I . . .

KARL: Oh shut up! Why can't you leave me alone? There's nothing the matter with me.

TOMMY: (Slowly) That ring!

KARL: (Guiltily) What!

TOMMY: That ring on your finger. I've never seen it before.

KARL: No . . . no, I only got it today. I won it in a card game. (Hesitantly) It's a swell looking ring, isn't it?

TOMMY: Let me see. (Whistles) Gee. It's beautiful . . . (Suddenly) Karl, your hand is bleeding. You've been cut.

KARL: It's nothing. (Hastily) I just scratched myself. It's just . . . just . . .

TOMMY: (As though to sooth him.) Neer mind Karl. It's O. K. (Fades out.)

(There is much laughter and chatter. Drinks are being served and the tinkle of glasses can be heard above the noise. The voices of two men fade in . . .)

FIRST MAN: . . . and so I said, "Listen kid, either you stick with me and play fair, or I'm through." And did she do a fade out!

SECOND MAN: (Obviously bored) Yeah, I'll bet.

FIRST MAN: And that's not all. When I first saw her talking . . .

SECOND MAN: (Interrupting) Say, isn't that Karl Stephens that just came in? There. Over there by the door.

FIRST MAN: (Unbelievably) Well, it sure is. Lord! I haven't seen him around for almost a year. He's sure changed. Don't think I'd of known him . . .

(Fades . . . several voices are heard in greeting to Karl: "Well, if it isn't Karl" . . . "Hello, Stephens" . . . "Where you been keeping yourself, Karl?" . . . "Come on, Karl, just in time. Have a drink? . . ." etc.)

KARL: Hello, fellows. Oh, I've been pretty busy lately with my job at the bank. Haven't had much time for pleasure . . . Hello, Bill, you're looking swell.

BILL: Hello, Karl. We've missed you. We heard about your job from Tommy. He says you're getting along fine. You like it, don't you?

KARL: You bet. They've been awfully nice to me. Promised me a promotion soon.

BILL: (In awe) Sa-a-y, that's a swell looking ring you got on. You must be doing all right.

KARL: (Laughing) Thanks. I've had it quite awhile. Cost me plenty too.

BILL: Hey, fellows. Take a look at the ring Karl's wearing. Did you ever see anything like it?

FIRST MAN: Say, that's a honey.

SECOND MAN: Look at that stone.

THIRD MAN: Gee! Been robbing that bank, Karl?

KARL: (Amused) Not quite. Say, Bill, I've got a call to make. Mind if I use your phone?

BILL: Sure. Go ahead. It's in the bedroom, you know. Better close the door. You can't hear yourself think around here.

KARL: It'll take only a moment. Excuse me, will you?

(The door shuts and the noise subsides. Sound of footsteps as Karl walks across the room. The door opens and shuts.)

THE VOICE: Karl!

KARL: You!

THE VOICE: It's been a long time, Karl.

KARL: (Slowly) But . . . but, you told me you were going away . . .

THE VOICE: But I'm back.

KARL: Why? Why did you come back? I never wanted to see you again . . . never.

THE VOICE: Let me see the ring.

THE VOICE: Karl, the ring. (PAUSE) Ah, I see you still have it. It still means as much as the first time you saw it . . . in the window of that shop in its velvet box. Remember?

KARL: Get out. Leave me alone. I've done nothing to you.

THE VOICE: You've forgotten your promise.

KARL: I promised you nothing.

THE VOICE: But you promised yourself. "I'll never want anything again," you said that night. But you do, Karl. You want something right now, right his moment. That's why I'm back.

KARL: I don't know what you mean.

THE VOICE: Oh, yes you do. That desk. Why do you stand by it? Why was your hand on the key when I opened the door?

KARL: You're mad. Get out of my way. I won't stay in here with you. I won't listen to you.

THE VOICE: Why do you lie to me? Do you think I don't know you? There's money in that desk, Karl. Quite a bit, isn't there?

KARL: I . . . I don't want his money. I have a job, a good job.

THE VOICE: The money in the desk. It won't make you rich, but it will give you a good time . . . for a while. And here's always more.

KARL: I won't.

THE VOICE: The key, Karl. Turn the key. No one will hear you. It's there in that desk, waiting for you. Take it Karl. Take it. Turn the key, Karl. The money won't be missed. Remember the ring. No one knows about the ring. No one will know about the money. Turn the key. Quietly. Turn it. Karl the key . . .

(The key turns in the lock. A drawer opens, then shuts. The key turns again. Footseps. A door opens. The sound of the voices in the other room is heard.)

BILL: All through, Karl?

KARL: Yes. (LAUGHING) Now how about that drink. (Fades.)

(A soft knock is heard at a door.) Slight pause.

BANK PRESIDENT: Yes?

SECRETARY: Mr. Stephens, sir.

BANK PRES: Show him in.

(Footsteps. The door closes quietly).

KARL: You sent for me, sir?

BANK PRES: Yes, Stephens. Sit down, won't you.

KARL: Thank you.

BANK PRES: I want to congratulate you on the good work you've been doing. I've had some splendid reports on you, Stephens.

KARL: That's very kind of you, sir.

BANK PRES: Not at all. I just wanted to tell you that you have been selected to serve as head of our new branch we're opening. It's a good opportunity for you, Stephens. I know you'll make the most of it.

KARL: I'll do my best, sir.

BANK PRES.: And that will be quite sufficient. Good luck to you, Stephens. You'll see Mr. Carter for all necessary information.

KARL: Hello, hello. That you, Tommy? This is Karl. Listen, I have to work late tonight. You go on without me. Tell Ann and Jerry I'll be there as soon as I finish. O. K. Tommy. See you later. So long. (Sound of receiver on hook. Door opens and closes.)

THE VOICE: Karl!

KARL: Yes. I'm ready. It's all here in the vault. Ten thousand dollars. Everyone's gone. We'll leave by the

My bags are checked there and I have the tickets. We'll have plenty of time. We'll be miles away before they ever suspect.

THE VOICE: You're sure. You're sure you won't slip.

KARL: Of course. How can I?

THE VOICE: (Laughing, mockingly) One never knows. There's always the chance. (He laughs again as his voice fades).

(Sound of plane motor; voices of people.)

STEWARD: I'm sorry, sir. The plane is late. The weather you know, it's pretty bad tonight. It should be in very soon, sir.

KARL: Very well, thank you. I suppose I shall have to wait.

THE VOICE: You've slipped, Karl. You don't control the weather you know. You're trembling, Karl. You're frightened.

KARL: (Gasping) My ring! I've lost it. It must have back door. I have a taxi waiting. We go to the airport. slipped from my finger. (His voice becomes louder and louder). My ring! What'll I do? I must go back for it. I must. I must.

THE VOICE: Don't be a fool.

KARL: (He is almost hysterical). But hey'll know it's mine. It's lying on the floor there, waiting for them to find it. What can I do? I must go back for it. I must. I must.

THE VOICE: Shut your mouth. Do you want everyone in the place to hear you.

KARL: I don't care. I can't leave my ring there. It's brought me luck. I can't leave it now. I've got to go back. I got to, do you understand.

THE VOICE: You fool. You fool!

STEWARD: Your plane has arrived, sir. Will you follow me, please.

KARL: (As though in a daze). It makes no difference now. Cancel my passage. I just realized I've forgotten something.

(His voice fades; and immediately the sound of a motor of a taxi takes its place. The sound rises into fullness and then fades into a background for the speeches.)

THE VOICE: You don't know what you're doing. You've lost your mind. They'll be there by now. The place will be swarming with them. They'll get you. And you're walking back to them.

KARL: (Stoically). I must go. I must go back. I must.

THE VOICE: It's too late. You're lost.

KARL: I can't help it. I won't let them have my ring. It's mine. Hurry, driver. Hurry. Hurry.

THE VOICE: What a fool you are. You're writing your own sentence. Plotting your own destruction.

KARL: HURRY! HURRY!

THE VOICE: Impatience strove to lead him on to death. And all his yesterdays were strung along to clutch him at each turn and strangle him. And life cried out aghast . . . (He stops as the car skids to a halt.)

(There is the murmur of voices in the courtroom. The gavel strikes the desk and the voices hush.)

JUDGE: Karl Stephens, the jury has found you guilty of grand larceny. Have you anything to say before sentence is passed? (For a moment there is silence and the judge continues.) I hereby sentence you to serve from gavel). Remove the prisoner. The court is adjourned. five to ten years in the state penitentiary. (Sound of the

(Again there is the sound of murmuring voices and the shuffle of many feet.)

TOMMY: Karl! Karl! (His voice is almost breaking) What can I do to help:

KARL: It's all right. (He laughs pathetically). It's

BILL: I'm awfully sorry, old man.
not forever, you know.

TOMMY: But it's all lies, Karl, dirty, filthy lies.

KARL: Yes, Tommy, of course. Goodbye. (Fades).

(There is the sound of marching feet, resounding down the long stone corridor of the prison. The voice of the guard cries, "Halt," and the marching feet are silent. Again the voice of guard: "Into your cells" and the feet are heard again as they shuffle into the cells. The iron doors clang on them).

KARL: Three years! Three years of marching and stooping and waiting. And the days go on like eternities. How long, O Lord, how long? I can't sleep. I can't sleep.

(There is the sound of footsteps as he walks in his cell and after a moment the creaking of his iron cot as he throws himself upon it. From out of nothing there arises gradually the sound of buzzing as though a million thoughts were rushing in a maddening swirl through his head. Then abruptly it ceases.)

JUDGE: Karl Stephens, the jury has found you guilty . . . guilty . . .

STEWARD: I'm sorry, sir. The plane is late. The weather, you know . . .

THE VOICE: Karl.

BANK PRES.: Good luck to you, Stephens. You'll see Mr. Carter for all . . .

BILL: It's in the bed room, you know. Better close the door. You can't hear yourself think around here . . .

THE VOICE: Karl!

TOMMY: You're a funny fellow, Karl. We've been friends for years. And yet I never really know what goes on inside you . . .

SHOP MANAGER: Good morning, sir. May I help you? . . .

THE VOICE: (Whispering) Karl!

(In the following, each voice becomes a little louder than the preceeding one.)

1st VOICE: Karl.

2nd VOICE: Karl.

3rd VOICE: KARL.

4th VOICE: KARL.

5th VOICE: KARL.

THE VOICE: Impatience strove to lead him to death. And all his yesterdays were strung along to clutch him at each turn and strangle him. And life cried out aghast . . . (The sound of buzzing rises again until it achieves a fearful momentum. Again it comes to an abrupt stop.)

TOMMY: Hello, Karl.

KARL: It's good to see you, Tommy.

TOMMY: How're you getting along? Is it very bad?

KARL: (Without emotion) I never knew how much freedom meant before. Day after day. Nothing ever changes. But the nights are worse. I haven't slept. I go to the windows and the bars are like a pattern across the sky. And I see the stars up there like lights from the skyline that have become loosened and have drifted up into the night . . .

TOMMY: I'm sorry, Karl.

KARL: . . . And I think: this can't be me.

TOMMY: Don't talk about it. Don't think about it.

KARL: But how can I help it? It's driving me mad.

TOMMY: But it's almost over. It won't last much longer. You'll soon be free again.

KARL: (His voice is still void of all emotion) Free. And what then?

TOMMY: (Uncomfortably) Why . . . Why . . . then it'll all be over and you . . . you can start again.

KARL: No, Tommy. It's just no good. I've seen too much of it. There'll be no starting again. They brand you here, like a herd of cattle. They might as well write it across your face.

TOMMY: No, Karl. It's not like that.

KARL: (His voice is rising) You don't know. Do you think I can get a job now, with a prison record? The years here are only the beginning.

TOMMY: If only there was something I could do . . .

KARL: Thanks, Tommy, but I'm afraid there's nothing that can be done. It's too late now. (There is a pause) You'd better go now Tommy. I'm glad you came. So long, fellow.

TOMMY: So long, Karl. You'll see some day that I'm right. There'll be something for you. And none of this will make any difference then.

KARL: (Thoughtfully.) Oh yes. There's something for me . . . somewhere. (His voice fades.)

(Pause)

(After a moment's silence there is a knock at the door and the door opens.)

GUARD: It's Stephens to see you, sir. He's ready to leave.

WARDEN: Very well. Bring him in. (Pause while footsteps sound.) You're leaving us, Stephens?

KARL: (His voice is dead, as though the years had turned him into a machine.) Yes. You've finished with me. But you're through now. I can go.

WARDEN: Now, that's not the way to look at it, Stephens. We're only here to help you. You . . .

KARL: (Sarcastically.) Yes, I know. I owed a debt to society. Well, it's been paid. I'm ready to leave.

WARDEN: I'm sorry you've taken that attitude, Stephens. It won't make it any easier for you.

KARL: I can take care of myself.

WARDEN: Very well. Here's your money. It's not much, but I imagine you can use it. You understand the parole system. I would advise you not to fail to report. I'm not anxious to have you back.

KARL: (Ironically.) Thank you. Good afternoon.

WARDEN: Good bye, Stephens.

(There is the sound of footsteps as he walks away and the door shuts noisily. Then the footsteps are heard again, faster. Another door slams behind him. Then footsteps again growing faster and faster until it is almost a run. A heavy gate clangs behind him as he gains the world again.)

THE VOICE: I've been waiting for you, Karl.

KARL: I imagined you would be.

THE VOICE: You're free, Karl. What now?

KARL: I don't know. I don't know.

THE VOICE: There's nothing you can do. It's all over.

KARL: (Suddenly.) I must find my ring. It's the only thing I have left.

THE VOICE: You needn't bother. I found it.

KARL: (Without expression.) Give it to me.

THE VOICE: I can't.

KARL: Give it me you fool. It's mine.

THE VOICE: I don't have it.

KARL: (He begins to become excited.) Where is it?
Tell me.

THE VOICE: How impatient you are, Karl.

KARL: (His voice rising in fear.) Where it is?

THE VOICE: (After a moment's pause.) I pawned it.

KARL: Oh God!

THE VOICE: I had to. How do you think I paid your lawyers? The ring was no good to you, in there.

KARL: I have no money. Nothing. I must have my ring. Do you hear me? I must.

THE VOICE: Very well, you got it once, Karl. You can get it again. Tonight. It will take only a moment.

(There is a pause as Karl realizes the meaning of his words.)

KARL: (He speaks as though hypnotized.) Yes. YES. Tonight when the shop is closed. A brick through the window . . .

(He begins to laugh, slowly at first, then louder and louder. The Voice laughs and their voices blended in laughter becomes a cry of desperation and futility.)

THE END

Editorial Notes

SCHOOL SPIRIT

EDUCATORS the country over heaved a sigh of relief at the end of the last decade and gently lowered into the grave of history the era of college rah-life. Such matter as flivvers inscribed with "Oh you kid" and coon skin coats has been relegated to the limbo of forgotten fads. It was during this time that there first arose on the American campus the active campaign for school spirit. To the majority it meant yelling oneself hoarse on various grandstands, building bonfires, and telling everyone else what a great thing it was to be a Yellmore man.

At the present time the pendulum has swung to the alternative extreme, and to debunk any and every feature of the "hip-flask age" is the current trend of student opinion. However, as time seems to prove, the errors of an age lie not in the fact that they were intrinsically malicious but rather in an overdose of a good thing. So it is that the student in cynically eyeing his predecessors has applied his blasé attitude to every phase of his undergraduate career, so that he has lost faith in himself as an individual and as a member of the body politic to act constructively.

From this one concludes that that oft-spoken but little defined term, school spirit, has a vital reference to college life. That which binds a nondescript group of student-individuals into a visible, harmonious unit, a true college, is school spirit. That which educes from an organization activity which could not be performed without cooperation is school spirit. That realization by the individual of the added responsibilities and advantages of being a member of a collegiate body is school spirit.

But this is not more than an act of faith by the individual student in the power of the collegiate organization to accomplish its ends. And this is truly essential to any school that seeks to make itself heard, to become outstanding in the field where it is placed.

The lesson, then, which an earlier generation of college members has taught us is not that we should forget about giving our all on the grandstands for dear old State, but rather that we as students should participate in every phase possible, and when we cannot participate, we should support even as the band strikes up the Alma Mater, and the eleven charges to battle through the second half.

J. L. M.

A Question of War

THE question has been raised recently in England about the aims of the war. Many Britishers think that the war could be waged more successfully if they and the peoples engaged knew what the government of Great Britain was fighting for. They see an opportunity to encourage revolt against the Nazi masters of subjugated Europe. And the question of war aims, or peace aims, is something vital to the people of the United States.

We are constantly affirming that we do not want war, and that we are seeking peace. However, too few realize that real peace is not merely the cessation of hostilities. If we truly desire peace, we will begin to think about the conditions that will exist, not only in Europe, but also in Asia and in the United States after England wins. Yes, after England wins, for there can be no peace unless she does. Therefore, our first step toward our goal is help to British victory, not by direct war, for that would defeat our purpose by turning our energies into destructive instead of constructive channels, but rather by the material and moral aid which we are fully capable of giving.

In the meantime, let us not forget that the peace must be a planned peace. The ultimate greatness of a nation rests not on its ability to wage war, but its ability to make a lasting peace, and such a peace does not just happen. We must not believe that the settlement of the European situation, or the Asiatic situation, will not effect us. Fortunately, the events after the last peace have shown the narrowness of such a view. In this at least let us profit by the example of the past.

We begin, therefore, our search for the basis of a sound and lasting peace. It will be difficult, and there will not always be agreement, but we have much to show us the way. We cannot again withdraw into our hard shell of isolation, but we must participate with our minds and resources, if we are to see our ideas and ideals of government preserved.

We cannot expect to return to the old form of life that we have thrown away through abuse, and while we look for the answer to the question of this war, we think of the new democracy. Too long have we lived on our investments. It is time we began to build.

F. T. P.





SPRING HILL QUARTERLY

Winter 1940

The Fall of France

Assignation

Smile, Please

Four Hundred Years

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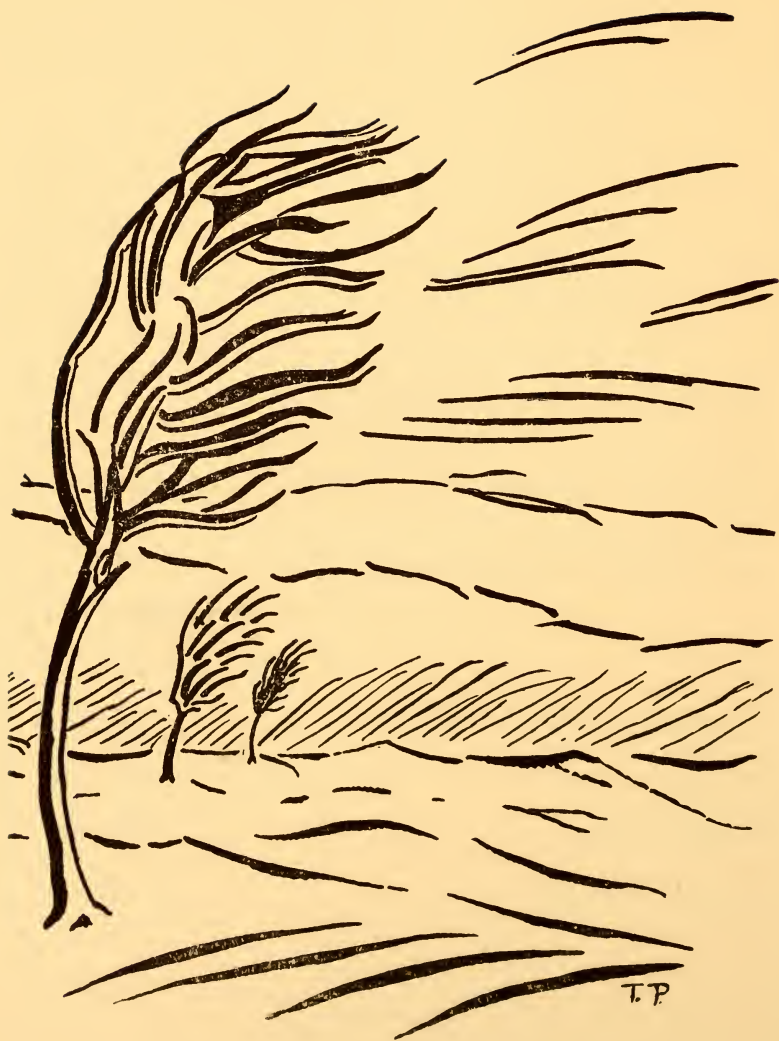
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“My soul becomes a trembling thing
In holy fear of you; while yet my brow
Is blinded to my fate. And through the night I grope
To hear your voice,
Kind Child of Golden Hope.”

—Sophocles



WINTER

Winter and the wasted wild
Resound with splintering of frost;
Cold and vagrant echoes, lost,
Flee fugitive through snow high piled.

Black trees against the frozen field
Bend trembling, stiff, against the rush
That bows and breaks in fatal crush,
Iron clad and iron heeled.

—B. W.

The Fall of France

● Richard Brabant

IT is a pity for France and the rest of the world that she has always been more or less on the short end in dealings with Great Britain. It is unfortunate that she didn't take her own initiative, whether England liked it or not. The last important instance was when France had the firm intention to make Italy decide immediately on which side she would fight as soon as the present war was started. The ultimatum was ready to be sent to Rome, but the duplicate, having been sent to London first, stopped immediately all prepared action of the French, while Germany was busy in Poland. Beside this grim fact and many others, the Franco-British cooperation was of the strongest. The French navy complemented England's; the French army numbered eighty-five well trained divisions in addition to England's six. But it was to oppose two hundred and twenty German divisions, aside from the Italian group. France had five thousand planes against twenty-eight thousand German planes, three thousand tanks against twenty-two thousand, and one cannon to each six German ones. England had a bigger navy, and a thousand or so more planes than France, but few tanks.

The state of democracy in France was becoming such that foreign powers had an easy time trying to undermine the country. By foreign influences communists and socialists came into power during the national elections of 1936, and later on nearly provoked a revolution. Germany's threat averted this evil. But the real conditions of France's politics, of which all Frenchmen are now rather ashamed, were truly deplorable—since 1936, and even long before (1924), politics in general were filled with intestinal strife, incompetence, and other defects which brought France to defeat and foreign occupation. The struggle between Capital and Labor appeared at the bottom of everything, neither being willing to cede to the other; and even within each side there was little unity. There were, before France's downfall, at least twenty or more different political parties with strong followings.

France's diplomacy, as is the case in every democracy, reflected the sentiment of the country at large, and especially that of the intellectuals and army leaders. For instance, during the Spanish Civil War the French Government and Labor were all for participation with the Spanish communist government, whereas the rest of the country, together with the army, were for the Franco movement.

As for England, the French policy was for following her dictates. An example is found in the Italo-Ethiopian War, in which France, as everyone else among the democracies, condemned Italy's action; but France also understood Italy's move more fully than others, for since 1918 there had been close friendship between the two countries. France gave permission, as it were, through M. Laval, for Italy to take Ethiopia, for worse than that, and further, Italy had not had her fair share after the armistice in 1918. But after she had backed Italy, England interfered and caused her to break with Latin neighbors and ally herself with Soviet Russia. This last move was disastrous for France and for Spain. The rotten diplomacy in Europe, which meant the shifting of balance of power, was really a much more direct cause of the defeat of France than the internal dissension which was largely caused by foreign misunderstandings.

War was immediately occasioned by the continued gluttony and idea of world expansion of Nazi Germany—Pan-Germanism. Taken up by peace, stability, and work, France, recognizing each nation's right of life according to its own traditions and ideals, has always wished for a peaceful Europe. After her very costly and exhausting victory of 1918, her aim was to rebuild herself. France, in her decisions, has been too kind toward other nations.

There were no real motives for grave conflict between France and her eastern neighbor. There was no competition; on the contrary, each nation's resources completed the other's. To establish that collaboration, France's only demand was a serious guarantee of long security which would permit her to work peacefully and build up the ruins of her first four years of war. So busy, and yet so torn in her victory, was France, that she forgot her hate of the enemy of yesterday. Writings of the post-war period confirm this; only a very few democracies clung to their sterile thought of the past.

Despite this peaceful attitude on France's part, Germany wanted revenge for a war lost. It came after twenty years of mental preparation and seven of astonishing intensity in arms gathering. France was the only democracy to do anything about the German threat. She kept up her active military service, built the Maginot Line as well as she could, for had she built her line to Dunkerque, instead of to Luxembourg, as she should have done, it would have offended her closest friend, Belgium, who had twice refused the Franco-British military alliance,

confident that her neutrality would be respected by Germany and wishing to keep her independence.

France had an excellent army in every field except aviation, but it was only an excellent army for protecting peace and conserving democracy. France, without knowing it, was not ready for the best organized, trained, and equipped army that the world has ever known, especially since there was no real aid from Britain. Many criticisms have been made about France's preparedness before and during the war, and the faults have been attributed to one thing or another; but a look at the difficulties the United States is having in her own national defense program, the troubles England has had and is still having in her defense production, will explain a great deal.

The reason for France's capitulation last June and the consequent unwilling break in her alliance with England was her complete confusion after the German army had swept her back in retreat, her certainty that the British could not hold out longer than two weeks, and her bitterness against this same country for the lack of material aid during the suicidal Battle of France.

There have been critics and writers, some paid by the word, who wrote with all freedom and no fear of retaliation from the French people and their imprisoned government, consequently shutting off all attempts at retaliation and enabling themselves to give a true picture. France today is a defeated nation in a material sense, but in spirit and the arts she will never be defeated. Hopes are growing in France and the Empire and among her friends, that it is but a temporary situation. Who knows—we still may see a Joan of Arc, a Henry IV, a Bonaparte arise. Actually France is divided into two zones, occupied and unoccupied. The former is subdivided into the forbidden sector, in which no Frenchman can move, situated in northern and eastern Departments and used as bases for the attack on England; and the occupied area, the limits of which cross France irregularly east and west from Switzerland to the Tours region, then down the coast in the direction of Spain; movement of Frenchmen is allowed but restricted. The unoccupied zone covers the rest of France with its center at Vichy where it is governed by the new regime of Marshal Petain. While ruled more or less by Hitler, it maintains a certain freedom and tries to protect the French people, their interests, their honor, and what is left of the country and empire, and to resurrect a fallen nation.

The Petain regime controls only the poorest parts of France and is a government of transition to the new

France of democratic victory. The immediate future is not predictable, but it will be conditioned by the tradition and history of France. Not all the empire or all Frenchmen have surrendered to Germany.

The DeGaulle movement was created among Frenchmen in England and throughout the world, whose idea is fighting Germany to the end and with the ideal of an "immortal France." The movement is growing in importance and power, especially in the colonial possessions. Most recent is the movement in the North African territories, strategically important for the conduct of the war in the Mediterranean, now in the control of General Maxime Weygand, where there are both a large army and many financial resources.

We are heartened by the news that leaks out from France. The country, it would seem, is already sick and tired of Nazis and regrets most bitterly its surrender. France should not be judged too harshly, for there is still hope. Whoever participates in these sentiments may be making an act of faith and even of charity, but France is a friend in need.

We Frenchmen appreciate deeply the American interest and friendship for the "Dame France"; there is a deep understanding between our two countries. "Should auld acquaintance be forgot?"

Richard Brabant is of Anglo-French parentage. He has lived both in this country and in France. He was in France during the crisis and saw the Third Republic crumble. This paper is taken from an address presented before the International Relations Club of Spring Hill College, where Mr. Brabant is enrolled as a student.

—EDITOR.

Assignation

● Adrian Lee

THERE were four of us—Ole, Eric, Rudiger and I. All of us belonged to the Arnstad, the Danish Royal Guard. Military life in such a small state was pretty much a joke. We attended the endless round of champagne parties, minuets and receptions, and in odd moments we scoured our swords. We gave only a passing thought to the restless Austrian beyond the Kiel Canal. There was a hint of the man's innate ferocity in the staid black print of our daily newspapers; we knew that he was readying himself for another sortie into civilized lands; nevertheless invasion came as a distinct shock.

German troops had crossed the border yesterday, and a few hours ago at the invader's headquarters we had been forced to surrender our rank and command. We were walking down the Vlernstad bound for Eric's house, where the promise of wine and a blazing fire helped to dispel our gloom. Now the Vlernstad runs along the quays. It is a wide cobbled street shaded by old elms. The voices of the fishermen mending their nets come faintly over the sea wall. We passed the cathedral of Saint Michel's just as the clock was striking five. Instinctively all four of us looked up.

The bell of Saint Michel's is famous the world over. Rudiger had mentioned before that he had seen sketches of the steeple for sale in American bookshops. Instead of the usual clapper, a blacksmith fashioned of iron tells off the strokes. Some seconds before the hour a faint rumbling is heard. The blacksmith rolls out on a steel track into the sunlight and stands woodenly facing the clock with hammer poised.

As the last stroke died away we looked at each other. There was a dawning comprehension in Rudiger's eyes and a thoughtful look on the faces of both Ole and Eric. We each felt the other's thoughts. The conquerer was to make his triumphal entry into Copenhagen sixteen hours hence, and this was the line of march. Suddenly all of us started talking. At the sudden clash of voices the sentry eyed us suspiciously. Rudiger broke into an off-key whistle. Eric laughed at Ole as if some chance remark of the latter's had struck him as humorous. Ole brought out his pipe and filled it with tobacco, while I bent down to scrape a clod of mud from my boot, for I was sure that the look on my face would betray my thoughts. Straightening up, I clapped Rudiger on the shoulder, and

the four of us strode away arm in arm. We felt the guard's eye following us, as we sauntered down the thoroughfare; but we must have acted well for he allowed us to disappear unmolested.

Eric's house stood on a quiet by-street just within ear-shot of the hurry and bustle of Copenhagen's business section. It was a quaint red brick house with white shutters and a burnished brass doorknob. We stood around impatiently, while Eric hunted through his pockets for the latchkey. He found it finally, and thrusting it into the lock, shot back the bolt. We entered decorously enough, but as soon as the door was shut fast behind us, we burst into rapid conversation. By tacit agreement we had appointed Rudiger the leader of our venture. His good sense and, above all, coolness in the face of danger named him the logical choice. Eric blew up the fire and threw a log on the smouldering embers. Bringing glasses and a bottle of Bergundy, he joined us at the table. Many things have happened since then, but that hour will always linger in my memory. I still picture Rudiger standing with one foot on the fender, wine glass in hand, staring into the fire. Eric produced paper and pencil, and we sat down with our heads together around the lamp. Rudiger sketched the Vlernstad and the position of the cathedral. "Here," he said, penciling a thin line, "is where the parade will pass." Eric, pointing to the drawing, made a suggestion. Ole disagreed, and thus we talked deep into the night.

The booming notes of the cathedral clock jarred on our conversation, warning us of the late hour. Hastily we took leave of Eric, and together we walked down the street. We separated at the corner, and I struck out for home. I was the only pedestrian abroad at such an hour, and my booted feet rang hollowly on the cobblestones as I crossed the empty square. I climbed the stairs and pushed open the door to my lodgings. Striking a light, I touched it to the pine logs in the fireplace. The resinous wood caught quickly, and flaring up, pushed the shadows back into the corners of the room. I worked hurriedly for there was no time to lose. Throwing my hat on the table, I sat down and pulled off my boots. Then I scooped up a handful of soot from the fireplace and blackened the facings of my military cloak. I ripped off all the ornaments sewn to my collar and jacket. All the gold braid and insignia I heaped on the fire. Going to a chest across the room, I took out a bag of tools and hoisted it to my shoulder. I paused for a last look around and then snuffed out the lamp and fared forth into the darkness. I stood for a moment on

the step, breathing in the briny fog. It was already one o'clock, and the morning mist was stealing in from the North Sea. I walked briskly, avoiding the patches of light shed by the street lights, and after fifteen minutes rounded the corner of the cathedral and darted into the doorway. I heard a low whistle and turning around saw Eric and the rest hidden in the shadows. Ole held a hooded bulls eye lantern, and I saw the light leaking through a rent in the cloth. We mounted the steps in silence. The door was locked and Ole held up the lantern so that a ray of light fell across the keyhole. Rudiger inserted a steel claw and twisted it in his strong hands. There was a faint grinding and crashing of metal, and the portal fell open. We made our way slowly to the staircase, and climbed to the steeple. The steps were rickety and wanting a board in places, but with the aid of the lantern we at length reached the top. We stood for a moment allowing the sea breeze to clear our lungs of the musty air of the stairs.

It lacked three minutes of the hour, and we waited, talking together in whispers. Rudiger held out his arm, and we could see the illuminated face of his wrist watch. The hand crept around the dial. "Now," Rudiger shouted softly, as the hand touched twelve. There was a whirr of machinery. The blacksmith woke up and carrying the hammer at the alert trundled out of the steeple. One, two, three, four—the strokes rang out clearly, unmuffled by the fog. A second later the blacksmith came clattering back along the track, and took up his silent watch.

Straightway we fell to work. The blacksmith was fastened securely to a steel post that rose up through the floor. The nuts were rusted fast to the bolts, so leaving a pool of oil around each bolt head, we attacked the upper part of the figure. First we unscrewed the hammer from his steel fingers and hid it behind a pile of mouldy old books in the corner. Removing his arms was a more difficult task. The body was cast all in one piece, and as there was no place in the steeple where we could hide it, it was necessary to cut it in pieces with a saw. After wetting the blade with oil, we sat to work. The arms were hollow and eaten with rust, so once a slit was made, it was possible to break them off. By now the oil had loosened the stubborn bolts, and by dint of much pushing and tugging we removed the nuts. Then we sawed the legs into sections and stacked them under a pile of beams.

Eric had been standing back all the while, keeping track of the time. Almost an hour had gone by, and tapping Rudiger on the shoulder he directed his attention

to his watch. Rudiger sprang up, seized the hammer and standing astride the post, followed it as it moved outside the steeple. The jangling echoes of the bell sent the pigeons flying from their nests on the roof of the steeple. The three of us doubled up in silent mirth as he came back, walking stiffly like the blacksmith. But there was no time for humor; the hours were slipping away fast. Eric now produced a long steel bar with an iron head. This was to be used instead of the blacksmith's hammer. At the butt was a tiny trigger and in the head there was a quarter inch hole, drilled the whole length of the bar. He unscrewed the end and taking a powder flask from his pocket measured off a charge and poured it into the barrel, tamping it down with his forefinger. On top of this he rammed a wad of paper followed by a steel ball and a tiny square of linen. He twisted the two pieces of metal together again and stood the hammer up against the wall.

The job was finished, and we would know in a few hours whether or not our efforts would be crowned with success. I gathered up the tools, and stowed them away in the canvas bag. The four of us stood blowing on our fingers and looking covertly at each other. There was a long silence. At length Rudiger, walking over to one of the nests, plucked a straw from beneath an indignant pigeon. He broke the straw in twain, and then snapped each piece in two again. He concealed them in his fist so that only the rough ends protruded. One by one we drew. My fingers were so numb that I couldn't feel the length of my straw. I looked down and as the lantern flared up for a second, I saw the short one between my fingers. Eric took a flask from beneath his cloak and unscrewing the cap, handed it around. The raw spirits set my teeth on edge, but I forced it down and was rewarded by an exhilarating glow. It was five o'clock—only two hours until the triumphal entry. I shook hands hard all around with a terse word of farewell. Rudiger led the way with the lantern and they descended the creaking stairs. The lantern cast a backward beam that warmed the steeple for a moment, but then a turn in the stairway hid them from view, and the silent darkness closed in like a vise. I kept an eye on my watch, and at six o'clock, I boomed out the hour.

Ten minutes later I heard a step on the stair. I guessed immediately who it was, Picking up the hammer, I stood rigidly over the post. The bright ray of an electric torch poked around the steeple, as a steel-helmeted guard clumped into the loft, his heavy boots awakening the

echoes. His inspection was perfunctory. He played his light over the machinery and into the cobwebbed corners, but as there was no place large enough to conceal a man, he looked no further. He stood, for what seemed an interminable time, looking out over the city. At length, satisfied, he turned and went down the stairs. I heard him curse once to himself as one of the boards gave way with a splintering crash, but he extricated himself and reached the bottom without further mishap.

We had successfully hurdled the last obstacle, and victory lay within our grasp, unless some unforeseen eventuality cropped up. I heaved a sigh of relief and stretched my cramped muscles. The fog still hung around the house tops, but here and there a ray of pale sunshine fell athwart the buildings. The crowd was sparse, only a few people had turned out to welcome the conqueror. At a quarter to seven I heard the raucous sound of horns in the distance—the calvacade was drawing near. I took a firm grip on the sledge and waited. The mist was thinning rapidly, and the houses across the way were beginning to take on shape. At two seconds to seven the headlights of the leading car shone through the fog. An instant later the machinery gave a warning rumble. I felt the quiver and began to move. Holding the hammer rigidly over my shoulder, I went forth. My head was bent slightly and I saw the outline of the saluting figure in the back seat. As I lifted the hammer for the first stroke, I had to swing it a few inches out of line, so that it would cover his breast. As it centered on him I tripped the trigger and completed my swing. Seven times I swung the sledge against the bell while below pandemonium reigned. At the last stroke I shouldered the hammer and marched back into the steeple.

CHANTY

O, I took me down to the sea,
To the boundin' blue wave and the foam.
In ships that heel to lee
This wide, wide world to roam.

O, I've seen a thousand lands;
That is, every now and then,
But mostly ships, and sands,
And ropes, and sails, and men.

But the thing that's botherin' me
's not the ship heeled to lee,
Or the wide, blue, boundin' sea,
But why I ever left home.

—B. W.

Smile, Please

● Claude Dahmer

“OPTIMISM is the faith that leads to achievement; nothing can be done without hope.” These words by Helen Keller express a universal truth that has been verified in all the annals of history and is even more manifest in our own times. With Europe’s millions who are today still fighting World War II, it is optimism that is persistently encouraging the body and soul to resistance and action. It is enabling the denizens of the continent to endure infinite hardships and still visualize the bright side.

Because this spiritual force instills confidence in the populace, European belligerent leaders use it consistently as a moral weapon to encourage the people. Only a single glance at the military communiques of any of the countries at war convinces an observer of the conscious effort of the reports to arouse optimism. In the aerial warfare both Germany and England often claim simultaneously to have inflicted losses on the enemy that are in excess of five times their own. Undesirable events that might create despair on the home front are cleverly deleted from the reports whenever it is possible to do so. All belligerents repeatedly use the term “missing” in listing their own lost airplanes, but class the enemy’s ships as definitely destroyed. Presumably a warplane of their own, with its pilots dead, its wings crumpled, and its body merely a pile of rubbish, would still not be reported as “missing” if found behind the lines. In the gigantic Karelain offensive of the war of the north, when the Russians were repeatedly driven back with tremendous losses by the Finns, Bolshevik newspapers reported that their troops were only conducting “patrol activity.”

In Germany, where propaganda is rigidly prepared for home consumption, the government exploits optimism to the fullest extent. If a person as much as expresses a defeatist attitude, he is in danger of the concentration camp. Everyone is forbidden to listen to a broadcast from any foreign land because it might not picture the situation optimistically. To make reports of enemy sea losses seem more impressive, Reich newspapers list not only the tonnage displacement of each boat, but add the estimated weight of the cargo of each vessel to the total. If the army has met some strong resistance from the enemy, the communique is brief and vaguely states that the “advance is progressing according to plan.” But if the gains are

imposing, the war reports go into remarkable detail and with triumphant phrases explain the advance. According to the German versions, British raiders seldom are able to damage military objectives but are unusually accurate in hitting hospitals and open fields. If there occurs any extensive lull in activities, the Reich always plans some momentous diplomatic conference such as the Molotoff visit or the Japanese, Hungarian, Slovakian, and Rumanian pact-signing meetings. In reality these conferences seldom represent any further diplomatic gains, but German leaders always make it appear as if each meant a serious blow to the opposition.

Though it has not used as drastic measures as the Germans, the British government has also realized the value of optimism on the home front. Winston Churchill in his speeches often emphasizes the productive capacity of the United States in order to inspire confidence in ultimate victory. The communiques habitually praise the skill of British airmen and state extravagant claims. All the propaganda leaflets that the English have rained over Germany contain material designed to weaken the optimism of the German people.

The manner in which Europeans have met hardships with a smile is the most conclusive evidence that optimism still survives. From the depths of the air raid shelter, the darkness of the blacked-out city, and the armed camp has arisen a characteristic humorous satire in all the belligerent countries. Sometimes it is bitter and sarcastic toward its enemies, but more often it evidences a genuine effort to escape the slough of despair.

One of the favorite stunts of German sardonic cartoonists before the invasion of France was to advise the Allies how to win the war. By extending a huge artificial sun from the clouds, it was claimed that the French could induce the Germans to fire among their own ranks because the Reich troops always expected the sun to rise in their rear. One cartoon suggested that the Poilus should spread a map over all of France to deceive Nazi reconnaissance flyers, while another advocated the use of a magnetic crane to lift the German soldiers bodily by their helmets from the trenches. Nazi cartoonists are still liberal in their advice to the British. One German humorist suggests that English housewives can capture German parachutists either by setting out cooking utensils to simulate mines or by luring the aviators with feminine charm. Chamberlain and Churchill have been the most abused of political figures. The late Prime Minister was always pictured as being lanky, long-nosed, and carrying

an umbrella. Churchill is habitually rotund and pugnosed.

In Great Britain no war-time habit, politician, or event escapes the humorous touches of British comedians. The English not only satirize the frailties of the enemy, but, unlike the Germans, make light of their own idiosyncrasies and hardships. The British cartoonist pictures the average Englishman as imagining everyone to be a fifth columnist, asking foolish questions, and mistaking real objects for camouflage. Blackouts and air-raids, sinister as they are to everyone, provide the humorist with a multitude of appropriate scenes for his jibes. The fact that paper rationing has forced British publishers to severely curtail publications does not prevent the editors themselves, from making light of the problem. The comic magazine **Punch**, for instance, pictures a publisher handing a bulky novel manuscript back to a dejected author. "We are not interested in your manuscript," the publisher declares, "but we would like to make you an offer for the paper." This same jocund mood is reflected in such epigrams and advertising slogans as: "Make Light of Blackout Problems," "Read While They Raid," "Good Yawning," and "It looks as if it's going to raid."

Optimism, however, gives to an individual not only the power to see the "silver lining" among the clouds of war, but more important it awakens in a human being that energy which is needed if resistance against hardships is to be continued and victory attained. Man has always surrendered when bereaved of this moral potentiality. A traditional illustration of the consequences of the doctrine of pessimism can be found in India. There the Hindus for centuries have been under the subjugation of foreigners because resistance was drowned in fatalistic philosophy. From the World War I a more modern example may be drawn. In the Spring of 1917 the enthusiasm of the German people was accelerated for a supreme victorious effort. In the Somme region the Reich troops drove the British back to Amiens and by May had reached the Marne River. But then the battles of Chateau Thierry, St. Mihiel, Meuse River, and Argonne Forest wilted the German lines. With millions of American troops streaming across the Atlantic and every German ally in the east helpless, the Germans abandoned hope for victory. With the death of optimism, departed the fighting spirit of the army. The German navy was called out for a final engagement, but the crews mutinied. At home the disgruntled populace revolted.

In World War II public thought will play the same important role. That nation whose morale is first deprived of optimism and its corollary, the spirit of resistance, is destined to lose the struggle.

TU PUPILA ES AZUL—

Y tus dientes tan blancos
Tu pupila es azul
Que se semejan a la nieve
Cuando cae sobre un manto.

Tu pupila es azul
Y tus labios son preciosas
Y cuando te besan
Eso si es delicioso.

—Edwin Janer.

Beyond Our Reach

● Marc Markey

MRS. McDonald had been married for five years and had the sweetest, most attentive man a woman could want for a husband. How well did she remember her wedding day. What a beautiful memory that was. Mike had looked so tall and handsome. Everyone had told her that she and Mike made a perfect couple. And indeed they were right. Mike was so dark and strong and she was so blond and timid. The way he had stood at the altar steps with that confident, protecting air so characteristic of him had made Mary think that she was the luckiest girl in the world. His thoughts had not been unlike hers.

Mary still was as happy and even happier on their fifth anniversary than on that wedding day in little Saint Joseph's Church. It had been Mary and Mike for one year. Then little Mary came.

She was the prettiest little girl anyone could imagine. Blue, sparkling eyes crowned by a halo of blond curls, and two dimples that won everyone's heart were but a small part of little Mary. For a four-year-old child she seemed to have an abundance of intelligence and personality. Yes, how lucky Mike and Mary had been. Everything had gone so perfectly. Mike had a good job and Mary was a smart, thrifty housewife who tended to her homely tasks diligently. Perhaps too diligently.

This day Mary was ironing the family clothes. She was hurrying through her work so that she and Mike could go out and celebrate their anniversary. Little Mary would be tended to by Mike's mother while they were out. Just now little Mary was playing in the living room with the blocks that Mike had brought home yesterday. They were an extra Christmas gift. Mary had two shirts to finish when little Mary called.

"Mommy, please come and build a skyscraper for me."

"No darling, not now," answered the mother. "When I have time I'll come and build you a great big one."

Mary had one shirt to finish.

"Mommy, dear, have you time now?"

"No, darling, mommy's still busy. Mommy and daddy will build you one tomorrow."

Little Mary seemed satisfied with that promise but said, "Mommy, when daddy and you have time will you build one as high as me?"

"Yes, honey, we'll build one so tall it will reach the sky."

A month later Mike and Mary were in the living room, looking out the window at the skyscrapers in the distance. Both were thinking the same thing. Suddenly Mary rose from her position at Mike's feet and walked into what had been little Mary's room. She stooped and drew the box of blocks from little Mary's dresser. She went back into the front room, knelt at Mike's feet and began to build a tall, slim, building. Yes, it was a 'scraper. God, how she wished she had enough blocks to reach little Mary, wherever she might be.

Together she and Mike remembered that horrible night, their fifth anniversary, when the two of them had gone out to have their celebration. How they had planned that night, and what disaster it had held for them. Little had they dreamed that fire, like a thief in the night, would creep into their house and destroy the most precious possession they had.

Grandmother McDonald had stepped next door to answer the neighbor's phone, because they had asked her to take their messages for them when they were out. Little Mary had been playing before the Christmas tree with her dolls at the time the tree burst into flame. By the time Grandmother McDonald could get back into the house the whole living room was in flames. As old as she was she went into the inferno, found little Mary, and brought her out. It was too late.

"Mike, Mike, if we could only reach her," sobbed Mary.

"Mary, some day all three of us will be together again up there above those skyscrapers. Until that day all the blocks in the world couldn't help us. She's beyond our reach."

Southern Ghosts - II

STEWARTFIELD

IN the Golden Fifties when the cotton kingdom was still a comfortable reality rather than a mere romantic legend, the ports of Mobile and New Orleans controlled a major portion of the world's cotton supply. England at the time was approaching the peak of her industrial revolution, and English mills, constantly improved by new machines and new operating systems, doubled then tripled their demands for raw materials.

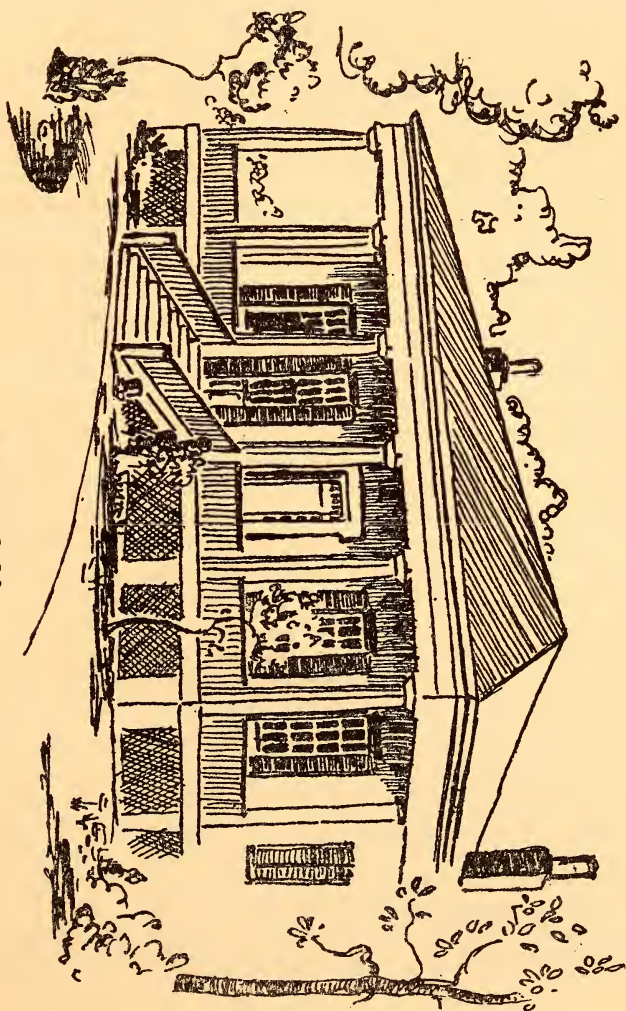
When competition became acute the larger firms sent their own brokers to the cotton ports and maintained them there to buy choice fiber as it appeared on the landings, even occasionally to travel upstream and buy it unpicked in the fields.

In Mobile these English cotton brokers formed something of a class unto themselves. Their offices occupied the buildings on both sides of one of the narrower downtown streets, both upstairs and down, and were connected by long series of grille galleries and street crossings, which permitted them to pass back and forth from building to building without descending to the street. Large fortunes were made in this "English Channel," and many of the Englishmen became prominent in local social and municipal affairs. Perhaps the most outstanding member of his class, certainly the most colorful, was the builder of **Stewartfield**.

Roger Stewart emigrated from England and amassed a fortune in Mobile when he was still a young man. Being financially secure, he determined to build a house and settle down to a life congenial with his wealth, personal taste, and the traditions of English hospitality. A lot was selected at Spring Hill near the struggling new college, an avenue of oaks was planted, gardens laid out, and, in the early 1840's, a house built. He named his house **Stewartfield** and, in the best English tradition, constructed a gatekeeper's lodge at the entrance to his drive and placed Italian statuary in his gardens. Then he retired to become the most elegant English gentleman America had ever seen.

A race track was laid out around the garden, and his friends were invited to come and sit with him on the porch of his new mansion while races were run for them by the thoroughbreds from his own stables and those of

Stewartfield
Spring Hill, Alabama



his neighbors. His greenhouses were filled with rare plants ordered from France and the Orient, among them a number of small potted azaleas which after his death were planted along the avenue and from there spread over the entire city. His wine cellars were stocked with the best that could survive the ocean voyage, and it was his boast that their doors were never locked.

But Roger Stewart remained always an Englishman. Many Mobilians claim he was knighted by Victoria for some service rendered before coming to Mobile; others gave him the rank of major in the Queen's army. At any rate, his fidelity to the queen was never questioned, though he lived and died in America. Stewartfield boasted a magnificent circular ballroom, the floor of which was set on springs in such away that it pulsed gently beneath the feet of dancers when they moved in the rhythm of the waltz or the schottische, and this room was turned into a banquet hall regularly each year when Sir Roger gave his annual dinner on the Queen's birthday.

These dinners were considered sacred, and invitations were issued only with the greatest care. A bid was the highest honor of the season, and those who could say they had seen Sir Roger rise solemnly and, raising his wine glass offer his toast, "To the Queen!", were considered elect among the society of the region. The fragile wine glasses, ordered especially for the occasion, were broken on the ballroom floor after the toast, lest they be defiled by any other use.

A hundred years have passed since Roger Stewart built Stewartfield. His greenhouses have disappeared, along with the statuary of his gardens—even of the gardens themselves there are but traces left—and the azaleas he grew in small pots are now trees but his race track can still be traced by its rim of trees, and the floor of his ballroom still responds like a living thing to the movement of dancing feet. His day is past, but the life he lived leaves its memory in the beauty he created, beauty which is again coming into its own through the careful restoration of one who loves Stewartfield almost as its builder did, and who shares his appreciation of the beautiful.

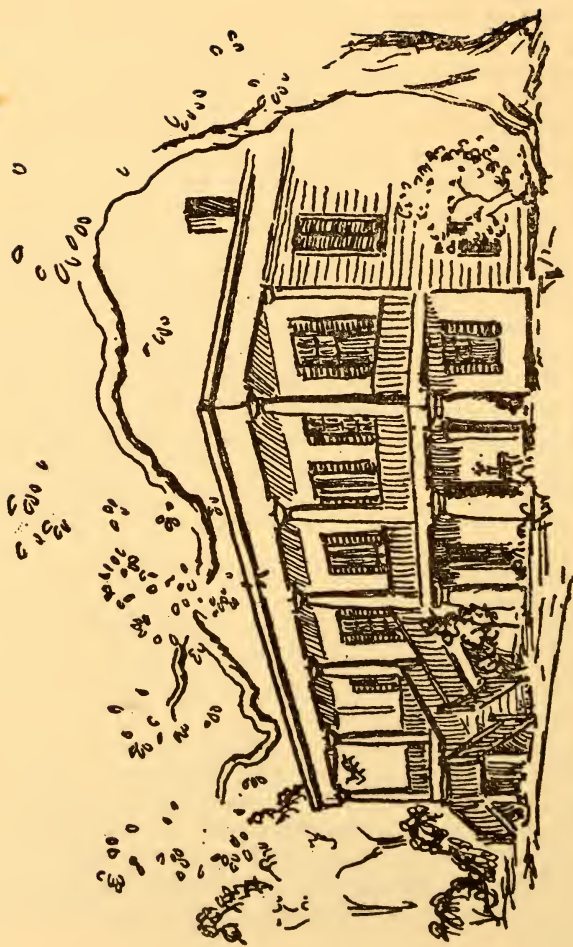
PALMETTO HALL

PALMETTO Hall, just across McGregor Avenue, or, more properly, Dawson's Lane, from Yester House was built by the brother of that Carolinian who constructed Yester House. Both were fond of their native state, but Palmetto Hall's builder was the younger and more homesick. When he erected his house, some seven years after the completion of his brother's, he determined that it would be as much a part of Charleston as he could make it in what was then a distant city.

He had his architect copy faithfully the old house in which he had been born and reared on Charleston's battery, and reproduce it on Spring Hill. Much was added, however, to accompany his expanded means; luxuries of which the other house would never have dreamed. Among them, and by far the most startling, was the inclusion in the plan of two bathrooms—things unheard of in that day. Moreover, as the final touch, both were equipped with showers. Blue brocade damask curtains were looped around two huge tubs, and water forced from an underground cistern to a reservoir over the bathrooms, from which it showered like an icy torrent—summer and winter.

A flag pole was set up on the front lawn, and on it was flown the palmetto flag of the state of South Carolina, from which the house received its name. When the War came, a second pole was set up, and the Stars and Bars of the Confederacy also flown. An interesting story is told in connection with these flags.

The owner of Palmetto Hall offered his services to the Confederate Government at the outbreak of hostilities and had them accepted. Eventually he achieved the rank of Major with an important post in the Commissary Department, and held that position when the break-up of the Confederacy disrupted completely the activities of all executive and administrative branches of the fleeing government.



Palmetto Hall
Spring Hill, Alabama

He returned home, and was in residence there, though not actually present, when Federal troops occupied Mobile. His station was known, so his house was one of the first entered. His uniform was found and the buttons cut off as souvenirs before the coat was slashed. Then the flags, which had been taken down and hidden, were demanded of the family. They refused to give any information, but one of the household slaves, delighted with the thought of striking, even in so small a way, at his former master, pointed out a sofa into which they had been sewn for safety. The sofa was shredded by sabers, the flags taken out and burned. Only recently one of the flag poles was taken down as dangerous because of its decayed condition.

What a pity flag poles cannot write autobiographies.

YESTER HOUSE

JUST beyond the college golf course, set in a grove of old trees, is Yester House. Once it was a part of the college, and was used as a school for younger boys. Now, however, one hundred years to the month after it was built, it is again in private hands and, carefully restored, is one of the show-places of the South.

A wealthy cotton merchant built the house and, after employing in its construction plaster brought from Italy and marble shipped from South Carolina by schooner, found that it had cost him fifty thousand dollars. It could not be duplicated today for five times that sum.

Six converging avenues of oaks approach the house, but only three of them open upon public roads. The house itself, strangely enough, faces away from Spring Hill and into the forest, with its terraced formal gardens descending finally into a gully and disappearing. Originally the public road and stage route to Mobile passed before the facade and gave access to the remaining three avenues. When it was abandoned and a new and shorter route adopted the house was left facing the wilderness and inaccessible on two sides.

A Roman villa served as the architectural model for the house, and the replica is faithful in every detail. Recessed columns, pilasters, friezes, cornices, frescoes, and pediments are all generously employed in the interior decoration, with taste much higher than that generally employed by the Romans. The kitchen is still in the basement, and serves the dining room by means of a dumb waiter set into the thickness of the wall.

A brick courtyard beneath the rear portico has a fountain which was originally supplied with water pumped by negro slaves. Perhaps the most interesting single feature of the house, however, is the billiard room, set apart from the house and decorated with a weeping willow in bas relief over the doorway. Facetious remarks, of varying degrees of humor, are always made by guests seeing it for the first time, but no one has yet satisfactorily explained the symbolism. Perhaps the answer to the whole problem is that the decoration for the doorway, when completed, happened to look like a weeping willow.

Lady Benn, long famous in English society, spent her girlhood in Yester House.



Yester House
Spring Hill, Alabama



. A
SYMPOSIUM
IN COMMEMORATION
OF THE
FOUR HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY
OF THE
SOCIETY OF JESUS





FOUR HUNDRED YEARS

The span of four hundred years may be at the same time both monumental and insignificant. The present may so easily look back on the achievements of those years and wonder why mankind has not accomplished far more lasting advances in civilization. It is easy to forget, in haste or cynicism, the painful hours of building and rebuilding, of educating and re-educating that have gone into the makings of the present.

In this anniversary year we have turned for a moment from the immediate tasks to consider the particular achievements of the Society of Jesus, and we realize the difficulties of trying to appreciate the accomplishments of four centuries. The panorama is immense, for there are few fields, if any, in which the name of a member of the Society of Jesus is not found among the eminent.

In appreciation and participation in the commemoration of the founding of the Society by Saint Ignatius of Loyola in the sixteenth century, we, as students in a Jesuit college in the twentieth century and feeling intimately, therefore, the cultural and educational forces that are but a part of the Society's contributions to our Christian civilization, present the works of Jesuits, masters in their arts and sciences.

—EDITOR.

Poetry

● David Loveman

"But as I rav'd and grew more fierce and wilde
At every word,
Methought I heard one calling, Childe:
And I reply'd, My Lord."

Herbert

THERE is little evidence, from a casual observance of a late Victorian photograph of Gerard Manley Hopkins, that the mild, delicate face of the young English poet was a deceptive mask, secluding, except for the choice few, the antagonistic forces that stirred within him. It is easily apparent that he was sensitive, intelligent, kind, but to penetrate more deeply into the nature of the man and find there the turbulent fierceness of a struggle that might have been destructive seems startling, almost paradoxical.

The external life of Hopkins aside from the salient facts of his conversion and subsequent entry into the Society of Jesus was a placid and unassuming one. At the time of his early death his poems—which have assumed prominence only during our own century—were in most part only private indulgences; and the young Jesuit although acutely conscious of their worth, was never to see them published, nor realize fully the extent to which his efforts would prophecy the trend of modern literature.

Endowed with the charm and gentleness, poetic and philosophical outlook that resulted from the highly cultivated talents of his parents, Hopkins discovered early in life the endless source of Nature's beauty and the unfathomable mysteries of his world. His school days were filled with ample manifestations of his own talent—prize-poems, musical compositions, conversation and observations striking in their originality. Embodied in this youth were all the qualifications, all the characteristics, suggestive of genius.

Oxford, the logical next step, placed about him a wealth of friends and influences. Here was formed the friendship with Robert Bridges that was such an important factor in the fulfillment of Hopkins as a poet. It is largely due to the correspondence of these two that we are made aware of the internal Hopkins.

His college years coincided to a great extent with the Oxford Movement. Newman had become a part of the Catholic Church and the atmosphere still was tinged with religious upheaval. There followed the usual months of procrastination and doubt, of spiritual turmoil, and finally of conviction. Hopkins had decided. His background, gleaned from services in the High Church of England, and his own intellect were sufficient. It was in 1866 that he addressed himself to Newman explaining his decision, asking for advice. He did not, he emphasized, leave his own church for the Roman Catholic "to change his faith, but to express it." It was the natural occurrence that his conversion was succeeded in two years by his novitiate in the Society of Jesus. Hopkins embraced the strict life anxiously, the ideals of the Society were simply the fulfillment of his own.

Hopkins' experiments in poetry antedated, of course, his entry into the Society. It had always been his way to express himself in verse. The diary of his youth was filled with poetry—immature, floundering, but always expressive and original. His immanent awareness of his ability, coupled with the genuine praise and encouragement of his friends, had long since assured him that there was a future for him in the expression of his poetic nature. It cannot be doubted that when Hopkins entered the Society he was already conscious of his own genius and ability to create. But this knowledge was not sufficient for the fulfillment of his ideals—his speculative nature was not so easily satisfied. He desired a life directed towards a spiritual end, a life in which he could complement by religious activities the deep fervor of his soul.

He entered into his new life by destroying his poems and by promising himself that the phase of his life as a poet was finished. Did he hesitate before he plunged this bunch of papers into the fire? Perhaps not—perhaps he was so enwrapped with the sacrifice of the moment he could feel no pain; but, more probably, it was not so easily done, nor was he so obsessed with fervor that he did not realize the significance of his act. Doubtless there were many moments of hesitation, even tears, for poetry was as much a part of him as was his religion.

We may find it difficult to explain satisfactorily his severance of himself with his poetry. Was it all sacrifice? Was he, as was the youthful Plato, renouncing a lesser good for the advancement of a life he considered infinitely superior? Or did he find something essentially contradictory in the two—the poet and the priest? Whatever his

motive, this was his choice and the beginning of a struggle that was to last until the time of his premature death.

For seven years, Hopkins wrote little. But instead of the gradual starvation of his poetic nature into submission, as he desired, it only increased his inclinations towards poetry; and in those years of literary inactivity was born, or developed, a maturity, a sensitive understanding, a complete mastery of a new and revolutionary technique, that were to mark the later full-flowering of his genius. Yet the struggle of those seven years between his ideals as a child of God and his inclinations as a poet was not ended with his final return to paper and pen. His renewed poetic attempts were to Hopkins merely a concession, wrenched against his will, to his own weakness.

It was Milton speaking again from a world of darkness:
“and that one talent which is death to hide
lodged with me useless.”

Could Hopkins, too, not serve by waiting? He thought he could, but that was not for him. He had to return, though never was there a complete reconciliation in his mind between the priest and the poet.

His abundant correspondence with his poet-friend Bridges and his similar communication with the Anglo-can Dixon were his only sources of poetic expression. He wrote poetry again, yes; but he wrote for private indulgence only—enclosing quite often in these letters copies of his poems, but to their entreaties that he publish he was unbending. The Canon Dixon could not understand. He admired, of course, his friend's deeply religious attitude, but his own talent as a poet, however limited, would not allow him to see Hopkins' ideal. Here were two entirely separate things, and he wrote, almost peevishly, to Hopkins—“Surely one vocation cannot destroy another.”

Bridges was more sympathetic. He was aware of the struggle that Hopkins was undergoing, though even he lost patience occasionally when Hopkins would not write or absolutely refused any consideration of publication.

Numerous mention of his ideas concerning this subject are found in Hopkins' letters to Bridges: “When I say that I do not mean to publish I speak the truth. I have taken the means to take no step to do so beyond the attempt I made to print my two wrecks in the **Month**. If some one in authority knew of my having some poems printable and suggested my doing it I should not refuse, I should be partly, though not altogether, glad. But that is very unlikely . . . I cannot in conscience spend time on poetry, neither have I the inducements and inspirations

that make others compose. Feeling, love in particular, is the great moving power and spring of verse and the only person that I am in love with seldom, especially now, stirs my heart sensibly and when he does I cannot always 'make capital' of it, it would be a sacrilege to do so." And again: "Our society cannot be blamed for not valuing what it never knew of . . . It always seems to me that poetry is unprofessional, but that is what I have said to myself, not to others. No doubt if I were producing I should have to ask myself what I meant to do with it all; but I have long been at a standstill, and so the things lie."

It is with rare insight that Hopkins speaks of his poetry as "unprofessional." It was just that; unprofessional, that is, to all students of the Victorian era. Hopkins wrote before his time, and, through Bridges, it was wisdom that prevented their publication until 1914. Hopkins foresaw this. He was aware of his failings, as well as of his successes. He even spoke of his own poetic "oddness": "No doubt my poetry errs on the side of oddness. I hope in time to have a more balanced and Miltonic style. But as air, melody, is what strikes me most of all in music and design in painting, so design, pattern or what I am in the habit of calling 'inscape' is what I above all aim at in poetry. Now it is the virtue, pattern, or inscape to be distinctive and it is the vice of distinctiveness to become queer. This vice I cannot have escaped." Certainly the majority of his poems are obscure upon first reading for his almost painful profundity of thought and the constant seeking for his ideal in craftsmanship prevent otherwise.

If Hopkins ever attained that ideal in poetry, it is, in all probability, in **The Windhover** which he dedicated to Christ and spoke of as "the best I ever wrote." The poem itself is pure beauty, it is such a blending of language with music it sings of itself. It is obscure—not as many of his poems—but provocative, even disturbing. Perhaps his poetry was not meant to be understood—this is certainly the fact in frequent passages of Shakespeare—but merely to be read and to be listened to. Often great poetry is incomprehensible, yet beautiful.

Whether or not Hopkins is a major poet is not the point here. The great question concerning him is the riddle that he himself could not solve—whether his service to God should come through his medium as a priest or as a poet. Certainly, he placed his priestly duties above all else. His life as a Jesuit is beyond reproach—devout, dutiful, sincere. Yet he considered his life blemished by the fact that

his poetry tempted him from the time that in his mind should have been devoted to religious observances. His letters to Bridges are almost desperate. His poetry, he said, "came like inspirations unbidden and against my will . . . If we care for fine verse how much more for a noble life." And Bridges, on his part, was forced to admit he regretted the religion that destroyed the poet.

But did the priest destroy the work of the poet? The statement, so often advanced, of "but think what he might have been" is an inconsequential one. That has been the inevitable speculation concerning all the world's talents that were brought to an abrupt stop—Mendelssohn, Keats, Chopin—but we have no assurance that years of creation supply genius; the evidence is rather to the contrary. In the case of Hopkins, did not this temperance of his genius bring a richer reward? Did it not, rather, sacrifice quantity for quality, superficiality for maturity, a hopeless floundering for spiritual stability? Was his poetry not, in its essentials, the poetry of the priest?

The question reduces itself to the fact that Hopkins was preeminently a Jesuit, secondarily a poet. That was the goal that he sought, and in it he was successful. If his poetry served a purpose, well and good, but it was his spiritual life that was important and the eternity that awaited him afterwards. For after all, no matter how the world may judge a man's achievements, the final and inevitable commendation is the one that counts, and is that not based, not on worldly achievements, but on how those achievements served the man in his search for the ultimate Good.

Politics

● John Mechem

IT is fitting that we include a discussion of the political philosophy of St. Robert Bellarmine in this symposium of four hundred years of Jesuit activity for two reasons. First, because it is an ideal example of the extensive work of this sixteenth century follower of Ignatius, and, secondly, inasmuch as his stand against autocracy and absolutism and his theory of the division of governmental power are pertinent to the American form of government and were at least indirectly an influence in the formation of the Constitution.

This outstanding controversialist was for forty years the defender of the Papacy and all things Catholic, and was considered by Protestants themselves as their greatest opponent. An intensely active man, he waged incessantly a spiritual battle upon any and all fronts inimical to the cause for which Ignatius stood. Should a learned Catholic professor in a renowned Catholic institution wander through the labyrinth of higher theology to the brink of predestination, then he must oppose that gentleman politely but inexorably. Have the inhabitants of a certain community, rich in the heritage of the faith, grown indifferent to their birthright? Robert Bellarmine is there to fire them with the passion of his oratory. Has the pope, trying to guide the Church through the wreckage of decadence and fierce hersy, need of an able adviser who must contact the pulse of Europe? He turns to the learned cardinal. Has another indignant deist gone off on the high road to rationalism? He need have no fear that his wandering will be clearly shown up by the great controversialist. And the king of England is building about him a palace of divinity, so that to resist it, however tyrannical, is equivalent to direct rebellion against heaven. But tearing down the structure as fast as it rises is the implacable Bellarmine—implacable against all forces that destroy the peace of Christ.

Were he alive, Bellarmine would be most surprised that he had formulated a philosophy of politics—such things were reserved for a later day. All his thought on the subject, apart from special ethical problems of monarchs, to which he devoted many volumes, is contained in an appendix, *De Laicis*, to a much larger work in refutation of James and his theory of divine right. It is interesting, however, to note that Hobbes in the *Leviathan* devotes twenty-four pages to refuting Bellarmine, while barely

mentioning Suarez, his successor and one who was careful to enlarge upon the political aspects of the philosophis perennis.

For in spite of the sensation the work caused in its time, **De Laicis** is no pretense at developing an entirely new idea, and Bellarmine was the first to point out that his doctrine was simply that of Aquinas put once again to peoples who had forgotten its moderation and its justice. Because society had been carefully united through the Middle Ages, the forces of Protestantism immediately went about undermining the traditional concepts of government in a variety of ways. The simplest method was that adopted by all of the more respectable Protestant bodies; this was the transference of the dignity and sovereignty of the Pope to temporal rulers, who thereupon exacted the preposterous claim of infallibility in all matters and direct divine appointment upon their peoples. Such were the greater German states, Scandinavia, and, most publicized, England. The Anabaptists and kindred sects sought a more radical thrust to complete anarchy and abolition of all political power as the product of sin and a barrier to Christian perfection.

In this bewildering setting, Bellarmine sought a sane course, at once preserving political power and at the same time setting its bounds. His first aim then was to defend political power, which he claimed has its immediate source from God, for such power is a necessary corollary of man's nature as a social being. Now God, being the Author of that nature, must thereby have sanctioned political authority, for no multitude of men can preserve a unity unless there be one among them who has that specific function of ruling and maintaining the common interest of all. Again, society is not any kind of confused grouping of human beings, but rather an orderly multitude with inferiors and superiors, and the power of the governors depends not on the consent of wills, because of the necessity of society, but in human nature itself and comes consequently directly from God.

The hierarchy of society is not the result of sin, for while men are equal in their essence as individuals of the human species they are not equal in wisdom or grace. Men, then, may demand that governance shall be in a constitutional and agreed manner, as that befitting their nature. But man may not deny such authority altogether, and because of the inequality existing in talent and knowledge, certain people will make better rulers, while others will make better ruled. Where political authority

is sinful is in the cases where it is the result of force and fear and has been imposed on the ruled by tyrants.

With civil authority established as divinely wrought and part of human nature, Bellarmine next sought to ascertain how and in whom this power was vested. It was at this point that he brought down the wrath not only of the Anglican James, but later of that eminent Catholic Monardut Bossuet. Civil power, he declared, rests immediately, not in any specific individual, but in the whole multitude. For God, in giving the power, assigned it to no particular man and therefore must have assigned it to the multitude; further, there is no reason aside from such positive legislation as the Salic Law why one man should have it rather than another.

Albeit the people are immediately the source of sovereignty, they are constrained by nature, as was seen in the analysis of society, to transfer that sovereignty to the keeping of one or more persons in order that the prerogatives of power may be administrated. So it is that the authority of rulers and of princes, considered in general, is sanctioned by natural law and divine decree; this proposition can never be evoked by any concourse or parliament though it be composed of the entire human race. This is a defense of vested authority as such, but it in no way defends particular persons invested with sovereignty.

For, the particular concrete forms of government have their sanction in the law of nations, but not from man's nature. It remains to the people as a whole to decide whether or not they will set above themselves a king or consuls or other magistrates. It also remains that a nation with legitimate reason may change its form of government as ancient Rome was changed from a republic to an empire. This argument may not be gainsaid by reference to the Pauline text: "there is no power but from God and he that resisteth the power resisteth the ordinance of God." The Apostle meant in this instance only that vested authority was natural, and not that particular rulers are divinely appointed.

This approval of Bellarmine's of the right of a people to change their form of government with sufficient reason in no way was extended to include approbation of sedition or treason against a legitimate ruler. On the contrary the people are bound in conscience to obey that ruler who is the licit dispenser of power. Bellarmine, himself, never investigated the consideration of what was a due cause for a people to so change their government.

Bellarmino was not a democrat in the modern sense of the word. He had a great reverence for the tradition be-

hind him which supported monarchy because it seemed much more logical to him that order could best be preserved by one man rather than by several individually. But this vision, he realized, had certain practical drawbacks. In the world as it is, a form of government combining elements of monarchy, aristocracy, and democracy is more useful than a simple monarchy. This mixed form of government might be described as a federal union under a constitutional monarchy, for he believed that the individual lieutenants and governors should be independent and appointed for life while the chief ruler should be selected for life on the basis of his ability as shown in his previous conduct in governing. In this fashion, elements of aristocracy, monarchy, and democracy were combined to give the most efficient government.

Bellarmino's philosophy of politics resolves itself into five essential points. First, civil power lies in human nature and is ordained by God. Second, this power is granted by God immediately to the people. Third, God has likewise ordained that the people shall transfer this power to one or more vested persons; these receive this power only immediately from God. Fourth, the people have a right to change their type of government with sufficient reason. And last, that the best type of government is one in which the useful elements of monarchy, aristocracy and democracy are combined.

Science

● Edwin Trigg

TO recount the activities of Jesuits in the natural sciences would be almost as ponderous a work as to give a history of the Society itself. Many contemporary Jesuit scientists are acclaimed by both laymen and their fellow scientists for real contributions to human knowledge, but the work of a great scientific genius of the seventeenth century, Father Athanasius Kircher, S.J., has received too little recognition from present day popular historians of science.

Athanasius Kircher was born at Geisa, Germany, in 1602; he was educated in the Jesuit College at Fulda and in 1618, after completing his college courses, he entered the Jesuit Novitiate at Paderborn. After his ordination he was appointed a professor of mathematics and philosophy at the University of Wurtzburg. While here he devoted much time to the study of oriental languages and gathered material for his first publication in the field of experimental science, "*Ars Magnesia tum theoretice tum problematice proposita*." In this work he showed ingenuity in devising experiments in Magnetism that was remarkable for his time, Father Kircher, like any other scientist, never reached the end of a subject; twelve years after his first publication he issued a more detailed work on magnetism.

Disturbances in university work in Germany as a result of the Thirty Year's War forced Kircher to leave Wurtzburg in 1631. He continued his teaching and studying at Avignon until 1635, when he was called to the Roman College of the Jesuits to lecture on mathematics and oriental languages.

In Rome, his striking abilities in scientific research attracted widespread attention among the prelates of the Church. The Pope showed him great attention and aided materially in the development of Kircher's famous museum, which remains to this day one of the most interesting exhibits in Rome. Kircher remained steadfast in his devotion to the Egyptian and Syrian languages as a field of study. In the natural sciences he seems to have had no such favorites, his interest spreading to all of the then known divisions of natural philosophy. Shortly after the publication of his first work on magnetism, he issued a tract on the construction and relative merits of various types of sun-dials. For several years after this, Fr. Kircher seems to have worked untiringly, experimenting on

the nature and effects of light. It was in 1645 that he published his noteworthy volume "*Ars Magna Lucis et Umbrae*," the Great Science of Light and Shadow.

His magic lantern was a simple device for projecting the image painted on a slide to a screen across the room. Writing more than a century after Kircher's work on optics had been published, Joseph Priestly, the great English chemist, gives an interesting account of his work on light. In "*The History of the Present State of Discoveries Relating to Vision, Light and Colours*," published in 1772, Priestly says: "I must not overlook the laborious and ingenious Athanasius Kircher, who was one of the greatest philosophers, and ablest mathematicians of the time in which he lived. He was of about the same age with Descartes but outlived him thirty years. His large and magnificent opus entitled '*Ars Magna Lucis et Umbrae*' must have been considered as a very capital performance at the time in which it was written . . .

Considering how soon Kircher's tables of refractions were superseded by more perfect discoveries and observations, we are perhaps at this day most obliged to him for his ingenious contrivance, the magic lantern, and some other things in the optical way that are calculated to afford us amusement. The magic lantern, in particular, is capable of making so much diversion to children and persons unacquainted with the principles of optics, and even to philosophers themselves in an hour of relaxation, it certainly deserves to be described in this place. By means of this curious instrument small colored images painted upon glass are prodigiously magnified and thrown upon an opposite wall in all their natural and vivid colors and of whatever size a person shall choose."

Perhaps Kircher would have been delighted that in Priestly's era the magic lantern had grown to be a common instrument of entertainment and relaxation. How amazed he would be, could he but visualize the modern motion picture industry, a logical outgrowth of his discovery.

Fr. Kircher's mechanical talents were manifested in many experiments, but his real genius was in his scholarly approach to all the sciences. His publications contain evidence of a most amazing knowledge of the work of those scientists who had preceded him. His "*Mundus Subterraneus*," The Subterranean World, is a most exhaustive treatise on matter, its formation and state of aggregation. In his day, long before natural philosophy had been

segregated into myriad insular proficiencies, a study of matter and the earth included geology, geography, astronomy, navigation, zoology, chemistry, medicine, in fact, almost any of our present day divisions of science. The text is of particular interest to the historian of chemistry, or more properly perhaps, of alchemy. Kircher, unlike some alchemists, did not attempt to confound the novice but rather attempted to teach all he knew of this "black art." Modern students would be amazed at the wealth of factual knowledge on the preparation and uses of inorganic compounds which is displayed in this introduction to alchemy. We are too prone to dismiss much real knowledge as mere accident because of its admixture with the errors common to a period. Kircher in his delineation of chemical facts also devotes much time to inaccurate but often very interesting theory. his definition of the philosopher's stone is rather striking: "It is the universal medicine which not only preserves the human body in its vigor, or restores it, once weakened, to its pristine strength, but also by purifying the baser metals transforms them into pure silver and gold." To science of Kircher's own day the 'Mundus Subterraneus' was perhaps his greatest contribution; abstracts from it were translated into most of the languages of Europe, and the whole appeared in a French edition.

The publication of Kircher's which is most frequently quoted at the present is his work on disease "Scrutinium Pestis," in which he advances the germ theory of transference of contagious disease. He explains his view that putrefaction is due to "corpuscula" and expresses the opinion that these same "corpuscula" are the cause of disease. Kircher admitted the possibility of "corpuscula" being carried by air currents but considered it much more likely that they were transferred by living things such as flies or mosquitoes. His germ theory was well thought out and was backed by microscopic observation. Dr. William Riley of Cornell writing in the journal "Science" states "There is no doubt that long before Leeuwenhoek's discovery Kircher had seen the larger specimens of bacteria, which he described in the following words. 'It is known to all that decaying bodies abound in worms, but not until after the wonderful invention of the microscope was it found that all putrid substances swarm with an innumerable brood of worms which are imperceptible to the naked eye, and I would never have believed it if I had not proved it by frequent experiments, during many years.'"

Although the exact date is unknown, it must have been prior to his work on the microscope, and the study of micro-organisms was startlingly ahead of his time. Indeed, a few years later his germ theory was either completely ignored or ridiculed and was not revived until the time of Pasteur, while his conviction that flies and mosquitoes were carriers of germs has only in our time become scientific dogma.

To neglect Kircher's studies on astronomy or on the mechanics of sound is to do him an injustice. His books on astronomy displayed a prodigious effort and were masterpieces of collected astronomical knowledge but they, unlike his other publications, contributed little previously unknown material, and were not unmixed with considerable astrology. Indeed even those great giants of astronomy at that time, Kepler and Tycho Brahe, included much astrological lore with their very real advances in astronomy. To the study of sound and harmonics Kircher contributed more perhaps than astronomy. It was in this field that he seemed to have contributed more mechanical devices than in any other. The origin of the speaking tube is unknown, one is said to have been used by Alexander several hundred years before Christ, but its modern use dates from the seventeenth century. Kircher gives detailed drawings of such instruments in his "*Phonurgia Musica*" and it is not unlikely that these were the first of modern speaking trumpets.

Father Kircher has often been referred to as Doctor Centum Artium and a more appropriate title could scarcely be found. History since the Middle Ages has produced few men that have encompassed such vast areas of learning.

Drama

● Joseph Shannon

ALL of us at some time or another have seen some type of play; it may have been amateur or professional, ancient or modern, tragedy or comedy, good or bad. Perhaps some of us have at one time or another been fortunate enough, or unfortunate enough as the case may be, to have had the opportunity to participate in some type of play. At any rate all of us have at one time or another read a play, either in accordance with, or against our wishes.

One group of men who needed no prompting for the line, "The play's the thing," is that active little body of ardent workers, the Jesuits.

We will recall that the Jesuits were officially recognized as a religious order just four hundred years ago, in the year 1540. After a time we learn that the chief aim of the Jesuits is to teach and instruct, and so Jesuit schools sprang up all over the continent of Europe. There is a tale behind the systematic workings of the Jesuit institutions, a tale well worth the telling. But suffice it to say that one predominant factor responsible for their success is the Magna Charta of the educational system, the "Ratio Studiorum." In this creed of the Jesuits the advocacy of plays as an educational and entertaining diversion for the students and faculty alike is quite evident. Any of us who are at all familiar with Jesuit education, either high school, college or university, know and appreciate the fact that the authorities always see fit that the new student body, in cooperation with the faculty, produce at least one play a year.

Certainly there must have been some beginning for this desire, this fervor which has lasted four centuries and has become a standard tradition in the Society. It all began over in Europe around the middle of the sixteenth century and reached its peak there, a peak which, sad to say, hasn't even been approached here in America.

At each college or university one man was selected to write, or if he preferred, to adapt a play for the academic year. The play was usually given at some high point in the school year, at mid-semester time, or graduation time, and even at times on the occasions of great feasts.

Some of the Jesuits who numbered among the more capable playwrights were men like Blessed Campion, Carbonelle, Calhours, Longhaye (French Academy prize winner) and Jouvancy. Their plays, as were others at the

time, showed a striking pattern of the Seneca plays. Originally the plays were written and acted entirely in Latin, or if it was a Greek play it was given in Greek; gradually, however, the vernacular began to filter in and they became almost universally given in the native tongue.

The general theme of all the plays was, of course, guided by and influenced by the motives which the Jesuits had in mind while producing the plays. Chief among these motives are the following three: to stir up pious emotions, to uplift the minds of the student by example, and in general to spread the doctrine of Christ and to condemn the devil and all evil deeds. Thus the theme was usually drawn from the life of Christ in the New Testament, the lives of the saints, or some story in the Old Testament. In reviewing some of the works we see such titles as "Saul and David," "The Prodigal Son," "St. Ambrose," and in the historical line, "Godfrey de Bouillin." Then, too, popular authors as Aeschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Plautus and Terrence predominated.

I have said before that the plays were usually given on some important occasion in the academic year. The actors in these productions were always students with the exception of certain plays where mob scenes were necessary. One instance, in particular, in 1754 when the university at Munich staged "Constantine" actually one thousand people took part in the production and the entire city was decorated for the occasion. The reputation of the Jesuits for drama was now spreading all over the continent and even had its influences felt in England. In 1614 the Jesuits gave a command performance at the court of Louis the Thirteenth, who encouraged any project which had as its purpose the spreading of the word of God.

Men like Moliere, the greatest of all French playwrights and dramatists, Corneille, Le Sage, and the infamous Voltaire—all acted in Jesuit productions in their French schools. Thus Moliere, who played on practically every stage in France at one time or another, was once a mere boy in his teens receiving the rudiments of the art of acting from a Jesuit instructor.

To give you some faint idea of the recognition which was given to the Jesuits at the time, let me quote one of the greatest intellects the German country ever witnessed. After seeing one of the Jesuit plays, Goethe said this: "This public performance has convinced me anew of the cleverness of the Jesuits. They ejected nothing that could be of any conceivable service to them, and know how to wield their instruments with devotion and dexterity . . . Just as this great spiritual society has its gilders,

so there seem to be some who, by nature and inclination, take to the drama; and as their churches are distinguished by a pleasing pomp, so these men have seized on the sensibility of the world, by a decent theatre."

The question now arises, what did the Jesuits do to influence our modern drama of today? We might credit them with several things: they resurrected drama after it had been stagnant for a long period of time; they made wonderful strides in the development of the stage; they incited an interest which served as an incentive for the development of the secular theatre; they evidenced the fact that the theatre could be a decent and healthful source of education and entertainment.

This Jesuit tradition for the theatre is still alive here in America today. At St. Joseph's College in Philadelphia they have been producing plays from "Oedipus" to "Everyman" since 1854, and at times they have appeared in the opera house of that city. Here at Spring Hill there has been stimulated a renewed interest, and the completion of the Little Theatre alone is a great stride to still bigger projects. Universities like Santa Clara, Loyola of Chicago, Loyola of New Orleans, St. Louis University, Fordham, and almost every high school and college throughout the land have their own dramatic organizations and are functioning progressively.

We have observed then that the Jesuits have, in this field as they have in so many others, "wielded their instruments with devotion and dexterity" and thus, it is only proper that fitting tribute be given them in recognition of their achievements.

“Quia per incarnati Verbi mysterium
nova mentis nostrae oculis
lux tuae claritatis infulsit;
ut dum visibiliter Deum cognoscimus,
per Hunc in invisibilium amorem rapiamur.”

From the Christmas Mass





SPRING HILL QUARTERLY

Spring 1941

Words of War

Sound Within Sound

Basketball Jubilee

Looking Up

SPRING HILL QUARTERLY

Spring, 1941

Editor: F. Taylor Peck

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With infinite care, the Lord
Has placed each petal of dogwood.
White, White,
It stands in the moonlight;
Silent white,
It slowly fades
Into the gray, green shadow.

J. M.



Night Poems

Night falls—the endless curtain
With the end of day's last act.
Moist winds freshen in the west,
And cool my burning cheek,
Whisking the cobwebs from my brain,
So filled, by time and toil.

Then darkness, like a silent friend,
Steals softly all around
To give the joy for which I strive;
To give peace when work is done.

H. O. A.

No noise breaks the stillness of the world when I'm with
you,

Nor any brazen day-time sound intrudes when once you've
come,

And material that rules the light and petty man in one,
Slinks coward-like before your tread and leaves me free
again.

Oh darkness—curtain for unsightly things,
Descend once more that I may see
Light for mind's true sight,
Those things which move us here.

H. O. A.

Cypress Break

● John Goetz

IT wasn't very cold; yet it was damp and dreary—the kind of a day that makes a man think. It was the sort of a day that a man shouldn't be out in if he's not properly dressed. The ground was well soaked from the storm rains that had whipped the south Mississippi swamps for two weeks. Jug knew it wasn't a healthy day to be out in, but this day was of special importance to him for he had a "duty" to do.

He lay in a fairly dry spot by a fallen tree aside the road and waited. It was sunset time, or sunset if the sun could be seen.

He had thought a lot this day. He thought back and relived his twenty-one miserable years as he lay in the quiet by the path. He saw his ma and pa and the shack on the hill near the creek. It was a very poor cabin, one room and four kids. He was the child of his ma's old age and was 'most alone in the house all through his young days. The three brothers had all gone by the time he was ten; two married, the other went away.

Ma and Pa? Just swamp folks. Ma was old—much older than pa and she suffered more. Pa blunted some of the pain of the misery of the poor shack by the whiskey he stilled. Pa was dirty all the time and mean when he had get-up enough to be that way.

Jug was shivering now. The wet ground had soaked through his thin overalls and made mud pies on his dirty flesh. He waited on, waited; he had a duty to do.

It was what he had to do—the law of the swamps. He had no choice. 'Bout this hour a man would pass on horseback; that is, he had for years, comin' home from the store.

The night air was colder as the moon rose from behind the cypress stumps. Pretty night—a night for lovin' and all that sort, s'pose. Jug didn't know physical love. He just knew that he and Lula were brought up from kids to be married and that's what he wanted to do, but he wanted a few pretties beside the mere shack.

But his waitin' 'round had brought on trouble—more trouble than he had ever had. He knew Lula was his gal though he ain't never told her—didn't think that so powerfully 'mportant.

Lula wasn't like him in that though. She wanted to be told that she was loved, that he would marry her, and soon; she wanted all this known, not just understood.

Jug learned all too late; he just found out this when old Jake from down at the store began telling her all his tales of love and such. Just what she wanted. But Lula was Jug's gal and nobody else's, that's all Jug knew. Any man is a nogood when he's agin the law of the swamps. It was clear to Jug that she was his gal. He had never suspected that he'd be challenged. This couldn't be . . . and besides, the tales he told, and his age—old enough to be her pappy.

This was surely a night to think. Day faded out wearily. Cold, wet, angry Jug still lay by the path waiting anxiously for the horse hoofs. Sure, it was his duty to kill him. Goin' agin the law of the swamps. The old fool never was much 'count and since his wife died 'bout a year back he had been going 'round everywhere with his smooth stories. It was his duty—folks 'spected it.

The sound of a hound's cry far off in the hills added to the loneliness of the setting.

Jug ain't never killed a man afore—ain't never had cause, reckon. But this was his duty.

The grey silence was broken by the horse hoofs in the slush mud: slow, lazy.

Rifle raised, he aimed through the pine saplings at the approaching figure. The horse walked faultingly over the narrow path. The rider could be recognized now even in the fading day—the man, the moment. The horse walked on, Jug aimed unerringly at the rider's head. The horse approached. It was just above him now. The silence waited for the rifle shot. The horse plowed on undisturbed into the thicket beyond.

Jug still lay by the path, dazed, his duty undone 'cause he couldn't kill his own pa: that too was agin the law of the swamps.

Words of War

● William Smolkin

WORLD War II to all outward appearances is just another war. It has its terror, its heartaches, and its drudgery like all other wars. Millions suffering, thousands dying, undergoing daily almost untold hardships, performing superhuman feats of bravery. No whimpers, no plea for mercy . . . nothing but a dogged determination to "see it through" and come what may, to struggle for their principles.

It is futile to settle down in our comfortable chairs over here, and attempt to give a thorough explanation for this phenomenon, but even from thousands of miles away, peering through the dismal pall of cannon smoke and bomb fires, we may surely say that sterling leadership is going a long way to keep morale at a high peak.

Churchill, Hitler, Roosevelt, Mussolini—this is your lineup of leaders; this is your key to the puzzle of heroic valor in a world which had become almost too cynical. These men are true products of their peoples, and to understand them is to understand the makeup of this war. And what better way is there to understand them than to examine the speeches they make, to picture them as they appear to their followers.

Churchill is a crusty old sea-dog who personifies England's rugged determination to win the war. He is neither optimist nor pessimist; a cold realist who growls through a microphone in flowery eloquence his defiance of Hitlerism. Hitler is more bombastic; he shouts and gestures, and pours his whole heart into what he is saying. Although his grammar and rhetoric are poor, his persuasion is magnificent, and even Englishmen concede his powers as an orator. Roosevelt, of course, is a master. He is calm, but sometimes his voice takes on ringing challenge. His manner, his words, and his ideas make him one of the greatest American speakers of all time. Finally, there is Mussolini, who seems to typify the Italian of today. He rants and raves and boasts, but beneath it all, one seems to sense that the land of art and music

has not yet been transformed into a land of warriors and death.

Hitler started the war and the words on September 1, 1939 when he told a crowded and expectant Reichstag that "since 5:45 we have been returning fire, and from now on we will answer bomb with bomb." The cause of war was unsettled conditions in neighboring countries, he maintained, and added that "I want to banish from the German boundaries the element of insecurity, the atmosphere of permanent conditions that approximate civil war. I want to achieve that peace as we know it on our other borders." Then came the challenge to bravery that had been so successful before. "It is totally unimportant that we live but that Germany lives . . . You must be flag-bearers of the cause . . . When our will-power is so strong that no calamity can force it down, then our will-power and our steel will be able to conquer any emergency. Deutschland sieg heil!"

Meanwhile, in London, a tired, graying old man wearily murmured into a microphone. It was Neville Chamberlain: ". . . we stand at the bar of history knowing that the responsibility for this terrible catastrophe lies on the shoulders of one man . . . It only remains to set our teeth and enter upon this struggle, which we so earnestly endeavored to avoid, with a determination to see it through to the end." In this vein, too, Edouard Daladier, premier of France told his people that "Our honor is the gage of security . . . It is the dignity of a pacific people which entertains no hatred for any other people in the world and which engages in no undertaking except for the safety of its liberty and life . . ."

America, however, heard a request that unity prevail, from President Roosevelt. "Let me make the simple plea at this time," he said, "that partisanship and selfishness be adjourned; and that national unity be the thought that underlies all others." The President, also, seeing through the haze of a superficial neutrality, advised America that "This nation will remain a neutral nation, but I cannot ask that every American remain neutral in thought as well. Even a neutral cannot be asked to close his mind

or his conscience . . . I have said not once but many times that I have seen war and that I hate war . . . as long as it remains within my power to prevent it, there will be no blackout of peace in the United States."

King George VI of England was heard too, conquering a speech defect to add a reverent note: "The task will be hard . . . but we can only do the right as we see the right, and reverently commit our cause to God. If one and all we keep resolutely faithful to it, ready for whatever service or sacrifice it may demand, then with God's help we shall prevail. May he bless and keep us all."

And so the world was again in flames. But after a few land and sea skirmishes, the "phoney war" settled down to a dull siege. Oratory was commonplace; "business as usual" held the spotlight. A new year brought speeches of praise, of admonition and of hope. Hitler's was one of praise for the soldiers to whom "we all owe a deep, solemn gratitude . . . The blood which they shed in a common cause will form a closer bond of union than could be forged by the mere structure of a state." Roosevelt's admonished that "A united people keep ablaze on this continent the flames of human liberty, of reason, of democracy, and of fair play as living things to be preserved for the better world that is to come." Churchill, then First Lord of the Admiralty, expressed hope that " . . . the day will come when the joy bells will ring again throughout Europe and when victorious nations, masters not only of their foes but of themselves, will plan and build in justice, in tradition, and in freedom a house of many mansions where there will be room for all."

Hitler took recess from spring invasion plans a bit after, and somewhat belatedly invoked Divine assistance. "God has not created the world for the English to dominate," he thundered. "He will guide us further along the path we have set our foot upon, and in this feeling of righteousness and justice we shall continue our efforts as we have begun them, certain that victory will be ours, because it is so ordained."

Whether it was ordained or not was ignored by Churchill in his next speech, as he struck at "worldlings" and urged his countrymen to be on guard. "There are thought-

less, dilettante worldlings who sometimes ask us: 'What is it that Britain and France are fighting for?' To this I make the answer: 'If we left off fighting you would soon find out.' . . . All's quiet on the Western Front today . . . but at any moment neutral nations may be subjected to an avalanche of steel and fire . . . the decision rests in the hands of one haunted, morbid being, whom, to their eternal shame, the German peoples in their bewilderment have worshipped as a god."

Then came the spring onslaught which shattered neutrals right and left, and which spelled the downfall of France. Daladier pleaded for "clouds of planes," but none were forthcoming, and to cap it off, Mussolini sent his legions into the "conflict of poor, numerous peoples who labor against starvers who ferociously cling to a monopoly of all the riches and gold on earth." In the midst of outraged American sportsmanship, the condemnation of President Roosevelt was among the sternest: "On this tenth day of June, 1940, the hand that held the dagger has struck it into the back of its neighbor. On this tenth day of June, 1940, in this university (of Virginia) founded by the first great American teacher of democracy, we send forth our prayers and our hopes to those beyond the seas who are maintaining with magnificent valor their battle for freedom."

Besides these comforting words, however, there was little to cheer the Allies. France was prostrated; England girded itself for invasion, and heard Prime Minister Churchill say, "We shall not flag or fail. We shall go on to the end. We shall fight in France and on the seas and oceans; we shall fight with growing confidence and growing strength in the air. We shall defend our island whatever the cost may be, we shall fight on beaches, landing grounds, in fields, in streets, and on the hills. **We shall** never surrender and even if, which I do not for the moment believe, this island or a large part of it were subjugated and starving, then our empire beyond the seas will carry on the struggle until in God's good time the New World with all its power and might sets forth to the liberation and rescue of the Old . . . If we can stand up to him, all Europe may be freed and the life of the world

may move forward into broad sunlit upland, but if we fail, the whole world, including the United States and all that we have known and cared for, will sink into the abyss of a new dark age."

"These are ominous days," a grim President Roosevelt told Congress a few days later. "... swift and shocking developments force every neutral nation to look to its defenses in the light of new factors. The brutal force of modern offensive war has been loosed in all its horror." Then, after a sensational appeal for defense money in astronomical figures, he recounted that "our objective is still peace—peace at home and peace abroad. Nevertheless, we stand ready not only to spend millions for defense but to give our services and even our lives for the maintenance of our American liberties."

Gone was American "neutrality," replaced by less hypocritical non-belligerency, and "all-out aid to Britain." In return for this aid came English bases along the Atlantic, and Churchill rejoiced at this tightening of the bonds of Anglo-American friendship. "No one can stop it," he glowed. "Like the Mississippi, it just keeps rolling along. Let it roll. Let it roll on in full flood, inexorable, irresistible, to broader lands and better days."

Time too, was "rolling along." Came the bombing of London and a violent outburst of oratory and defiance from Churchill. A "wicked man, the repository and embodiment of many forms of soul-destroying evils," had bombed defenseless homes. "What he has done," he gritted, "is to kindle a fire in British hearts here and all over the world which will glow long after all traces of the conflagrations he had caused in London have been removed. He has lifted a fire which will burn with a steady and consuming flame until the last vestige of Nazi tyranny has burned out of Europe and until the Old World and the New can join hands to rebuild the temples of man's freedom and man's honor upon foundations which will not soon or easily be overthrown."

A major war in the air took place over Britain in the following months, but the long-expected invasion failed to materialize. Again there was a New Year, this time

bringing greater hopes for British victory through American assistance. President Roosevelt, defending his foreign policy warned the nation against those "who with sounding brass and tinkling cymbal preach the ism of appeasement. As a nation we may take pride in the fact that we are soft-hearted," he asserted, "but we cannot afford to be soft-headed."

Then Churchill addressed the American people through Roosevelt, and said: "Put your confidence in us. Give us your faith and blessing, and under Providence all will be well. We shall not fail or falter; we shall not weaken or tire. Neither the sudden shock of battle nor the long-drawn trials of vigilance and exertion will wear us down. Give us the tools and we will finish the job!"

And America took steps to "give him the tools," but Hitler was apparently little concerned with American aid to the British. He at last notice was still justifying the war as a battle of "haves" vs. "have-nots." "All my life I have been a have-not," he declared. "I count myself as one of their number and have fought for them. Now again I enter the fight as a representative of the have-nots. I will never recognize the claims of others to that which they have gained by force and robbery."

These are samples of oratorical power. As time goes on we may expect more in the same vein. Morale has been based to a great extent on striking leadership, which has manifested itself to the highest degree in the ability to inspire its followers and to exhort them to greater deeds and more heroic sacrifice. Whatever may be our sympathies, we are compelled to recognize that leadership and to bow before it.

Three great men today are guiding the destiny of the world. As we enter a greater and more dangerous phase of this most deadly conflict, we shall "stand at the bar of history" behind one of those men. May God ordain that his cause be just, that his mind be clear, and his hand be steady.

Miser

Your every word is a silver coin
Slipped into my ear.
They fall into my memory corners
With a pleasant clink.

O. M.

Kriegerlied

Play me now a solemn tune,
With notes that sound of tears,
A ballad of a mighty hate,
Or one of cringing fears,
But never charm my listening heart
With comedy and mime.
The sound of laughter in a song
Is hell upon the rhyme.

B. W.

Sound Within Sound

● David Loveman

SHE knew now that she hated him. For months she felt bits of herself die as he touched her. The dark arrogance of his face was no longer attractive and the cold eyes that watched her so steadily worked like poison upon her heart. She wondered if he knew as well.

He stood at the door watching her as she sat before her mirror. He was immaculate in his tails, his broad shoulders almost filling the doorway, a cigarette held carelessly in his hand. His eyes never left her.

She toyed with her rouge as her maid clasped the exquisite, heirloom necklace, his wedding present to her, about her neck; but it was impossible to avoid his eyes. His reflection in the mirror held her. He motioned for the maid to leave. The silence that followed the closing of the door made her uneasy. Too many unspoken thoughts crowded them. She arose slowly and faced him, her back to the mirror. The shimmering gold of her dress caught the quivering lights. He moved towards her.

"Elanore," he said, "I must speak with you."

"Yes!" Her voice was low, emotionless; her fingers moved the diamond bracelet up and down her wrist.

"You've seen him again," he said. "I won't have it."

"Don't be absurd, Peter. I don't know what you mean."

"I mean him, that young Blake. You've been meeting him since we returned."

"I've seen him, yes," she said, "at the theatre, or luncheon, but never alone. We only spoke. You needn't be afraid of scandal, Peter." She looked at him, at the years of good breeding and money that had gone into his making—into his looks, his cultured manner, his voice, even the movements of his hands—and she thought of Tony.

"But my friends, my family," he was saying, "they all know of you and him and what has gone before. I won't have that back again. That part of your life was ended forever when you married me. It must stay ended."

His face had grown dark as though the thick brows that were drawn together over narrowed eyes had overshadowed it. She turned from it. Too often, she thought,

he frowns at me, displeased. Tony never frowned. I loved that in him—his eyes that were always glowing with laughter.

She touched her hair with perfume, carefully, adjusting her necklace before she answered him: "Are you playing the part of a jealous husband, Peter?" she asked.

He was annoyed. "I am your husband."

"In a way," she said, turning to him again, "you are a part of a bargain. I married you, Peter, yes! But you knew I never loved you." He started to speak. "Oh yes," she added, "I know you said you loved me, that I would grow to love you. And I admired you, Peter. No one could help admiring you, your looks, your polish. But I married you for your money. You knew that too. We had no secrets about that, did we, Peter? And I wasn't a bad match, was I? My family and background speak well for you, in our marriage. I make a nice appearance, look well in the clothes you buy me, make a nice hostess in your home. That was our marriage bargain. And it's worked. You should be pleased, Peter. We do make a lovely couple."

Oh yes, it's worked, she thought, worked too well. Peter had his excellent match, a lovely girl, everyone said, no money, but then she was from one of the very best old families and that meant so much these days. And she had her part of the bargain too; money, more money than she knew how to spend, exquisite clothes, jewelry, cars, travel, so many servants she hardly knew them all as yet. And emptiness. More loneliness than she knew existed had been hers in the months of her marriage with Peter. Even the year's honeymoon that had sent them flying through the glamour of unknown places and gay crowds had been empty. And thoughts of Tony had accentuated the void that was in her heart. In Constantinople she had seen him and knowing he was not there had hurt herself by seeing him; in Cairo it had been the same; on that sapphire island off the coast of Greece; even in the clouds on which their plane had rested, knowing he was not there, yet seeing him. But this was what she had chosen. This had been her bargain . . .

Peter dropped his cigarette in the tray, left it burning. Distasteful habit, she thought, the stump of a cigarette burning away into nothing, suffocating her.

"Yes," he said, "it has been a bargain. That's why I've come to you tonight. All my friends, all the people that count will be downstairs tonight. You are taking your place among them, the thing we both want. I won't have them whispering about you behind our backs. I can't control your heart, Elanore; but I can control your actions. Tonight, when you walk down those stairs beside me, they will all be watching you—my wife that I have brought into this house, to entertain, to preside at my table. You are beautiful tonight, my dear."

"Thank you, Peter." She could hardly suppress a smile. Instructions, she thought, for tonight's performance. Oh, she could be gracious, charming, everything that was expected of her. There was no need for instructions. Peter knew that, too; knew that tonight's dinner meant as much to her. There would be no life without this—a table of well dressed, well bred people, good wines and good food and boxes at the opera afterwards. She had been born to all this, breathed it, was happy and alive in it. This was why she had married Peter, when her own money had vanished—married Peter and shut out of her heart Tony and his mad plans and laughing eyes.

She heard Peter saying, "We'll go down shortly" and nodded without seeing him. He closed the door. A few minutes to herself before her life began—facing New York, old friends, new faces as Peter's wife.

And in those few minutes she remembered Tony. With him there was happiness, a joy of life she had never known before. Tony, who wrote music, beautiful music that no one liked or understood. They had dreamed together, such wonderful, beautiful dreams. But that was all there was. Poor Tony, she cried, made of dreams and laughter. You are not strong enough, Tony. In life you must be strong and hard, stronger and harder than it, or you'll lose. I didn't want to hurt you, darling. God knows, I didn't. I wanted to help you, to protect you. That's why I didn't marry you. We could never have been happy, not

really happy. We loved, but we could never eat love, nor wear it, nor build our home of it. I'm selfish Tony, but I'm selfish for you too. I could never live without this, without money and jewels and gowns and people of my own class. I would have grown to hate you for taking me from it and it would have hurt you more than this. Alone, you can write your music, Tony, and make the world listen and some day it will understand. Take me out of your heart, darling. Don't let me lie there hurting you. Take me out, as I have done you.

She glanced again in the mirror. No tears, her reflection whispered to her, no tears tonight, for love that is lost, that money had destroyed.

It was time to go down, she knew. Walking down the stairs with Peter would mean the end of all the love she had known with Tony. Life without Tony—but there was not time to think of that. She must think of tonight and all the nights like this that would follow, the endless procession of dinner parties and dances and shows that would be her life in this house. Tonight was the first; yes, she must think of tonight. She must not remember other nights.

She heard Peter's voice from the hall: "I'm waiting, Elanore, we must go down."

"I'm ready," she said—one last glance in the mirror, one final touch to her hair.

Her maid knocked and opened the door. Elanore turned.

"Yes, Martha?"

"There's a call for you, ma'am. I wouldn't disturb you, but they said it was urgent. It's the hospital, ma'am."

For a moment she did not move. Martha picked up the receiver of the phone by her bed, holding it out to her. Peter was calling from the hall. It's Tony, she was saying. Tony!

She took the receiver. Vaguely she heard Peter's voice, calling again from the hall, heard the door open, saw him standing in the room.

"Yes?" she said into the phone.

There was a voice then, telling her what her heart already knew. Tony. Tony in an accident, critically injured,

perhaps dying, asking for her, crying out to strangers her name.

She heard the voice of the nurse, heard Peter too, telling her to hurry. Peter calling to her, and Tony. Not now, she cried, not now! There was a hurt within her, deep, a hurt for Tony who begged for her, needing her.

Peter asked again, impatiently: "Are you coming, Elanore?"

This was the pain of her love for Tony, this moment. She saw him too, as she had seen him so often—hurt, bewildered, needing her love, the comfort of her voice and touch.

She could go to him, make him well again, bring the laughter back into his eyes. But Peter would never understand. Peter was waiting for her, waiting to take her down the stairs to meet his guests, to start her out on the life she had bargained for.

Peter was speaking to her: "You must come with me, Elanore. It is time for dinner. Elanore!"

She looked at him then. There was no laughter, no hint of sympathy or understanding in his face. He was annoyed that she delayed at the phone.

She spoke to the nurse, unable to hear her own voice.

"I'm sorry," she said; "there must be some mistake. I know no Mr. Blake."

She returned the receiver to its hook unconsciously, watching Peter turn from her.

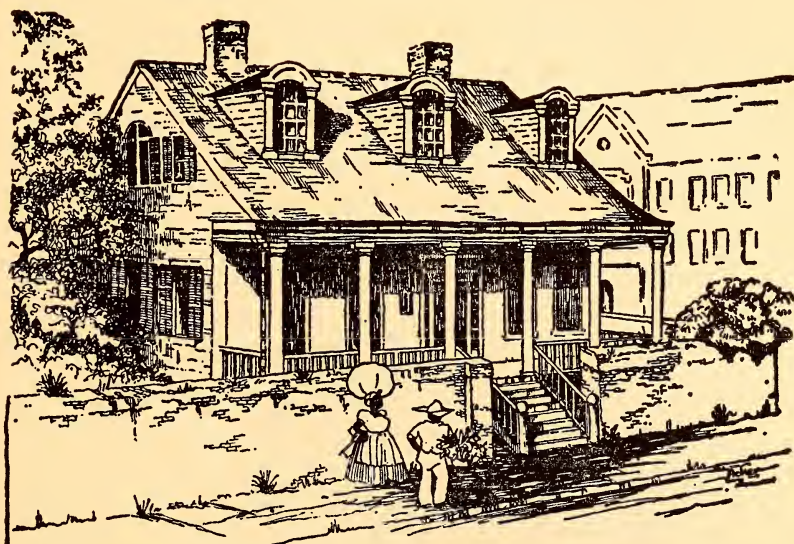
He was waiting for her at the top of the stairs. He didn't search her face, nor look for tears he knew were there.

There were the stairs, waiting for her to descend. There was no feeling within her, no love, no hope, no strength. She took his arm.

"I'm ready, Peter," she said. "Shall we go?"

**A
Folio
of
Mobile Drawings
by
Marian Acker**

Censored
21. The Spirit of
Wardi Gras
22. The Waning Texas



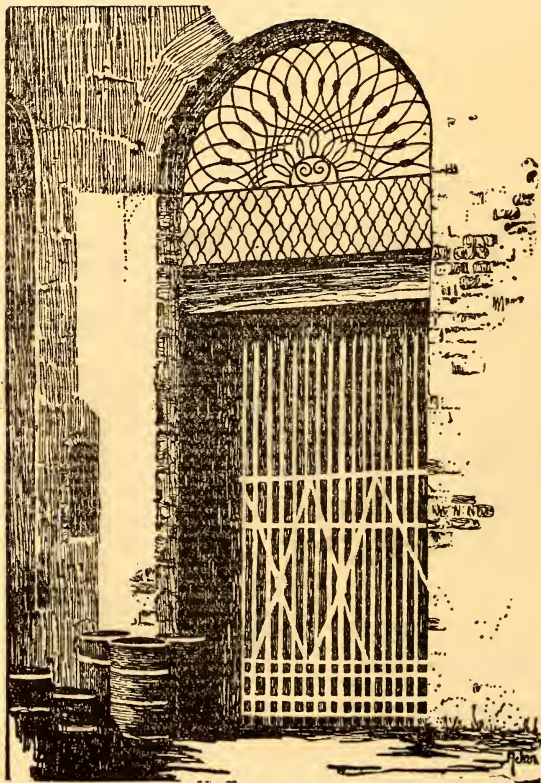
WHERE BISHOP PORTIER LIVED

**A
Folio
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Censored
21. The Spirit of
Mardi Gras
22. The Waring Texas



WHERE BISHOP PORTIER LIVED



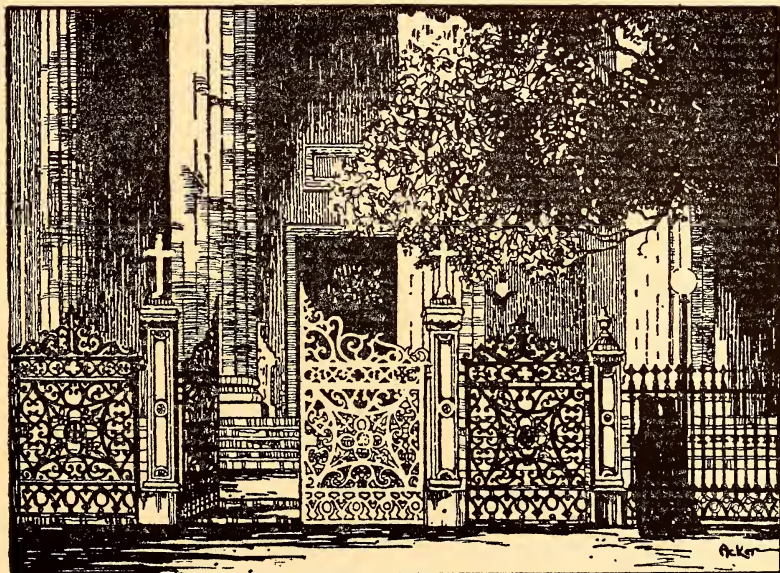
THE MARKET GATE



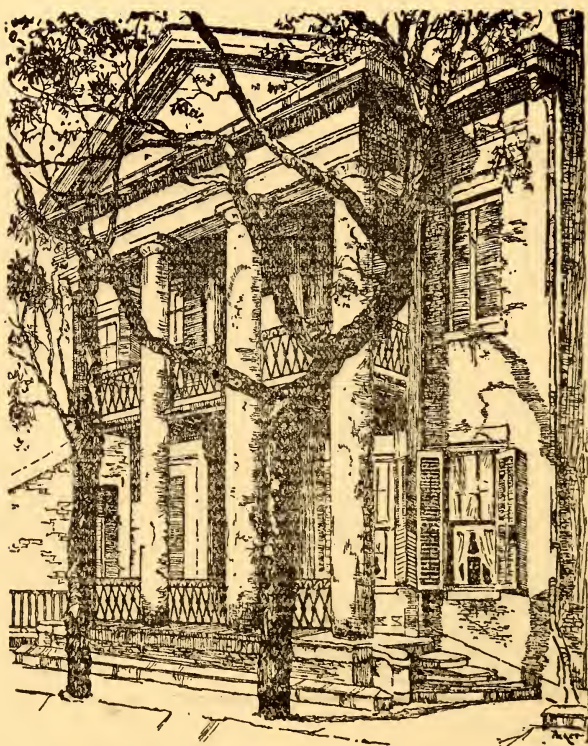
THE OLD HOME



CONCEPTION STREET
MOBILE



CATHEDRAL GATES



No. 40 CONCEPTION STREET

Basketball Jubilee

● Harry Bryan

THE sport that attracts more cash customers than any other played in the United States is, impossible as it may seem, basketball. It is difficult to imagine this when we remember the crowds that turn out every Saturday afternoon during the fall months to witness big football games. It is even more surprising when we think of the host of baseball lovers who attend big league, semi-professional, American Legion, college, and high school baseball games each year. The explanation lies in the fact that basketball, inexpensive compared with other sports, is played all over the country in towns with a population of a thousand or so, as well as in the large cities. Basketball is replacing baseball as the nation's favorite sport and many hold that basketball, not baseball, should have the title of our National Pastime, on the basis of its drawing power.

One would naturally think that such a popular game must be several hundred years old. The fact is that the year 1941 marks basketball's fiftieth anniversary. In 1891 a psychology professor at the Y. M. C. A. Training School in Springfield, Mass., suggested, as an exercise of some incentiveness, a game which could be played in a limited closed area by a specified number of contestants, adaptable to either sex. One of the more enterprising students, James Naismith, conceived the idea of a game to be played with five players on a side, the object of the game being to throw a round rubber ball through the opponents' goal, a peach basket suspended ten feet in the air at the end of the playing court. A few rules were established, and the world had basketball.

The propagation of Dr. Naismith's game has been phenomenal. Basketball began to spread rapidly through the Y. M. C. A.'s, then it was taken up by colleges and high schools all over the country. Groups of star basketballers formed teams and toured the United States, playing at every crossroad town which could scrap up a team

to oppose them. Their expertness usually meant that fancy shots, clever ball handling, and trick plays had to compensate for the unevenness of the match as a drawing attraction. Basketball thus became more popular, and soon spread to foreign countries. It is now a regular part of the Olympic program, and the team representing the United States has had little difficulty annexing the title for successive years.

Basketball, though only half a century old, has its own immortals, past and present, its Connie Macks and Joe DiMaggios, its Rocknes and Harmons. As long as it will be played the name of Dr. James Naismith will be remembered. Forrest C. Allen is the father of basketball coaches. Captain of the University of Kansas team in 1905, when basketball coaches were unheard of, Allen conceived the idea of coaching the game. He is now doing wonders at his Alma Mater by turning out top-rank teams from limited material.

Clair Bee came into prominence several years ago when his Long Island University "Blackbirds" went undefeated in forty-one consecutive games against top-flight competition. Bee annually conducts a clinic for basketball coaches, attended by men from every section of the country. When one thinks of great basketball coaches the names of George Keogan of Notre Dame, Nat Holman of C. C. N. Y., "Piggy" Anderson of Ohio State, Branch McCracken of Indiana and others too numerous to mention crowd into mind.

Probably the greatest of all basketball players was Nat Holman. After playing sensationally at C. C. N. Y. he became famous as a member of the Original Celtics. The Celtic team as it was first assembled is rated as the best ever organized, but today it cannot be ranked above some of the best college fives. Its stars live on, however. "Dutch" Denhart, center for the original team and originator of the pivot play, retired from active service only a few years ago. Davey Banks, midget clown who was another charter ember, is still taking part in the Celtics' schedule of almost a hundred and fifty games a year.

The more recent player who rivals Nat Halman more closely than any other is Hank Luisetti. Four years ago when playing at Stanford University, Hank became basketball's most publicized player when he continually baffled opponents with his ambidexterous single-hand shots from any place on the court. He set a record for scoring in a single game when in 1938 he made fifty points against Duquesne. Until this year he held the record for points scored in college play, being responsible for over a thousand of his team's points in the three years when he played. After graduating from Stanford he made a motion picture about basketball and was declared a professional. This year he was reinstated as an amateur and returned to prominence in his first game by scoring twenty-seven points for a West Coast athletic club, playing against his Alma Mater.

Ralph Vaughn, University of Southern California star, was the best known basketball player of the 1940 season. He was declared the best seen in Madison Square Garden since Luisetti and was elected to the All-American team. Basketball fans could spend hours debating the virtues of such aces as Bill Hapac, Stan Szukula, Dolly King, "Pinky" Lipscomb, and George Glamack.

Basketball even has its own Tex Rickard. A young man who saw a profit in sensational basketball programs sold his idea to the Madison Square Garden officials and the New York coaches and began to promote double-headers in the Garden. Teams from the South, the Midwest, and the Pacific Coast travel across the country to meet the best the East can offer. Thus Ned Irish, the promoter, has done as much as any other man in the interest of college basketball.

As in other sports, officiating is very important. It takes steady nerve and sharp eyes to see every move each player makes for forty minutes. Pat Kennedy, best known of modern referees, began his career at the age of fifteen. He now handles one game in every double-header played in the Garden, and is paid about seventy-five dollars a game. Combining showmanship with ability and tact,

Kennedy never fails to please the crowd, and usually satisfies the players.

Intersectional basketball competition presents an acute problem: rule interpretation. On the Pacific Coast, where referees are very liberal in their readings of the rules, a player is rarely given a free throw when he has been touched by an offensive player intending to block him. These Western players are at a decided disadvantage when playing under a strict New York official who calls a foul every time an offensive man gets within three feet of the man whom he is to block. This question of rule interpretation is now being studied by the Research Committee of the National Basketball Rules of the United States and Canada.

The most interesting situation in modern basketball is that the Eastern style of play is in definite contrast with that of the Middle West. The conflict between the two sections has developed into a real rivalry, not only among teams and coaches, but among sports writers as well. Hardly a week passed during the past basketball season without an article appearing discussing some phase of the argument.

The Eastern representatives, headed by Fordham, C. C. N. Y., St. John's, N. Y. U., Columbia, and L. I. U., play on the principle that their opponents can't score if they can't get possession of the ball. The emphasis is put on fakes, blocks, and deceptive passes in order to get a man open for a set shot. Clever headwork is essential, since few planned plays are called. In the heat of battle players must plan their blocks, breaks, and plays, all revolving around one definite system.

The Mid-Western teams, led by De Paul, Loyola, Indiana, Illinois, Northwestern, and Purdue, play a wide open game, pointing all their efforts toward putting the ball through the basket. This system of play has become known as "firehouse basketball" because of the fury with which the team rushes over the court. As soon as the team playing this system gets possession of the ball, five men tear down the floor in order to get a goal before the

defense is set. If this fails the offense gets set and plays are run until a goal is made or the ball lost.

Both systems have their advocates. "Phog" Allen is loud in praise of the Mid-Western system, especially his own particular defense, which he calls the "Stratified Transitional Man-for-Man Defense with the Zone Principle." Nat Holman and Clair Bee uphold the Eastern style of play. The different views have caused tempers to flare at meetings of the National Association of Basketball Coaches.

Basketball, the game which in fifty years has become the most extensively played sport in the United States, the game which in that short time has developed its roster of stars equal to that of any other sport, and which has come into such prominence that it is the subject of debate for leading sports writers of the nation, is truly the game which deserves the title, "National Pastime."

Dirge

Death took your form
But not your ecstasy.
I feel that yet,
In the pulse of seasons
Or singing in the night.

O.M.

Looking Up

● Louis Maher

FLYING is fun. Sure. It's important, too. But what's fun about flying? Well, that's a tough question with a million different sides. Let's start at the most natural place, the downwind side of an airfield. A new student, facing an entirely new experience, becoming part of a different world, sits in the rear seat of a cub and begins his job. I'm not saying it isn't work. It wouldn't be worth your time if it weren't, but this I know: start it once, and you will not be anxious to quit. That is the understatement of the year. You'll belong to flying every hour you can afford.

The first few lessons are on the commonplace things. These are the elements, turns, climbs, and coordination exercises. But unlike most others these fundamentals have all the thrill and excitement of anything that follows. Take-offs aren't hard, but the landings are. When both these are licked, the knees begin to shake. Solo! It's coming near. You want it, you dread it, you make it, and you can fly the pants off the world. At least you can go up and get down safely on your own. You get the idea?

All the hours you spend above the heads of men and the world are exciting. And then you come to earth for a moment. Wheels on the ground. Out of your chute. Is the fun over? Not by a long shot. It's hard to say what gives aviation its tight grip on your heart. Hanger flying or actual flying—they both have their points.

We are all hanger aces to some extent. On top of the desk, in chairs, sitting, standing, leaning, in every state of rest you see them. All have at least one thing in common—tales, stories, yarns. Call them what you like, but they all contain something of the thrill of flight. The beginner and his boners, the old hand and his memories, both add something to the conversation. The hands of the clock can make an extended tour of the face before material or interest wanes. There is always room for a good laugh. Take, for example, the epic-making bailout of the

very green student from four feet of altitude, or the scientific observation of another that "the wind socket isn't running."

But don't get the idea that these things are merely time killers. They are a different kind of ground school. There are varied wisdoms and experiences present which can add much to your store of practical aviation, and being part of them is a real honor. The flying game has its own special language. It's colorful, it's interesting, and it's not hard to acquire. Props, stalls, top rudder, skids, chute, ship, slip stream, and a thousand more go to make up this select vocabulary which entitles you to at least a listeners post at the show.

Actual defeat of gravity, or merely the discussion of a thing that does not grow old, opens to you a new world of interests and experiences, full of new people, old things in a new light, and new things that belong only to our generation. Yes, flying is fun.

And flying is important, to you, to industry, and to the nation. You may find little connection between these trainers and your future, but take your pick of any profession, and you will find the men in it combining flying and their work in such a way as to add color to their lives and, incidentally, figures to their bank account. Obviously, new flyers will create new demands for the products of industry. Perhaps you and I will one day refer to the "great American flying public."

Then too, national defense needs aviation and fliers. And should the coming days bring us to active war, the flier will have beds, better food, no mud, no dirt, no filth of ground conflict. The only clean thing left in modern warfare is the air.

If you want to look ahead, look up. If you look up, you will be looking ahead.

Tryst With Lucetra

• William Warren

THE fire crackled merrily, sending great sparks up the flue and throwing splashes of light into the faces of the party of travelers gathered about the huge hearth. The group sat or sprawled about, all in various attitudes of indolent ease, and each imbued with a sense of well-being, induced perhaps by the mugs of good German beer with which we had washed down our supper. Over by the corner of the fireplace sat Jules and Francois, the two French boys who had joined our party at Cologne. Next to Jules lay Blackburne, the Englishman, and, half asleep, her head on his shoulder, rested his sister, Rosalind. Then there was a German couple, Fritz and Elsbeth, and lastly, myself. Over in a corner, Hans, our guide, was examining a statue.

The figure was a masterpiece. It represented a Greek maiden kneeling beside the body of a handsome youth who had a dagger run through his breast. Lines of sorrow were indelibly impressed on the girl's face, and one could almost hear her sob. She was in the act of smoothing a lock of hair away from the forehead of the youth.

Conversation lagged for a moment, and then someone called, "Ho, Hans, come tell us a story." The suggestion met with immediate approval, for we had come to know that Hans was quite a story-teller. Smiling, Hans left the statue and went to the table, where he drew himself a mug of beer. Then, entering the circle of firelight, he seated himself tailor fashion and asked, "Would you like a story about that statue? There is a pretty legend as to how that boy got the knife in his heart."

There was a chorus of assent, and Hans settled himself more comfortably, stein in hand, and began thus:

"Once, long ago, there lived in Athens a little known sculptor by the name of Eleutherios. In his tiny shop he toiled day after day, fashioning only small statues in marble, for he was very poor, and not able to purchase enough stone from which to carve large figures. Then one day he chanced to find a purse containing quite a

sum of money lying in the gutter of a muddy street. Being an honest man, Eleutherios tried to find the owner of the money, but after searching without success for almost a month, he decided to purchase a large block of marble with the gold.

"After buying the marble and having it moved into his shop, Eleutherios thought for more than a year trying to decide what to carve. Finally he was inspired by the gods, and he set to work. Taking his mallet and chisel in hand, Eleutherios carefully began to mould the beautiful form of a young girl, and as he chiseled, the maiden seemed almost to come to life under his fingers. When at last the statue was finished, everyone who looked upon it declared that never before had there been such perfection. Many offered Eleutherios great sums of money for his work of art, but the sculptor had fallen in love with his masterpiece, and he vowed that he would never sell Lucetra, as he called the girl.

"But the gods did not will it so. Once again Eleutherios found himself in desperate straits, badly in need of money. Then a very rich man persuaded him to set the statue up in the marketplace, and when the figure had been placed on a pedestal in the center of the market, the rich man settled Eleutherios' debts.

"Eleutherios' fame quickly spread over all the world. People came from near and far to see the statue, and everyone who saw her immediately fell in love with the girl. A young soldier named Charilaos became so enamored of her that he swore he would never love another woman. Every night when all good Athenians were in bed, Charilaos would steal from his barracks and go to the marketplace where he would make love to the marble maiden.

"One day Charilaos met a magician called Theophrastus. Being interested in wizardry, he struck up quite a friendship with Theophrastus, and naturally in their conversations, the young man talked a great deal about Lucetra. Once Theophrastus let slip the remark that he could bring the statue to life if he wished. Charilaos begged him to do this, but the magician was afraid that there

might be a war over her among the young men if he did. Finally, however, Charilaos' pleadings prevailed against his fears, and Theophrastus told him, 'On top of a great mountain in northern Boeotia there lives a giant. This giant has great, golden horns filled with a powder which has wonderful magical properties. When you bring me some of this powder, I will bring the maid to life.'

"At once Charilaos set out on the long journey to the country of Boeotia, and after many hardships he met and overcame the great ogre. Cutting off the huge fellow's horns, he poured the powder in them into a sack he had brought for the purpose. Then the brave soldier returned to Athens and gave the powder to Theophrastus. The old sorcerer took the powder and poured a little of it into a tiny vase which he gave to Charilaos. These are the instructions which he gave to his young friend: 'Tonight after everyone has gone to bed, and when the moon is brightest, take a bit of the powder and sprinkle it on the statue. Then repeat these words, and the girl will come to life.' Here he told Charilaos three words, which no one knows today, since Theophrastus and Charilaos alone ever knew them, and they died long ago. 'You may stay with her until midnight,' continued Theophrastus, 'but then you must leave her, for she will become marble again, and if she is touching you, you also will turn into cold stone. On the seventh night she will not resume her marble form, but will remain forever as a beautiful young girl.'

"Charilaos thanked the wizard and went home. Eagerly and impatiently he awaited the coming of night and the moon. Finally the sun set, and after a time all the lights of the city were dimmed, and Athens slept. With pounding heart, Charilaos hurried to the marketplace. Sprinkling the powder on the statue, he murmured the three mystic words.

"For a moment he noticed no change. Then by the silver light of the moon, he saw her skin brighten and take on a rosy hue. The blankness left her eyes, and they turned brown and smiled with her coral lips. Her hair became black, and he saw a strand of it blow outward as

a gentle breeze caressed her. He put out his hand and touched her. No longer was she cold marble—it was warm, living flesh that he felt.

“Charilaos stared, and Lucetra smiled. Then, overcome by his passion for her, he took her in his arms and kissed her. The girl did not resist his amorous attentions, and time passed quickly for Charilaos. Luckily he remembered his promise to Theophrastus, and he managed to take leave of his sweetheart before midnight. Looking back over his shoulder as he left, he saw Lucetra resume her position on the pedestal and return to her marble form. Charilaos was unable to sleep the rest of the night, and it seemed to him that the next day would never pass. That night, however, the same performance was repeated, and the next night. On the fourth night Charilaos as usual sprinkled a bit of the powder over Lucetra, and once again she glowed with life.

“Now it happened that Eleutherios had had a hard day’s work and had had to stay at his shop until late on this particular night. Shortly before midnight, he finished his task, and pulling on his cloak, he put out the lamp and started homeward. As he walked, Eleutherios thought of Lucetra, and he decided to go through the marketplace and see her. When he entered the forum, the sculptor looked eagerly toward the center of the place where his statue should have been, but to his vast astonishment, the statue was gone, and sitting on the pedestal were two young people. Eleutherios ran toward them, asking if they had seen his statue. Then he recognized the girl as Lucetra.

“Greatly surprised and terribly dismayed by what he saw, and almost blinded by tears of rage, Eleutherios drew his dagger and plunged it into the breast of the young soldier, who fell backward across the pedestal. Then the old sculptor turned to Lucetra and tried to seize her in his arms. But she evaded him and rushed, sobbing, to Charilaos. At this, Eleutherios cried out in his rage and sorrow, and then he ran and leapt to his death in the public well of the market place.

“Lucetra cried over Charilaos as if her heart would

break. Then the fateful hour of midnight arrived, and Lucetra turned once more and forever back into her marble form. With one hand she was smoothing a lock of hair from Charilaos' face, and her other hand rested on his left shoulder so Charilaos, too, became a marble figure. When the sun rose, all Athens came and saw the strange thing and marveled."

The fire had died down until nothing remained except the glowing embers. Then a final spark flamed brightly, and in the flickering light, I would have sworn I saw the maiden's hand move in a last loving caress across the forehead of her sweetheart.

The Corn Was Green

I lay in the gutter and looked at the sky,
And watched the pink elephants slowly march by;
Now some were so short, and some were so tall,
But a small polka-dot one was cutest of all.

I lay there just watching, I know not how long,
When a trio of goldfish came singing a song;
The first was a tenor, the second a bass,
The third danced a tango with no little grace.

Finally my head cleared, my friends were all gone,
It wasn't a goldfish that sang me a song,
But only three drunks staggering along.

Harry Alexander.

And Day's At The Morn

● David Loveman

A PLAY IN ONE ACT

(Scene: A sitting-room in the country home of Carrie Lester. It is a room that echoes its owner, oppressive and stiff, crowded with furniture of thirty or forty years back. Suffocating heavy drapes hide tall windows on the back wall; and a fire place, eternally cheerless, is centered between them. To the left a narrow stairway leads up and off to the second floor, carpeted once richly, now faded and worn. Everything is hard and uncomfortable. Even the tall clock that shrinks into the back right corner, the one nice thing in the place, seems haughty, unfriendly. There is something unhealthy about the room, reflected in the face of Miss Carrie, who sits rigidly in a chair a little left from center by a table that bears a lighted lamp and a Bible. Miss Carrie is perhaps fifty, perhaps sixty; dressed in a long ungraceful black dinner dress, she might be mistaken for a figure of wax, so unbending is her appearance. Her hair is almost white, carefully but unbecomingly arranged. Her hands folded in her lap, she glances now and then about the room with unwavering eyes and compressed, colorless lips. It is an old maid's room. It is Miss Carrie's favorite place.)

From a door at the foot of the stairs down left a middle aged maid enters. She too is in black, but her dress is relieved with the white of her tiny apron. A knock at the door across the room and out right has brought her from the back of the house. She doesn't glance at her mistress as she hurries to open the door. After a moment she is back, standing at the door.)

MAID: It's the doctor, ma'am.

MISS CARRIE: Show him in, Mary, and bring some tea.

(The maid nods and leaves. Soon Dr. Broughtman, a kindly old man of about Miss Carrie's age, but seeming much younger through his own exuberance, comes in.)

DOCTOR: Good evening, Carrie.

MISS CARRIE: Good evening, Charles. I'm glad you've

come. I haven't been feeling the least bit well. It's my heart again.

DOCTOR: Stop being such a child, Carrie. There's nothing in the world wrong with you. Your heart's every bit as good as mine.

MISS CARRIE :Very well, Charles. You should know.

(The doctor sighs, goes to her, listening to her heart and feeling her pulse. He takes a bottle from his bag and places it on the table.)

DOCTOR: This will make you comfortable, I believe. It will make you sleep. (He pauses for a moment.) Carrie . . .

MISS CARRIE: Yes, Charles?

DOCTOR: So Jeffry has come.

MISS CARRIE: (allowing her eyes to drop for the first time) Yes, Charles. He's been here almost a week now. He looks very well. I have wanted you to see him. He's a nice looking boy, almost handsome.

DOCTOR: (hesitantly) Like his father. (Miss Carrie stiffens.) It still hurts doesn't it? So that's it. That's why you've drawn more and more into yourself. You can't forget. Thirty years ago, and you can't forget . . . nor forgive.

MISS CARRIE: Why should I? He took my life from me. Do you think I wanted to turn into a sour old maid? Do you think it didn't hurt to leave my love and youth with him?

DOCTOR: But Carrie . . . thirty years. You can't hold hate in your heart that long.

CARRIE: From the day he left me, I never saw him again, nor her—even though she was my sister. I never went to their home, nor they to mine. I cut them out of me, and life with them.

DOCTOR: And Jeffry . . .

CARRIE: I don't know, Charles, I don't know. All these years I've pretended he was mine. And when they died, I wanted him here with me. But this was no place for a boy—this empty house, these lonely rooms. And I . . . I couldn't be company for him. I who was old and bitter. He loved his mother as much as I hated her.

DOCTOR: So you sent him away to school.

CARRIE: Yes, through high school and then college. And during vacations he traveled. I wouldn't let him come here. But now . . . when he finished school, I sent for him to come to me. And this week, Charles, this one week that he's been here has brought it all back. Everything he does, every move he makes, the way he smiles—just like his father. It's hurt.

DOCTOR: Then why not send him away again?

CARRIE: Because with that hurt has come happiness. Somehow I almost feel young again, and all those years I've missed are still before me. Sometimes, when I'm all alone in my room, I think that he's with me again, and everything is as it should have been.

DOCTOR: O Carrie, you shouldn't. You're only keeping that hurt alive. And what of Jeffry? You can't feed some old love through him. He's young. He has a right to live a normal life, to marry and go his own way.

CARRIE: He's mine. He's all that's keeping me alive, Charles.

(The maid comes in with tea. For a moment they sit in silence and drink.)

CARRIE: Jeffry will be in soon, Charles. He told me he would be in early tonight. Perhaps you could wait and see him.

DOCTOR: I would like to, but I have an engagement. Carrie, think about what I've said. You know I'm right.

CARRIE: (replacing her cup on the table as if ending the conversation) You don't understand. I shall handle this my own way.

DOCTOR: Then, there's nothing more I can say. I had hoped for your sake that Jeffry would mean the end of all this bitterness. I'm sorry for you, Carrie. (He rises) I must go. Thank you for the tea. I'll drop in again soon. This thing's in your hands. God help you.

CARRIE: (stiffly again, without looking at him) Good evening, Charles.

DOCTOR: (as he takes his bag) Good evening. (He hurries out.)

(Miss Carrie is left alone. She is as she was at the rise of the curtain. From off right is heard the sound of the

doctor leaving. Then suddenly voices. It is Jeffry. He speaks indistinctly with the doctor. A girl's voice is heard in the conversation too. The door closes as the doctor leaves. Jeffry and a young girl enter the room. The girl is attractive, not beautiful, but smartly dressed, radiating happiness—a charming girl, well bred, friendly. Jeffry, holding her hand, brings her closer to his aunt. Miss Carrie does not speak. She has grown afraid. Her hands clasp and unclasp nervously in her lap.)

JEFFRY: (a little benignly) Aunt Carrie, this is Charlotte.

CHARLOTTE: (coming closer) I'm so glad to know you, Miss Lester. I feel . . .

CARRIE: (without expression) How do you do, my dear?

JEFFRY: (after a pause that is almost uncomfortable) I wanted Charlotte to meet you, Aunt Carrie. You see we . . . we . . .

CARRIE: Yes, Jeffry?

JEFFRY: (lamely) We're very good friends.

CARRIE: I see. (to Charlotte) Sit down, please. Tea?

CHARLOTTE: (smiling unfeelingly) Thank you.

CARRIE: Jeffry?

JEFFRY: No thanks. I'm going to run along and dress. I'll leave you to get acquainted. And I'll be listening, so don't talk about me. (He smiles and pats Charlotte's hand.) I'll be back in a moment. (He goes to the foot of the stairs and turns back to them.) I want you to like each other . . . you two, whom I love most in the world. (He leaves.)

MISS CARRIE: (after a moment's pause, in which Charlotte drinks her tea uncomfortably) Charlotte . . .

CHARLOTTE: Yes?

MISS CARRIE: (looking beyond her, speaking slowly, distinctly, distastefully) I'm very glad you've come, my dear. Jeffry has spoken of you often. His happiness means so much to me. I . . . (she pauses)

CHARLOTTE: (relaxing, pleased; sure, now, of her ground.) Of course, Miss Lester. And I've wanted to meet

you. I know how kind you've been to Jeff, all you've done for him, and I love you for that. And I want to keep on loving you, as Jeff does.

MISS CARRIE: (unsmiling, her gaze deliberately avoiding the girl) You've known each other quite a while, then. I didn't know that you were . . .

CHARLOTTE: Engaged? Well, you see, we . . . we haven't exactly set a date or anything. We wanted to talk to you first.

MISS CARRIE: (bitterly) That's very kind of you, my dear. After all, I believe I do have something to say in the matter. That's why I'm glad you've come tonight.

CHARLOTTE: Yes? (Her tone has made her suspicious.)

MISS CARRIE: By birth I have no claim to Jeffry, as you know. But you must know too, my dear, that there are some ties stronger than birth. I shan't evade the issue, Charlotte. I shall speak to you quite frankly. Jeffry will never marry you as long as I'm alive.

CHARLOTTE: (half rising) What are you saying?

MISS CARRIE: (motioning her back) I am an old woman, Charlotte. All my life I have been denied love and happiness. Until Jeffry came into this house, I was lonely and afraid. I do not believe that it is too much to expect that Jeffry shall remain with me for these last, few years.

CHARLOTTE: (relieved) But, Miss Lester, I'm not taking him away. You could live with us, or we here. I'm not taking him away—I'm merely asking you to share him with me.

MISS CARRIE: I'm afraid that isn't enough. I've waited all these years for him and for his love. He's mine now, and I want no one, no one sharing him.

CHARLOTTE: Of course he's yours; but he's mine too. A man's love isn't a thing that's solid or indivisible. He can love you as much as you want, and still have love, a different love, for me. I don't demand of him the love he owes you. Why should you be jealous of the little he gives to me? Please understand me. I see your point. I've never intended to come between you and Jeff. But I love him too, with all my heart I love him. And I have a right, as you have a right, to expect his love in return.

MISS CARRIE: I did not expect you to understand, Charlotte. I'm only telling you that you will never have Jeffry. Once before in my life I let another woman stand in the way of my love. I am not accustomed to make the same mistake twice.

CHARLOTTE: What do you intend to do. You know that Jeffry loves me. He has asked me to marry him, and I've accepted.

MISS CARRIE: (smiling, for the first time) You think, my dear, that if he must choose between us, he'll choose you. I wouldn't be too sure. Jeffry owes me a great deal. I shall not hesitate to make the most of that debt. I am an old woman. My heart is bad. My doctors have told me I cannot live much longer. Jeffry will do nothing to hasten my death. He will not leave me for you, when he knows how deeply I care, or how greatly I can be hurt. He is too much a gentleman, too grateful for all I have done for him to break my heart, to kill me.

CHARLOTTE: (rising defiantly now) So that's it. You'll turn his gratitude into chains that will bind him to you. I've heard of women like you, selfish women, that so suffocate a man with love he can't breathe any other life. And you'd keep him here, (she looks about distastefully) here in this horrible place, breathing this atmosphere of . . .

MISS CARRIE: I think you've said enough. We understand each other, I believe. My claim on Jeffry comes first. I shall see that my claim is respected.

CHARLOTTE: (cruelly) Yes. And what shall you tell him when he comes down those stairs and walks out of this house . . . forever?

MISS CARRIE: He won't leave this house.

CHARLOTTE: (lowering her eyes; defeated) No, I believe you're right. Very well, you win. But remember this when you sit alone with him here, smothering him with your money and sickness—he'll only be sitting here, waiting for you to die. You're old, and each day you'll grow older. He'll sit here watching you, waiting, waiting for you to die, so he can come to me. Remember that. He loves me.

MISS CARRIE: (rising) I'll show you to the door. (Charlotte turns abruptly and leaves. Miss Carrie follows for a few steps, then turns. She has won her first victory. She goes slowly back to her chair. The maid comes in to remove the tea tray. After a moment, Jeffry comes down the stairs. He is in evening clothes. He stops midway on the steps.)

JEFFRY: Why, where's Charlotte?

MISS CARRIE: (slowly) She said she couldn't wait. She left word for you not to come tonight. She wasn't feeling well. I . . .

JEFFRY: But I can't understand. She knew we were going to the club.

MISS CARRIE: Perhaps there are a lot of things you don't quite understand, Jeffry.

JEFFRY: (abstractly) What?

MISS CARRIE: Of course, she is a nice girl, Jeffry. It's not that I have any objection to her . . . but you're not really serious about this marriage?

JEFFRY: Of course, I'm serious. That's why I wanted you to meet her. Oh, Aunt Carrie, you haven't said anything to make her angry?

MISS CARRIE: (hurt) Jeffry, you know I wouldn't. But I have plans for you. Such nice plans, Jeffry.

JEFFRY: I'm sorry, Aunt Carrie, but Charlotte and I are going to be married—soon.

MISS CARRIE: I have no intention of interfering with your life. But . . . but so soon Jeffry—you're so young!

JEFFRY: I'm old enough to know that I love her and she loves me. That's all that matters.

MISS CARRIE: Very well. I shan't say any more about it. I don't mind being left alone—now that you've finished with me.

JEFFRY: Oh, Aunt Carrie! Please.

MISS CARRIE: I understand. You can go to her. I don't mind. I won't last much longer.

JEFFRY: Why do you say these things? You know they're not true. You know how grateful I am to you. I've never thought of leaving you. I only wanted the three of us to be happy.

MISS CARRIE: It won't work that way, Jeffry. I'm old and alone. I have no place in the lives of you two who are young and in love.

JEFFRY: We'll talk about this later. I'm going to her now.

(He starts to the door. Miss Carrie rises slowly, holding unsteadily onto her chair.)

MISS CARRIE: Yes, of course. I might have known. She has everything that I can't offer you . . . youth and laughter, but . . . but . . . (she puts her hands to her heart. She speaks in whispers) Jeffry, Jeffry, I . . . I . . . (Her breath comes in gasps) Oh, Jeffry, don't leave me—not now. Quick, Jeffry, quick . . . my heart . . . my heart.

(He runs to her as she sinks in her chair. He goes to the door, calling the maid but there is no answer. He is frightened, uncertain of what to do.)

JEFFRY: Are you all right, Aunt Carrie? I'll call the doctor.

MISS CARRIE: (weakly) No, no. I'll be all right. Help me to my room. Jeffry. I . . . I want to lie down.

JEFFRY: Of course. (He helps her rise. They go slowly to the stairs and begin to climb. She leans heavily upon him.) You're sure, Aunt Carrie? Perhaps, I'd better call Dr. Broughtman.

MISS CARRIE: No, child, thank you. I'll be all right as soon as I rest a bit. I shouldn't get excited. He's warned me so often, but I was so afraid of losing you. (They are almost at the top.) But you won't leave me now, Jeffry—not alone in this house. (She holds onto his arm desperately.) You'll stay, won't you, Jeffry? I need you so much.

JEFFRY: Of course, Aunt Carrie, of course. (He looks back at the door for a moment as if looking for Charlotte. Then slowly they go into the room and close the door. The lights dim until the stage is dark.)

(The lights in rising reveal the room in semi-darkness, for though it is morning the heavy drapes succeed in absorbing all sunlight, except for a few stray beams that have managed to evade the dark folds. The room is empty, and there is the feeling of the flatness that follows an emotional crisis. Soon, from the left, the maid enters and

begins to dust imaginary specks from the furniture. A moment later, the door at the top of the stairs opens and Miss Carrie enters. Her dress is the same, though rump-
led, and her hair, slightly disarranged, shows she has not
changed during the night. She descends the stairs slowly.
She has aged considerable through the hours.)

MAID: Good morning, ma'am. (Her voice is light, as
if she knew a secret.)

MISS CARRIE: (flatly) Don't bother with breakfast,
Mary. I'm afraid I can't eat.

MAID: (concerned) Yes, ma'am.

MISS CARRIE: You'd better see if Mr. Jeffry is awake.
He'll have his breakfast as usual.

MAID: But Mr. Jeffry's already up. He . . . (she hesi-
tates, uncertain how to proceed.)

MISS CARRIE: (at her chair again) Yes?

MAID: He must have left quite early, ma'am, for he
came back . . . You're sure you're all right? He told me
you'd been ill.

MISS CARRIE: (impatiently) Of course, I'm all right.
What about Mr. Jeffry?

MAID: Wouldn't you like me to call the doctor. If
you've been ill . . .

MISS CARRIE: (sharply) What about Mr. Jeffry?

MAID: Well, ma'am, he came back, as I said—early
this morning, when I'd first come—and he . . . he left a
message for you, ma'am.

MISS CARRIE: (frightened) A message! What did he
say?

MAID: It's a note, ma'am. (She goes to a table in the
corner and picks up the envelope.) I was to give it to you
at breakfast. If you were better.

MISS CARRIE: Give it to me. (She takes it from the
maid, but sits slowly, holding it in her hand, aware of
what it says, afraid to open it.)

MAID: (Taking up her duster again, busy at her work,
not noticing her mistress.) You'll pardon me, ma'am, but
I must say I'm glad. Mr. Jeffry's such a nice young man.
(Miss Carrie begins to open the note and read.) Yes,
ma'am, he told me all about it. I do hope he and Miss
Charlotte will be very happy, ma'am. (She opens the

curtains, admitting a burst of sunshine. Miss Carrie stares unseeingly at the note.) My, isn't it a beautiful morning. It's almost spring. (Miss Carrie has risen, the note dropping to the floor. She walks slowly towards the steps, staring ahead of her. The maid's voice drones on monotonously.) The garden will soon be in bloom. You'll have a nice walk this morning. It's such a lovely day . . . (almost coy) . . . for the beginning of a honeymoon.

MISS CARRIE: (She has begun to climb the stairs. Her voice is restrained, calm, yet broken.) Yes, Mary, it **is** a beautiful day. (She mounts slowly.) Send for Dr. Broughtman. I . . . shall be in . . . my room . . .

Curtain





SPRING HILL QUARTERLY

Summer, 1941

Company of Love

Fala's Folly

Southern Ghosts

America on Wheels







SPRING HILL QUARTERLY

SUMMER, 1941

Editor: Claude Dahmer, Jr.

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THE LAKE BY NIGHT

Night fragrance of the forest,
The friendly fingers
Of trailing moss.
Deep in the quiet
The lingering call of a bird.
The far-away tinkle of a bell,
Tall pines against a sifting moon
Reflected in black water—
Eternity above
Infinity below.

CALDWELL DELANEY



ACQUAINTANCE

He is an unpatched street.
The flaws and faults within his surface
Catch all the dirt and filth
That come his way.
Shallow and deep,
They splash and soil
Any who chance near him.

TAYLOR PECK

The Stalk

● Adrian Lee

THE blue clad scout stood woodenly still in the middle of the road, listening intently. He had been swinging along rapidly in the hot sunlight, and the blood pounding in his temples made hearing difficult. Shifting the Enfield from right hand to left, he fished a cartridge from the pouch at his belt and slipped it into the rifle breech. From around the turn in the pike there came to him through hammering pulses the pad of boots in sand. Quickly he turned and stepped into the thicket. The ground shelved away from the road and he misjudged his footing, treading heavily on a twig. At the same time a blue jay shrilled off in the pines, and the Union scout hoped that the tiny snap would be lost in the blue jay's whistle; but the gray uniformed scout, rounding the bend, heard the branch crack. Turning quickly, he saw a patch of blue disappearing in the coppice. His rifle leapt shoulderward, but his eye peering through the sight met only green leaves.

In a second or two the Yankee soldier deep in the thicket would face about and bring his rifle to bear on the road. The Confederate scout, wincing the while in expectation of a bullet between the shoulder blades, hurled his rifle over the fence on the other side of the road and followed it headlong. The rifle had landed in a tangle of briars, and he fell across it numbing his elbow on the iron shod butt. Instinctively he had closed his eyes as he dove, and he came off with only lacerations. He had not yet regained his feet when a ball ploughed into the fence post a foot from his head. He had snatched up his carbine and was deep in the spinney before the Federal scout had finished reloading.

Screened from the road he sat on his heels with the Enfield across his knees. It was nearly noon and the bushes cast almost no shadow. The blood had already crusted in the scratches, and his face felt dry and taut. Putting his rifle down with a pile of leaves between the breech

and the sand, he took several swallows from his canteen, rinsing his mouth carefully with the last. Then balling his bandana, he moistened it at the mouth of the canteen and daubed gingerly at the cuts. Next he unbuttoned his breast pocket and took out a sack of tobacco and a scrap of coarse brown paper and with practised fingers rolled a cigarette. He smoked for a time, his forehead raveled in thought.

In front of him was a small bush at which he first stared unseeingly and then with sudden interest. He had trampled on it in his dash from the road, and it was now slowly straightening up. Action came on the heels of the idea. He cast a hurried glance behind him to where the thicket was brought up sharply by a stand of pine. Leaving his gun, he crawled through the coppice towards the road deliberately breaking twigs and brushing against the seedling pine. The last few yards he did on his stomach. There was no movement from across the pike, but the blue scout had heard his noisy passage and was waiting with leveled rifle for a glimpse of gray cloth. The fence post stood directly in front of him split by the bullet from top to bottom. Catching one of the bushes by the stem he bent it to the ground and hung his cap on the topmost branch. Hastily he beat a soundless retreat to his carbine. With the Enfield slung across his back he entered the woods. Finding a pine well hidden by its fellows, he removed his boots and attempted to shinny up.

The rough bark broke away in the first two trips, and he succeeded in only hurting his shins. At length he gained a foothold on a knot and thus brought within arm's length the lowest branch. He swung himself up and stood in the tree. He climbed till a faint crack warned him that the higher branches would not sustain his weight. Unslinging his rifle he wedged himself in a crotch. Breaking away several branches he made a loophole and was able to look through the tiny gap between the two trees in front. The gully lay before him. He scanned it thoroughly but nowhere was able to detect a bit of blue cloth or flash of metal. The blue scout in reconnoitering his position had noticed the strategic placement of the trees and

had hidden himself well against the possibility of a bullet directed from the woods.

The afternoon heat had set the sap running, and the air was heavy with the smell of resin. A minute went by and then the blue scout fired. With a dry crack the ball hummed through the spinney and thudded into a tree trunk. The Confederate soldier had marked the telltale jet of flame and poking his carbine through the loophole sent a ball whistling across the road into the thicket. The wind snatched the plume of smoke from the gun barrel, and the echoes went crashing away into the forest.

THE THINKER

Alone he sits in silence,
A fool to his fellowman.
Alone with his thoughts,
And alone with himself
To ponder the world as it goes.
Its every idea was his in time
And he nurtured its very deeds.

The breezes press upward and around him!
The heavens, alone, pass above,
While man, like clay on a rainy day,
Lies dormant and still at his feet,
Awaiting the life only he can give,
And his thoughts to shape their way.

Despised by the world,
Unknown to his friends,
He'll sit alone through the years,
And rule, with a power that's greater than might,
His eternal possession, the world.

HARRY AMOS

Unfinished Symphony

● David Loveman

MICHAEL Mallock, pausing midway in the sonata he had been playing, lit himself a cigarette and stared coldly at the piano keys before him. He couldn't play any more, there was no use trying. He turned quickly from the piano, his eyes unconsciously imprinting on his mind the details of the room. Funny, he thought, how your brain revolts. He stood there, glancing about him, noticing the crystal ash tray out of place. He wasn't thinking of Susan, only of the room. Somehow he couldn't think of Susan, because he wanted to, and trying to force himself to think of her, he found himself watching for the hundredth time the way the sunlight fell through the blinds in zig-zagging slots of yellow upon the rug.

Susan had done this room for him. The walls, stripped in brown, chocolate and cream, the deep green rug, his desk in white leather, soft, colorful chairs, his books and piano—all these were as much Susan as the perfume she wore, and the funny shade of corn-silk that was her hair. She had had the room done for him while they were on tour. He remembered how she brought him in, watching for the surprise in his eyes, her own still alight and proud from the rave notices his concerts had received. "Do you like it, darling?" she had said. Like it! Why shouldn't he like it! It was Susan—rich and warm and comforting.

Susan! He heard her moving about upstairs, hurrying, as though she had only a moment. She is in her room packing, he thought, packing all her things, her gowns and slippers, coats and hats, even her perfume. She is taking everything. Only this room will be left of her. He put out his cigarette, automatically replacing the crystal ash tray on the desk where it should have been. He rang for a drink, and, turning back to the piano, began to play softly.

Susan Mallock, alone in her room, heard faintly the music he played. For a moment she stood there, listening, a trace of a smile upon her lips. Slowly she turned back

to her packing, folding everything carefully, methodically, placing brushes and mirrors tenderly in her dressing case, careful that her perfume would not spill.

There was no feeling within her, nothing that would give a clue to the emotions she had gone through, only a slight trembling of her hands, an intake of her breath as she lifted Michael's picture from her dressing table and placed it in her trunk. Only a few moments more, a few minutes and she would leave. She glanced about the room, trying to remember what she had forgotten, yet seeing as she had done all morning the emptiness of the place, the almost fantastic disorder that had invaded her room. Michael's picture was gone and the crystal candelabra seemed isolated upon the mirrored top of her dressing table. No combs, no brushes, no tiny bottles holding perfume that he had given her. The room was empty and silent. The music from downstairs had stopped.

It was funny the way Michael's playing affected her. He was not good, she knew—popular, dynamic, appealing, almost hypnotic, but not good, not really good. He played a lot, practiced constantly, and it was beautiful. And he could be good—she knew that, too. He had technique, but somehow it was empty . . . like this room . . . perfect to the outward eye . . . rich in color and beautiful . . . but only a shell . . . nothing of the little things that transform a pattern into living. There was no living in his music, not even the touch of the things that were life. That's why she was leaving. She could fill empty rooms, make them live for him, but she couldn't put into his music what was not there.

She tried not to remember yesterday, but it was there and the words today seemed as empty as the room. She had known for a long time that it must come. It was yesterday morning, at breakfast . . .

Michael never read his reviews until breakfast. He lowered the paper and faced her across the table.

"Was it that bad, Susan?" he asked.

She stirred her coffee idly, not looking at him. "I'm afraid it was, darling." She found his eyes and saw they were hurt. "Oh, Michael, don't be hurt, but you must

have known. It's been there all the time. I've seen it and heard it and been afraid."

"Then, you agree with them. You think I'm finished."

"No, Michael. No, not finished. I've been afraid of this, yet I wanted it to come. You couldn't go on the way you were. You needed this, needed something to make you see. You must have something more than the hands of a musician to be one."

Was this Susan saying these things to him? Susan, sitting across from him at breakfast, telling him he could not play? He did not answer her.

"Don't you see, Michael? There's nothing to your music. It's all mechanics, fingers playing notes, not your heart."

"Not my heart . . . !"

"No, Michael, not your heart. You haven't lived, darling, no musician can really play until he has lived. You've always had everything, too much of it—talent, technique, money, fame, everything. But, darling, you need more than that. I hoped once that I could give you that, that my love would make you live, make your music breathe and be alive. But I was wrong. I suppose I've failed you, just as you've failed me."

"You've never failed me, Susan."

"Then, maybe that's the trouble. I've been like everything else you've had. My life has been centered around you. I've always been here when you needed me, praising you, trying to help you. And you accepted it, Michael, took it for granted. It was what you expected. As your wife I was just something else, another investment that life had made for you."

His eyes were growing cold as he watched her and he answered slowly, deliberately.

"And what would you suggest? Perhaps you know the answer too!"

"Perhaps I do." She was not angry, nor hurt by his words. It was all a part of him. He was still a child.

"Well?"

"I'm . . . I'm leaving you, Michael."

"Not if you love me, Susan."

"Because I love you, darling."

She watched him grow afraid. For the first time in his

life he was faced with something he couldn't grasp or solve.

"What will I do without you?"

"That's what I want you to find out, Michael. I'm not running out on you, not because you received bad notices, nor because I think you're through. It's to give you a chance, Michael, to give us both a chance. You see, darling, your music has kept you from being a good husband . . . I've kept you from being a good musician."

"That's not true, Susan."

"If it weren't the truth I would never leave you. If I didn't have faith in you and in your music, if I didn't think that without me you could find yourself, I'd stay with you. But I'm leaving."

"Then, there's nothing I can say."

"No, Michael."

He rose without looking at her and she watched him go. It was over. Soon she heard his car leave the drive. She left her breakfast unfinished.

All day he had not returned. He didn't call. Somehow the house seemed lonely. She started to pack.

Lying awake she heard him return. It was almost dawn and from his study downstairs she heard him playing.

She breakfasted in her room, instructing her maid in her packing. Now she stood here, surrounded by her bags and trunks, aware of the silence that followed his music. If he had only come to her! Perhaps she was wrong, perhaps they could have worked it out together. But he had gone. He hadn't tried to see her, or talk to her.

Now she was leaving. She had only to lock the trunks and drive away, only a few moments more in this house with him. But that was time. Perhaps he would come, ask her not to leave, tell her he needed her. And she knew she would stay. If he needed her she would stay.

She heard the sound of steps climbing the stairs. He was coming. Oh, Michael, she thought. The knock at the door was so like him, soft and gentle. She opened the door, hearing a car drive away in the distance.

Her maid stood there holding flowers out to her, flowers and a card. She took them and read the card.

"Good luck," it said. It was signed "Michael."

What Every Teacher Should Know

● Harry Alexander

THERE is a class of people on every campus that has too long lingered in the shadows of obscurity. It is time that these persons be brought into the full light of day and be known for what they are. Do you wonder who they could be? Kidnappers, robbers, murderers? No, far worse than these. They are the "slicks." For those who may not be acquainted with this blight on humanity, I will define a slick. A slick is a person who by one of several methods plays up to a professor, or professors, for the material gain that he may derive therefrom.

A slick is not as easily recognizable as a person who has B. O. or the hives—a fact which renders him even more obnoxious. Out of class he is perfectly normal; he may be admired for his sterling qualities. But once in class he is a changed man. He no longer knows friendship. If it will advance his cause to remind the professor of the assignment he gave a month ago which he and the rest of the students have completely forgotten, the slick will not hesitate to tell the professor. This is probably the most detestable kind of "slick job" because of its stinging effect on the other students.

Another annoying variety is found in the person who is trying to pass a course about which he knows nothing. He works in the hope that if he shows an extraordinary amount of interest in the course he will be passed on effort. To manifest this extraordinary amount of interest, he continually asks what he believes to be intelligent questions which may or may not have anything to do with the subject at hand. This type is most easily spotted and inevitably winds up behind the well known and overcrowded eight ball.

Another slick, first cousin to the one just exposed, is he who always has a "real life tale" remotely concerning the problem at hand. This species thrives best in the social sciences, economics, law, and like courses.

The last and the runner up for most repulsive is the martyr type. He sits quietly in the front row during the

whole class, not letting out the slightest peep, with a somewhat puzzled expression on his absorbed features. But as soon as the bell rings and class is out, he immediately swings into his act. He lingers around collecting books until all the other students have left, then strolls up to the instructor to do his "job." He will mention the fact that he thought the lecture was very interesting and he thoroughly enjoyed it, BUT for the life of him he cannot understand how that third problem works out. He stayed up till twelve o'clock last night and tried to work it, but it just wouldn't come out. The other fellows went up to see "prof" about it, but he wanted to get the answer himself or not at all, although he knew he might fail as a result. This martyr attitude is designed to make the professor think that he has "that spirit that teachers like to see."

So now that I have done my deed for humanity in general you must pardon me, because I have an accounting problem here that I just can't get. I could ask "prof" about it, but I'd rather fail than . . .

TO VICTORY

Throw down the stars,
And let the emptiness portray
The solemn want.

From some past time
Tear out the broken shaft of lead,
And let it fall.

The silence kills,
With swift assurance, words of few,
But everlastingly.

Look, you who mock defeat,
And see the ancient fault
On many sightless minds
That rub the salt of shame
Into the wounds of hate.

TAYLOR PECK

Crippled Dreams

● John Goetz

I had awakened. I had been dreaming. Suffering, no comfort, unkept. But I must be brave. It's my bravery that keeps me going. I am my biggest battle. There is nothing left as my dream told me—my life echoes the same cry. Then what is my destination? I had one once, but that went when I went—one stroke of fate took everything except this half of a body.

I was somebody once. As a youth I was carefree and happy; as a young man I was well liked and showed signs of ability. But fate had to step in. It had to snatch away from me—everything. I was an orphan. You might call it that. But, more exactly, it was that I had no dependents, and I was no one's dependent. My hands were full taking care of myself. Yes, I was my own keeper, and I was a dreamer—a dreamer of glorious dreams where I was the most gigantic success possible, married to Elizabeth Burns, my childhood sweetheart, and was something of an athlete, besides being an influential politician. But these were daydreams from behind a department store counter.

My greatest accomplishment in our little town was my friends, and I valued them highly, but never to the extent of asking them for anything. I was an individualist and meant to stay that way. Folks complimented me ever so often on my thoughtfulness and my smile. I had things to be happy about; my dreams, they predicted great things. Life is subtle.

Then on one of those three-day department store vacations I escaped to the big city for what I thought would be diversion and rest. It was something new, and I did get a rest, five months in a hospital. A cheerless, grim, broken, half of a man—a street-car amputation. Where was the happy store clerk and his ambitions now? Where was the independent soul and his success dreams? My Elizabeth, my counter, my favorite customers had seen the last of me. I had lots of friends, but I was independent. I couldn't go back and let them see me, this half of

me. I wouldn't. I didn't want folks to have to say, "Sorry to hear about your accident, Alec." No, I, a different I, was starting a new life.

Years passed like a dream, and I returned home, wheelchair and all, a changed person, a changed name in a changing generation. I am a saw filer and a good one.

Enough of dreams. I must get up. It's Saturday and work. Meat markets will need sharp knives.

It's difficult for an old man with no legs to dress. I need someone to care for me, to love me. But that's impossible, and I'm dreaming again. I'm not the kind to ask for anything, and no one will ever know that the sullen wheelchair invalid and the popular clerk are me.

Through the streets in early morning hours I go, down a row of sheds where shadows hide from one another. The newsboy with my paper. News? War, war, things far away. I am interested in local news and mostly me. My dreams had been of me, of what might have been my fate if . . . Be brave. Be brave. It's my bravery that keeps me going.

At my place of business on the cold sidewalk I sit, my back against a meat market. It is a negro population shopping district. It's not the best locality, but this locality doesn't begrudge my setting up business here—others do.

Work today? A few saws, scissors, an axe, and some knives. I can't start work this early; it might disturb the sleepers in their quarters above their stores.

I'm old, I'm broken. How much longer will this last? If I had always been this way it wouldn't be so bad, but I keep dreaming of the days when . . . and I grab the knife I'm sharpening, and I have it ready to bring an end to all suffering. Bravery only is what keeps me alive. Then, too, I have to be an inspiration for children. I have to smile all the time so that mothers can say, "Just see how much you have to be thankful for." Those children are the sons or grandsons, the daughters or granddaughters of my closest "friends."

If I could just go to the club and see my old friends, speak to them, tell them who I am. They'd remember. They'll all be there to see the baseball scores. I was well-liked. They'd remember.

When I'm idle I think; when I think I realize the futility of it all. I'm not satisfied living this life of a ghost. I want either to live or die; this existence is neither. I'll tell them who I am. They'll know me and like me now as before. It will be a return to the life I knew. They'll be friends of mine and I'll "live" again in their company.

"Are the Giants winning, Tom?"

"Porter, see what this gentleman wants. And I tell you, Charles, with United Steel on such a rise we would have tripled our investment . . ."

"Tom, Tom, don't look so surprised, it's Alec Gunning. Tom, it's Alec, remember? In school, remember? It's your old friend Alec. You do remember me . . . no, you don't. I can see it in your expression. And my friend Charles Hodges stands there wondering what I'm talking about. You don't know me either, do you?"

"No, I'm sorry, sir, I don't. Porter, take the old man in the back. Give him what he wants."

"Never mind, I need no help from you. You just don't remember me. You were my friend, but you don't remember. It's all right. It was a lot to expect. Good-bye."

So back to work I go. I had lived on expectation. Now that is gone.

The saw makes a squeaking sound when sharpened with the file. Children gather around to hear it—it makes goose pins on the flesh.

"Gimme a dime, Sam"—"Lord knows I ain't got no money, Liza." Happy, carefree negroes. They have nothing and are happy, why not I?

The western sun sends a glare across the street that pierces my weak eyes. The whiteway lights go on. Night traffic on sidewalk and street becomes heavier, then lighter. The traffic lights go off. Stores close. The street is silent. Twelve gongs herald another day.

A small negro boy tiptoes up to my open stand. He pockets one of my knives and runs down the street, his tough feet smacking the cement.

A drunk comes wobbling by. He takes no notice of me in front of the meat market.

A police squad car rounds the corner. The spotlight is flashed into store after store down the block, now on me. Why do they bother me? I'm happy now, happier than ever before Everything is peaceful now. It had to end this way. Life gave me everything—life took it all away. Life is subtle.

They are trying to awaken me. They don't know I'm dreaming. I'm dreaming an everlasting dream.

NOCTAMBULIST

What pagan form do you uphold,
That you cluster wet leaves against you,
Solve tracteries in the dust,
And make conversation to the corner lights
Solemn and bright in the midnight hour?

What solace do you draw
From mooning on dark-hanging boughs,
From walking down dim streets?

What special loveliness can you derive
From distant neons with an aura cast of damp?

Shadows, reflections, dim luminosities,
Echoes, half-sounds, faint music over water—
You are distant like a ghostly jest,
Yet near me.
I feel your sleeve against me,
See your face before a patch of shifting light.

Night-lover,
Oh, night-lover, get home to your bed.

O. M.

Southern Ghosts-III

● Caldwell Delaney

KING PLANTATION

WHEN it was built, the house on King Plantation was one of the largest in the state of Alabama. Today it stands deserted and neglected, a derelict in the midst of its fourteen hundred acres of worn out cotton land. But its claim to fame still stands. A product of the late cotton kingdom, it was begun in the years just before the outbreak of the War between the States, and was never completed. As it stands today it is a mere shell, magnificent in its proportions but vacant and incomplete.

Like most other Alabama plantations, it is located in the once rich flood lands edging the Alabama River. Once this was some of the finest cotton land of the South. River steamers offered the only means of transportation, and the rivers were the arteries of plantation life. Houses were built close to their landings in order that supplies might be received easily and the cotton shipped directly from the fields. But with the coming of the railroad and the highway the river steamers failed, and the river plantations were isolated from the outside world. The land was worn out by primitive methods of cultivation, planters became bankrupt, and their huge, rambling houses were abandoned in favor of homes better suited to a practical age. King Plantation suffered the fate of many others. Today it can be reached only by a ten-mile logging road which under ordinary conditions is impassable for at least half that distance.

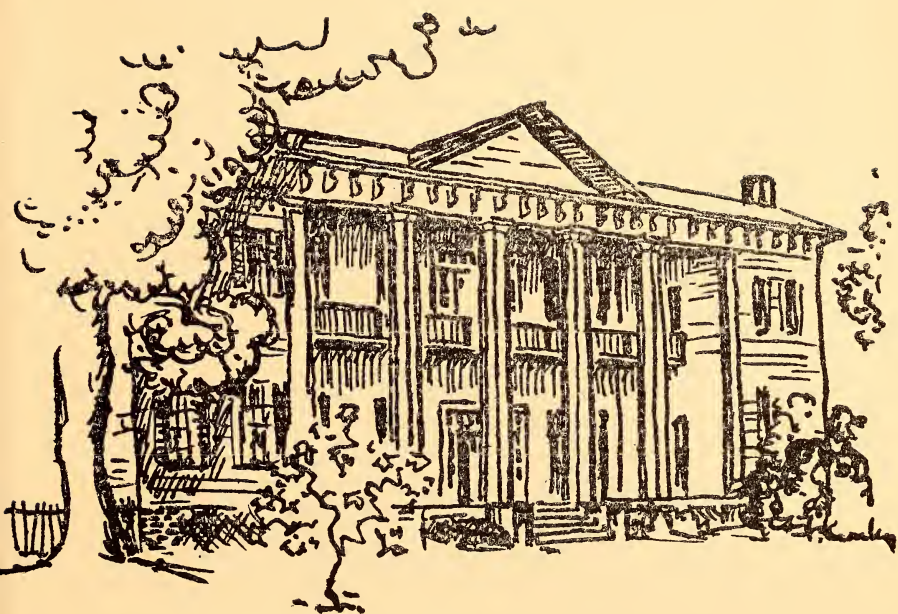
According to the story told by the present owner of the house, the master of the plantation was called away to serve in the Confederate army before he had completed his proposed home. In his absence the slaves left to do the work were pressed into other service, and eventually fled. The outside of the house had been completed; inside, the mahogany stair had been hung and balanced, and some of the plastering had been done. The Italian craftsman

employed to do the cornices and ceiling decorations never arrived, and the marble mantles were lost in the blockade. On the lower floor the ballroom, office, drawing room, parlor, library, dining room, and wine room were crudely finished and occupied. Upstairs three bedrooms and a dressing room were completed. Then the master returned from the war. Before picking up the raveled ends of his life, he decided he would go down to Mobile to rest and enjoy the theatre season. He did. Yellow Fever was raging in the city; he contracted it and died within a few days. In a desperate effort to hold the plantation together, his wife married the "poor white" overseer, and the house through the next three generations came to its present state.

BLOUNT HOUSE

UNTIL a few years ago there was in Mobile an old gentleman whose memory covered many of the most picturesque years of this section of the South. He memorized his memoirs rather than write them, and many of the tales of his youth were told with the finesse of a short story writer. One of his favorites was of his courtship of Emily Blount.

In the 1850's he was an Irish immigrant boy newly arrived in Mobile, very lonely and very much lost. He wandered down to the waterfront, and there found a river steamer taking on freight and passengers. He watched as carriages arrived and their occupants boarded the ship. There was no guard at the rail, and no tickets were taken, so he also went on board. Soon the ship cast off and steamed up the river. The company on board was very gay; no one seemed to notice him, or if so, to think it strange that he was there. Eventually the ship tied up at a landing, and the passengers disembarked in a body. As they entered waiting carriages, he realized for the first time that he had joined a private party headed for a plantation somewhere along the river bank. The party had come to a wedding, and their ship would not sail until they returned the next day. Rather frightened and very



King Plantation

embarrassed, he explained his predicament to the puzzled host, who had come to inquire the identity of his unknown guest. Lodging was provided for him, and he was invited to make himself at home among the other guests.

During the course of the wedding celebration he met and fell madly in love with the daughter of his unexpected host. She was Emily Blount; her father was a prominent lawyer of Mobile and the plantation region. Although she danced with him in the great hall of her home while a slave orchestra played from the musicians' gallery on the stair, she would not listen to his pleas, and he never won her hand. He returned to Mobile and became successful in business, but he always remembered his experience in the Blount home, and followed with deep interest Emily's subsequent career.

Soon after their encounter Emily met at her Mobile home a young French nobleman, Baron Henri de Riviere, who had come to the city bearing letters of introduction to Madame LeVert. His success among the ladies of the city created jealousy among the male population, with the result that he was soon insulted by being publicly labeled "Count No Count and Barren of Intellect," and invited to settle the matter on the field of honor. Although he had not succeeded to his true title of Baron and technically was not called upon to defend its flippant use, he was hot blooded and insisted that the affair be ended with pistols. He was wounded in the resulting duel and taken to the Blount house to recover. While there he, too, fell in love with Emily.

Her father objected to the marriage because of her youth, but her mother approved and carried her approval to the point of eloping with them to New York and preparing to sail for the Baron's home in France. They were intercepted, however, before they could sail, and the Baron was persuaded to return home alone and wait a few years before claiming his bride. He did so, but came again within the stated time, bearing the indorsement of his family and a fortune inherited with his title. The War was on, but the Blounts ran the blockade and went with



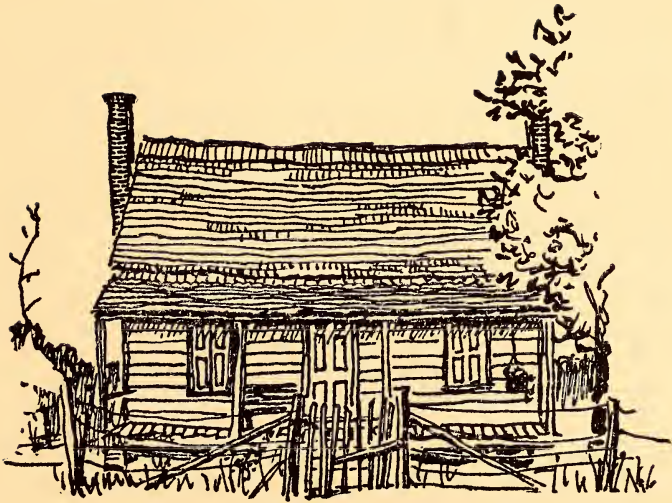
Blount House

him to Paris. There Emily became Madame la Baronne de Riviere. What followed filled the newspapers for nearly fifty years.

For several years they maintained an elaborate establishment in Paris, entertaining on a grand scale and figuring prominently in aristocratic society. Then the Baron's fortune gave out and they began to live on Emily's. Friction soon developed. Emily, since she was supporting him, objected to his French mistress. He retaliated by locking her in the basement for a week with a snake. The battle raged for several months, while Paris tittered behind its fans and enlarged upon its rumors. Eventually they returned to Mobile to live in her old home.

But the Baron was not one to be fettered. While la Baronne remained at home he played soldier of fortune all over the world. He filibustered with Walker in Nicaragua, prospected for gold in the west, stirred up a number of rebellions, and returned home with a daughter which was not Emily's. As the years wore on and they grew older the situation improved only in that it became less violent. The Baron established his quarters over the stable and came and went as he pleased, while la Baronne lived in her home with his daughter. Poverty approaching destitution seized them, but they lived on from day to day by selling the jewels and plate of their Paris years. Finally, in a burst of publicity, the Baron returned home to die, and did so shortly. Emily lingered several years, became almost a legend in the city, then followed him to the peace of the grave, the only peace either of them had known for quite a while.

The house sketched is that in which the first encounter took place. For a number of years it stood roofless and exposed to the weather, with the result that most of the frescoes were ruined. The great hall with its musicians' gallery was saved, however, as was the oval window lighting the upper bedrooms through a vaulted opening in the ceiling of the porch. The mantles are of wood painted in imitation of marble. The fluted doric columns of the porch are of solid cypress carved by hand. One of them has a



Travis House

cleverly disguised plug which may be removed to disclose a hollowed out hiding place for silver and other valuables.

TRAVIS HOUSE

THIS cottage may be the oldest house in the state of Alabama. It is interesting architecturally as being one of the very few examples extant of the modest pioneer cottage built in what was then the Mississippi Territory in the early years of the nineteenth century. The sturdy chimneys, paneled shutters, and six-paneled door all indicate its age and claim to recognition as something more than just another negro cabin, for which it is serving at the present time.

If legend can be relied upon, this is also one of the most interesting houses in the state, and in the nation. It is the birthplace of William Barret Travis, the hero of the Alamo.

The house is in what was once the city of Claiborne, on the Alabama river.

DELETTE HOUSE

IF Lafayette had even so much as touched every bed in which he is said to have slept in America, he would have devoted his entire farewell tour only to bed-touching. But occasionally one encounters a Lafayette story which has in it a grain of truth. Such is the one connected with the Delette house.

The city of Claiborne was once one of the largest and most prosperous of the state. It had a daily paper, a flourishing business section, and a crowded riverfront. There were beautifully laid out streets, public buildings, town houses, and a number of industries. Today there is a cemetery grown up with pine trees, the marble monuments toppled about, a store, the cottage mentioned above, and the Delette house. But in the days of Lafayette the city was in its prime.



Travis House

As he descended the Alabama river bound for Mobile, he stopped at Claiborne to partake of a barbecue prepared in his honor, and while there spoke in the Masonic hall. The date was 1825, and the Delette house had not yet been built. The Delettes were living in a large cabin on their property and to this cabin they took the old Marquis after dinner to rest and refresh himself. The cabin was furnished with family pieces brought from the East and intended for a new and more pretentious home. Of these, one was a mahogany table which had been placed beneath a tree and spread with several decanters of wine. The general was seated, and wine was poured for him; then he was taken inside to rest while the spot at which he sat was marked and carefully noted. When the present house was completed ten years later, the table and bed were moved like museum pieces and installed where they have remained to this day. For over one hundred years now the Delette house has been known as the "Lafayette House," frequently and erroneously as the "house where Lafayette stayed."

The house is typical of its period—large, airy, well-proportioned. It is furnished almost completely in the original pieces placed in it at the time of completion. Many of them, such as the twelve-foot, mahogany tattered beds, have never been moved in their hundred years of service. The marble mantles are exceptionally well proportioned, and are said to be the finest in the state.

America On Wheels

● Edward Meyer

“PERCY! Oh, Percy, what are we going to do for little Archie?”

“Well, dear, you’re the mother, and you should know what is best.”

“Percival darling, I have it. You will run down to Steins’ and buy a baby carriage.”

“A baby carriage! My sweet, besides having wonderful features, you also have a brain. Egad, but I am proud of you, and I shall run down to the store and buy the best baby carriage in stock.”

And so it starts. Just as little Archie received his baby carriage so also do many, many more tiny Americans. Take time out from your work for a few minutes and think over this baby carriage business. Sometimes I do, and really, I fail to think what would happen to babies without their baby carriages. In fact, what would anybody do without means of transportation?

Leaving the baby carriage stage, we pass to that of the growing child. In olden times, the people had a song, “On a Bicycle Built for Two.” This song gives us two ideas—one of the pleasure of riding, and the other of the efficiency of transportation. Even in our times, the young and old, the rich and poor, still use the bicycle for the same two ends. In addition to the bicycle, the growing child has roller skates for pleasure and transportation.

The American people are said to have more cars than any other people have. Just look about and you will see how true this claim is. Generally speaking, almost every one out of three Americans owns or drives an automobile. Youths drive them; middle-aged persons drive them; and even the very old drive them. Buses, street-cars, and trains—all provide the Americans with transportation.

When an American comes to old age, he or she has to recline in a wheel chair and just like the baby must be

wheeled here and there. In a sense, wheels have spoiled the Americans. Most likely, they would not have learned how to move from place to place if wheels had not been invented as aids to easy transportation.

Until their last breath, the Americans are on wheels. Yes, and even after it, for they go to their graves on wheels—in a hearse.

A BOY

Too young for knowledge,
Too old for innocence,
He knew not where to turn.

He felt no comfort in others' words,
Nor faith in what they did.
He longed for something, yet unknown,
And his lips could not speak his mind.

Visions he saw of hope and fear,
Of ideas not explained;
And no one knew him then at all
Or even cared or understood.

The future lay like the moonless night
That has no guiding star,
And heaven's help would have gone for naught;
He was alone and growing up.

HARRY AMOS

Jacques' Brother

● John DeOrnellas

THE man Jacques was speaking to his new friend. As he sat at the table, one fist clenched, his other hand loosely grasping a small glass of red wine, his humble, slouched figure suddenly appeared to take on a mystic glow. The words which dropped from his tired lips carried a peculiarly diffused emotion; the sallow features became alive; and a glaze over the dark eyes only partly veiled smouldering thought within.

"I hate the Boche. I hate their planes, their bombs, their tanks. I hate them for what they have done to France, to her countryside, her towns, her men, women, and children. But more than all of that, I hate them for what they did to my brother.

"You never knew my brother. No one knew him as I did. He of all was a worthy Frenchman. Tall, with a straight body, and a fine face. Temperate and serious, but with lively eyes and a quick smile filled with humor and sympathy. His voice was low and he talked kindly and cheerfully, lightly or earnestly as was proper to the moment. I never heard him speak of anyone without charity.

"Ah, you do not believe that such a man lives today, and perhaps you are right. Yet, one at least would except for the war.

"My brother was younger than I. He was beautiful even in the cradle. Mother wore a sweeter smile, and father labored in the fields with a fresh vigor after his coming. Yes, we have always been farmers, raising grain and tending the vines. A simple life, but we were content to take our living from this fertile, beautiful land, then newly blessed with peace after the second German invasion had failed. God in His mercy spared us in that awful time.

"Happy years passed while the babe grew into a boy. Soon my brother and I entered a joyous companionship which formed the substance of our early lives. Throughout the day and waking hours of the night we lived nearly a single life, being seldom apart. In the fields we did

light tasks together, rising in the cool dawn of summer to bestir the soil and plants from their dewy bath. As the sun rose higher our efforts slackened for that pleasant rest in the shade at noon. In the late afternoon when once-tired muscles had been refreshed, we two again worked slowly under the dying light, until darkness brought us home for supper and bed.

“To us the country was a wonderland, and the land our dominion. We listened to the songs of birds and recognized them as minstrels. The little beasts of the fields were our vassals, and the fish of stream and lake our free wards. We walked over great stretches of our estate and found it submissive to our pleasure. The trees and sky and grass paid us homage a thousand fold. The green hills invited our footsteps and rewarded us with visions fitting to royal gaze. We examined our world with frank, inquiring mind and knew its Creator and ours to be good.

“Of course we went to school like all children of the republic. My brother’s attractive nature made him many friends in the village. Sometimes he led in games and plans, but usually he followed the counsels of those older than he. He obeyed the requests of teachers, learning the matter as well as he was able. Religion and the Church were well known to him from his earliest years, and in school age he became more closely devoted. His attendance as a willing, faithful servant of the Lord’s table appeared to be a source of quiet satisfaction to him.

“When he grew older, my brother filled a more important role on the farm. Gradually he and I took over the duties which father had borne before us, bringing young flesh to the land. After I left to serve in the army he was left to carry on our work alone but capably.

“Before I returned to the village my brother had fallen in love with Cecile, whom he had known since childhood. They were to be married when he completed his military service. The nature and extent of their plans for future happiness can hardly be imagined. And then—”

The speaker halted and was silent. He seemed to have become entirely passive, almost unconscious. But as his

listener sought to break the spell with consoling reply, the man raised a listless hand, "Ah, no, my friend, you are mistaken. My brother was not killed in this war. You see, my father fell at Verdun in 1916. My brother was never born."

CONCERT BY NIGHT

Thunder in the night
Rain with it bringing
And all through the storm
The crickets keep singing.

The river has risen,
The reeds are enfolded;
The pale bay saplings
Of leaves are denuded.

But music continues
In reeds and in thickets:
The katydids, bullfrogs,
The locusts and crickets.

But saddest of all,
Full of sorrowing wonder,
The sad, sleepy tree frog
Cries through the thunder.

O. M.

PITY

Pity is a twisted knife.
The deepest thrust is numb,
But surface wounds
Burn hard and long,
Bitter, full of acid sting.

Pity is a pathway;
A stoned sister, shut apart,
Scorned and shamed,
Driven out,
Twin of love, yet darker child,
Matted-haired and ragged,
Dull, decayed, imbecilic.
No floating fancy of white silk,
No incensed damsel fair.

Pity is the poor
In many ways impoverished
Touched with unreal lack.
Pity is the sin of sadness,
Compulsion's joy turned in emptiness
Dregs of sadness, crumbs of care,
The unexpected cut of glass.
The flesh as it sinks is of sudden sharp
Disconcision, ravelings.

F. T. PECK

Fala's Folly

● Joseph Shannon

(A SATIRE IN ONE ACT)

Time: Sometime in the spring of 1941.

Scene: The executive room of the White House. There is a desk in the center of the room covered with everything from buttons to baseballs. Behind the desk is a fireplace, an immense affair covering the wall from floor to ceiling, with a width of about six feet, definitely grotesque. In one corner of the room is a statue of the English Prime Minister; on the far wall, left stage, there is a huge map of the British Isles. On the wall, right stage, is another map, about one-half the size of the other, of the United States. On one side of the fireplace is a picture of the British king and queen, on the other side a caricature of the first lady of the land. In the far corner there is a group of standing microphones; in the other corner is a dog house with the name "FALA" in black letters on the side and top.

As the curtain opens we see a prim lady of forty-five or thereabouts trying to dust the objects on the desk without knocking over an array of telephones, which border the desk on all sides except the back. She is the President's secretary, "Missy" Le Hand. As she is dusting, the phone rings; she picks up the nearest one.

MISSY: President's office, good morning. (Looks puzzled, drops first phone to pick up next.) President's office, good morning. (Same look, drops this one for another. Same greeting. Begins to get disgusted; finally reaches correct phone.) President's office, good morning. No, he hasn't arrived yet, Mr. Willkie; is there a message? . . . Oh, it's secret . . . How secret? . . . Then I'll tell him you called . . . Thank you. (Hangs up phone, resumes her original task of dusting. Door opens; a gentleman about fifty-one or two enters with three mail bags on his shoulder. He is the President's male secretary, adviser to the press, and general handy man, Steve Early.)

EARLY: 'Morning, Missy. Lovely morning for a fishing trip, isn't it? (Carries the mail bags over to the fireplace, dumps all the letters in, shakes out the bags, folds them neatly, turns back to Missy.) Not much mail today. Thank goodness there aren't any marching dimes anymore. Lord, that was a bother; worth it, though. Did F.D.R. say what time he'd be down?

MISSY: No, he didn't, but if he comes down and finds that Fala's water hasn't been changed you're liable to find yourself filing statistics for Francis Perkins.

EARLY: I know, I know—damn dog, I wish I could poison it. By the way, Marian Anderson is stopping by for lunch; I think I have her scheduled for the first course. Wendell'll be here for dessert, probably. Funny how he and F.D. hit it off now, especially after that debate mess. That would have been sad; I suppose F.D. would have had a script written before he went on. Well, I'll get the water. (He leaves right stage; the President enters left door with dog on leash; he is smiling broadly, has a brief case under his arm.)

PRESIDENT: 'Morning, Missy. Lovely morning, isn't it? Good day for a fishing trip. If it keeps up like this I'll be joining that "Hell with Hitler" movement myself.

(They are over at the dog house. President looks at water container, picks it up, smells it.) Why, the water hasn't been changed! (Hardly gets it out when Early rushes in from right with five gallon bottle of spring water in his arms. President has unleashed dog.)

EARLY: I'm terribly sorry, F.D., but I was late with the mail, and didn't get a chance.

PRESIDENT: That's all right, Steve. Who's coming to lunch today?

EARLY: The list is on the desk: Marian Anderson for crackers and milk; a gold-star mother for salad; I don't know, it's all right down there.

MISSY: Mr. Willkie called. He has a secret message

for you; it seemed awfully important. (Phone rings.) President's office, good morning . . . Hold the wire a minute please . . . It's for you, F.D. (President picks up phone.)

PRESIDENT: Hello, oh, yes, Winston . . . Did you really? . . . Well, try some fertilizer on them . . . She's fine, I don't know where she is today. Somewhere out West, I think . . . I'm trying my best on that deal, but I'm having trouble with a couple of corn fed lads here. By the way, how'd you like Harry? . . . He did! . . . Well, keep those chins up, Winston. I'll see what I can do and I'll call tomorrow. No use running your bill too high . . . All right. (Hangs up phone, sits down, throws feet up on desk, knocks over two telephones, reaches for them, but Missy is there ahead of him.)

PRESIDENT: Winston just can't get his hydrangeas to bloom. Can't imagine what's the trouble. Too many bomb fumes, I guess. By the way, where's Eleanor today, Missy?

MISSY: I'm afraid I lost track the day before yesterday, F.D., but she should be in Omaha.

PRESIDENT, Lord, that refuge of the lost sheep. I hope she wears a mask. (Early appears at right door.)

EARLY: The gentlemen of the press are here, F.D. Shall I send them in?

PRESIDENT: Yes, Steve, by all means.

(Early is blotted out by a swarm of people, notebooks and pencils in hand, who rush up to the desk, all except one meek little character who wanders about the room aimlessly.)

PRESIDENT: Good morning, everybody. What's new? (Laughs heartily, so does the crowd. Questions start to pop from all directions.)

ALL: How do you like the new sprinkling system? . . . Have you seen this new cartoon of Hitler? . . . (This goes on for several minutes. President tries to answer, but can say nothing. Finally reaches in desk drawer, pulls out

long cigarette holder, "bums a short" from nearest reporter, and begins to blow smoke rings happily.)

PRESIDENT: Just a minute. (Crowd gradually comes to attention.) I had a call from Mr. Churchill this morning. (Pandemonium breaks loose.) He said the raids are getting worse, but he is confident the people are not going to weaken.

REPORTER: Mr. President, when do you think we'll be in the war?

(President comes to attention, snuffs out cigarette, takes on a very grave look, straightens his black bow tie.)

PRESIDENT. Sir, we'll never enter if only we give our aid to those countries who are fighting for us. Production to the peak is all we need now. No dissension among the classes, especially among the laborers.

REPORTER: What do you intend to do about the strikes that are paralyzing our nation's industry? (President coughs loudly; Early enters at right.)

EARLY: Time's up. We have work to do, you know.

(Reporters all file out, as President beams. Meek little character is over at right back gazing on caricature of Mrs. Roosevelt. He is George Gibbs, citizen of U.S.A.)

GIBS: Very strong likeness. (President turns, looks surprised.)

PRESIDENT: Who are you? What are you doing here? Have you an appointment?

GIBS: No, I was on a sight-seeing tour and seemed to get lost from my party.

PRESIDENT: Republican, Democrat, or Communist?

GIBS: Democrat, of course.

PRESIDENT: Why "Democrat, of course?"

GIBS: Well, after all, one has to eat.

PRESIDENT: Can't Republicans or Communists eat?

GIBS: Oh, yes, but not the fat of the land.

PRESIDENT: The fat of the land? What kind of a metaphor is that? Where are you from?

GIBS: Stevansville, Ohio. Ever been there?

PRESIDENT: Probably, I can't remember. Say, let me ask you a few questions as a private citizen.

GIBS: Sure, why not?

PRESIDENT: What do you think of my foreign policy?

GIBS: Didn't know you had one. What is it?

PRESIDENT: Well, it's . . . I don't know, it's . . . Say, are you trying to bulldoze me?

GIBS: Not at all. But certainly if you don't know your own foreign policy, how on earth should I?

PRESIDENT: Do you like dogs?

GIBS: Trying to change the subject? Yes, I do. Hear you've got one.

PRESIDENT: Why certainly. Didn't you read about him in "Life"?

GIBS: Oh, is that where I saw it? Well, how is he?

PRESIDENT: How does he look?

GIBS: Is that it?

PRESIDENT: Of course.

GIBS: Truth?

PRESIDENT: Truth.

GIBS: Pretty peaked.

PRESIDENT: Are you kidding?

GIBS: No, looks like he has worms. What do you feed him?

PRESIDENT: I don't know; I never feed him. The kitchen feeds him. Doesn't he look like he's eating right? Egad—worms—my dog with worms! It's unbelievable. Steve! Steve! (Grabs phone, pushes desk buzzer.) Steve! (Early rushes in at right.)

EARLY: What's up, F.D.?

PRESIDENT: Get me Dr. Parran. Quick!

EARLY: O.K., F.D. Anything wrong?

PRESIDENT: Lord, yes. Fala's dying—worms.

EARLY: Thank God. I mean, is he?

PRESIDENT: Get MacLeish on the phone. See if he has some literature on dog worms. Get the president of Ken-L-Ration. Get someone.

(During all of this Fala sits patiently looking up at everyone. Gibbs is leaning on statue of Churchill. Missy rushes out. President paces up and down the room nervously, occasionally pats Fala on the head telling him everything is going to be all right.)

PRESIDENT: What happens when they get worms? How long does it take for them to die, or do whatever they do?

GIBS: Nothing happens. Dogs just get worms. Then they lose the worms. Nature takes care of them, I guess—nature and worm pills.

PRESIDENT: What! If what you say is true I'm going to have Congress suspend the writ of habeas corpus; I'll make you a man without a country; you've belittled me to the nth degree. Why didn't you tell me?

GIBS: Why, I thought you knew.

PRESIDENT: How would I know?

(Door opens. Early, Missy, Parran, MacLeish file in. Parran has surgical bag with him, also two attendants with stretcher. MacLeish has his arms filled with weighty tomes.)

ALL: Well, we're here, F.D.

PRESIDENT: I'm awfully sorry, but there's been a terrible mistake. It was all my fault. You're all excused. Thank you so much for your consideration. Steve, I'd like you and Archie to stay a while. (The others file out muttering to themselves.)

PRESIDENT: Archie and Steve, this—say, what is your name?

GIBS: Gibbs, George Gibbs, Stevansville, Ohio.

PRESIDENT: Well, Mr. Gibbs, how you ever came into my life I don't know, but I'll tell you what I'd like to do. Why don't you dictate to Steve a book on dogs, and have

Archie edit it? It has to be simple and to the point. We'll put it in every library in the land so people will never err in questions of canine calamity. Now, all of you . . . if you'd be so kind as to leave me in peace, I have important work to clear up.

(They all depart, right stage. President lights cigarette, pats Fala on head, picks up phone.)

PRESIDENT: Transatlantic exchange, please. Get me London, England. This is the President. (Gazes around room, looks at caricature of first lady, frowns, turns picture around so that back frame shows.) London? Winston Churchill, please. This is President Roosevelt . . . Hello, Winston? Frank . . . Has your dog ever had worms? No? Well, Fala had them this morning pretty bad. I took charge of the situation, though. Nothing to it. All you have to do is . . .

BLACKOUT



St. Ignatius and the Company of Love

● David Loveman

“The company of Jesus ought to be called the company of love and conformity of souls.”—Francis Xavier.

IN the heat of Rome's midsummer on a distant Friday, 1556, as Ignatius of Loyola lay dying, there fell the curtain of a drama more noble and beautiful, more filled with love, more universally appealing than a Sophocles or a Goethe or a Shakespeare could ever have conceived. With its stage the broad expanse of southern Europe and its chief player a man of extraordinary personality, this drama had unfolded before the awe-struck eyes of a world obsessed with the new found riches of the Renaissance and engulfed in the chasm of religious dissension. And one man, setting his staff towards an ultimate goal, was able by the force of an almost hypnotic personality to erect upon the crumbling foundation of the Church a new tower of service and devotion to God and His earthly representative.

For fifty years the throne of Peter had been occupied by men who either would not or could not cope with the enormous problems of reform without which the Catholic Church could hardly be saved . . . Into a general estimate of Paul III's great policy this is not the place to enter. What is of importance for our purpose is his ready recognition of the enormous strength which the vigor of the new Order could bring to the Church.

It is no simple task to establish firmly a community such as Ignatius of Loyola did with his Society of Jesus. Behind the Papal Bull that in the September of 1540 allowed him to fulfill his plans of action lay many years of prayer and sacrifice, menial labor and endless study, and

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a determination to do God's will that no disappointment or reverse of fortunes could dampen.

Born to wealth and nobility at the turn of the sixteenth century, affected and extravagant, desirous of a worldly glory, Ignatius distributed the years of his youth seeking adventure "in the dark intrigues that a handsome young courtier felt were made for him." His life in the army of Spain was for the most part uneventful. Perhaps his proximity to death made him a little thoughtful, a little apprehensive, but there was never apparent anything more than the normal religious tendencies of the normal Spanish Catholic born and bred into his very nature. Certainly, we know comparatively little of this early period. Even his own words give little insight into the heart or the mind.

Up to twenty-six years of age he was a man given to the vanities of the world and his chief delight was in martial exercises with a great and vain desire to gain honour.

Later misgivings about the confessing of the sins of his early life might lead us to the conclusion that he was a thorough and consistent sinner, but such conclusions have little basis for validity. Let it stand that his youth reflected the average youth of his time.

It was at this time that the "conversion" took place. A leg wound received on the battlefield, the intense suffering that followed, then the long period of convalescence. For such an active man the boredom of months in bed was worse than the agony of his wound. Reading was his only amusement. But books were few within the castle where he lay. The Lives of the Saints? Oh well, if there was nothing better. With indifference he began the book, but as he read he became aware of something that stirred within him. The struggles, the hardships, the competitive nature of each saint impressed him and ignited in his heart a flicker of desire.

There was no immediate conversion, but gradually it dawned on him that there were spiritual adventures as well as romantic adventures. Competitiveness was strong within him. He

hated to be beaten on the fields with which he was familiar. Here were new fields whose very existence he had up to now hardly comprehended. Was he to admit defeat on them? If others had been saints, why should not he be a saint, too? "If Francis did this great thing and Dominic did that, why should not I, by the grace of God, do as much?" he quaintly asked.

Thus, from the very characteristics that had branded him an inconsequential youth, an adventure seeker, was developed the new spirit that was to cause him to remold his life according to the divine plan.

It is hard to believe that here was any awe-inspiring miracle, or anything of similarity between the bed-ridden youth in a Spanish castle and the solitary figure on the road to Damascus. It was rather the maturing of ideals and qualities that had always been a part of him, the realizing of former misguided services, the reawakening of a deep-rooted religious tendency that had long lain dormant. Of course, an inflow of grace, even divinely inspired visions were presented to him before he could conclusively adopt this new mode of life.

And having gained no little light from that reading, he commenced to think more truly about his past life and the great necessity he was under to do penance for it. And here there arose again in his mind a desire to imitate the saints and to promise to do by the grace of God what they had done. But all that he definitely desired to do as soon as he was well, was to go to Jerusalem with such self-discipline and abstinence as a generous soul inflamed with God is wont to desire to carry out. So he was gradually forgetting those past thoughts because of these holy desires which were taking possession of him; which were strengthened by a visitation of this sort: lying awake one night, he saw clearly the image of Our Lady with the Holy Child Jesus; in which sight he had for a considerable time very great comfort . . .

There is no need here to delve into the succession of years that followed. The outcome of this new-found union with his Lord is famous in history—the lowly beginning, with all wealth and position deliberately set aside, the pilgrimages, the struggle for existence as well as for accomplishment, the university years, the months of prayer and fasting, the friendships that, bound into a unity, became the forerunner of the society, the deliberations that prompted the rules and constitution, the Papal audiences, or the final victory and the subsequent flowering of the Order among the heretics of Europe and the pagans of Japan and the foreign missions. It is sufficient to say that the spirit of the Society was permeated with the spirit of Ignatius, diffused with his love, his strength, his zeal.

The Society as such and its accomplishments are facts that need no interpretation. We are concerned primarily with Ignatius of Loyola himself, the man and the saint.

It has been said that the Society of Jesus was founded on two of the strongest instinctive virtues of human nature—loyalty and fortitude. Add to these the motivating force of love—a characteristic in itself commonplace, the ordinary instinct of every human being—and a combination is obtained that defines to perfection the character of Ignatius. Three instinctive characteristics, intensified, tempered by reason, merged and blended into a single spirit, gave to the Church a champion saint. In love, loyalty, and fortitude St. Ignatius set an ideal and upon them was founded an order with its aim

to provide a company of priests wholly subservient to the needs of the Church, ready for any form of service, directly under the Holy Father—modeled after Christ, full of zeal, detachment, self-sacrifice . . .

Foremost of the three was the spirit of love that enveloped his heart and soul—love of God and His Church, love of his fellow men, a self-love based upon the recognition of God's work exemplified in himself; for to him and to his fellows pure love was the highest motive for God's service.

If it be the purpose of Man to love God with all his heart and to serve Him with all his mind, then there has not yet been among men a greater than Ignatius of Loyola . . .

Often he became so overpowered by this love he broke into tears in the midst of his prayers, saying that "when he did not weep three times during Mass he thought himself lacking in divine comfort . . ."

Devotion to his companions and the unfortunate likewise filled an important part of each of his days.

The tenderness of Ignatius to the sick and his unremitting care for the health of all his subordinates, made evident to them . . . his deep affection for them. This affectionate care appears from the very beginning of his life at Rome . . .

And again:

His care of the sick was so evident, so continuous, so manifestly the outcome of tender sympathy, in a man stern to himself and stern to others, that it must have become known through the entire company until all its members came to believe "no mother has such care for her sons as our blessed Father has for his sons" . . .

Closely allied to this abundant spirit of love was the kindred attitude of loyalty displayed at all times by Ignatius and his followers—eternal loyalty to his God, to Papal authority, to his ideals. Because loyalty to a sovereign was so much a part of the make-up of the average man of the middle ages—steeped as it was in the theories of feudalism, what was more natural than that the very foundation and organization of the new society should be based to a large degree on this same idea of loyalty? Why not elevate to a spiritual plane the sense of duty and devotion so willingly paid in tribute to a secular king? The monarchical system of government established by St. Ignatius for his Company of Jesus demanded just such an attitude. Thus, the aspiring novice is told that he is to imagine "a human king chosen by God whom all Christians honour and obey"; then, to apply the same attitude to the service of Christ.

My will is to conquer all the land of the infidels. Therefore whoever wants to come with me must be content with the clothes I use, and eat and drink as I do, etc. Also he must work with me in the day and watch by night, etc., because he must share the work if he is to have part in the victory . . . Let him consider then what all good subjects ought to answer to a king so generous . . . If anyone refused the call of such a king how much he would deserve to be vituperated by all the world and thought an unworthy knight . . .

A further example of the idea of loyalty, pertinent to the aims of the Society, was unhesitant obedience to the Papal See.

Another innovation characteristic of St. Ignatius was the consecration of the Society in a particular manner to the obedience of the Supreme Pontiff and the defense of his rights . . . Luther and his followers directed all their attacks against the Pope's authority . . . In such a critical circumstance the foundation of an Order to defend in a special way the Holy See, and to rouse again in the Christian people the sentiments of love and obedience due to the Vicar of Christ, was a work supremely opportune.

It would be extremely illogical were we not to add to these attributes of love and loyalty the companion virtue, fortitude. Sentiments of love and loyalty can be easily professed in words, but if not carried out by actions such vocal devotion would be of little value. A cause, temporal or spiritual, could not hope to succeed were not its advocates ready to sacrifice themselves for its progress. And strength of character is judged by the same standards. Deeds of valor do not belong entirely to legendary heroes. A saint of God must possess in his own way the same measure of fortitude. Let us disregard entirely the self-inflicted bodily punishment of Ignatius, for the fortitude revealed to the world in the formation of his Society is more than sufficient to class him among the bravest, most enduring of men.

The triteness of the maxim, "Only the very heroic are brave enough to strive honestly to follow in the footsteps of the saints," does not invalidate its truth. No hardship was ever so forbidding as to dissuade Ignatius from the plan he believed necessary. So, in his pilgrimage to Jerusalem, we find him beset by dangers and obstructions on all sides, yet we are told in no uncertain terms of his disregard for all obstacles in his desire to visit the Holy Land, armed as he was by his confidence in his God.

Had he not heard of the capture of Rhodes, and of the rapid advance of the Mussulman armies? Practically all pilgrims to the Holy Land were returning home, deciding not to embark lest they should be taken prisoners. Ignatius listened to all these reasons; then, with an air of supernatural strength, uttered those famous words which Fr. Lainez has handed down to us; "I have such confidence in God, our Saviour, that, if this year only one ship or plank of wood were to cross to Jerusalem, I would go with it."

Such an attitude was typical of the work of Ignatius.

Confidence in God, fortitude of body and soul were fundamental rules of the society; and severe discipline and penance were constantly imposed upon the members. Ignatius had found the practice of fortitude a stepping-stone in his climb towards the favor of God. Let those who wished to follow him do the same.

There is so much more to be said regarding the character of the saint that no volume nor series of volumes could hope to cover the subject. His talent for organization, his confidence in the face of adversity, his "deep knowledge of the human heart, his skillful though unscientific psychological analysis"—all these could be expanded to great lengths.

If, by condensing the scope of the virtues found in Ignatius and contenting ourselves with discussing three characteristics out of limitless possibilities, we have minimized the magnificence of a great mind and personality, it was through necessity, not choice. The complexity of the character cannot be confined, of course, to any categorized virtues; for if we apply to his character the term

“ardent,” we must add “restrained”; if strong and resolute, he is yet peaceful and persevering; if a stern disciplinarian, yet a kind and loving father.

Ardently active in life, he took death calmly, confident of the future of the work he had propagated, confident too of a personal future and aware of the perfection of a saintly past, unafraid to meet at length Him Whom he had so long desired.

This then is the character of Ignatius of Loyola, organizer of men and saint of God; this

the ruling passion—strong in death—the last expression of that simplicity, that humility, that sincerity, that self-forgetfulness of his life which prompt this question: Who of all those who have confessed themselves followers of Christ, has been more faithful than Ignatius Loyola to the ideal which seemed to him true?

A SLIGHT INFLATION OR AN EXEMPLIFICATION OF NO PUNCTUATION

After a lot of meditation and constant cool calculation
I've cast aside hesitation and all this foolish moderation
Which in my estimation shows a lack of education
Which might cause the generation of a form of dissipation
It would invoke my deprecation and very fervent agitation

For it might cause the propagation of a type of suffocation
So without the slightest indication of any form of regulation

I suggest in great ovation that we should start a liberation
Of kinetic animation with greatest acceleration
A kiss for my stimulation as a sort of lubrication
Starts a line of communication that floors me with intoxication

After that rejuvenation I guess I've reached my termination!

HARROLD SHIPPS

ENVOY

SO here we are, the Class of 1941. Probably we couldn't have picked a worse time to embark on life's course, if we had planned it for decades. "And what are you going to do after graduation?" "Why, I . . ." Perhaps we won't be able to go into daddy's business or to professional school, or be the greatest living surgeon, or get married. Maybe they aren't ours to have. But we of Spring Hill have two things that are ours for keeps. Ours is an undisturbed conviction of what this whole business of living is about—we know why we are here, where we are going when we finish this fleeting existence, and what is expected of us individually. Ours, too, is the heritage of the true optimism of freedom for the individual and faith in his ability to settle his own destiny.

It cannot be denied that we are not getting the "breaks"; but America wasn't built by people who got the "breaks" but by those who made their own. Perhaps in a short time, we can go back into the usual groove; perhaps we can't. No matter what happens, we know now that the really good things come by the hard way and that there is little difference between a birthright and a mess of pottage.

JOHN MECHEM

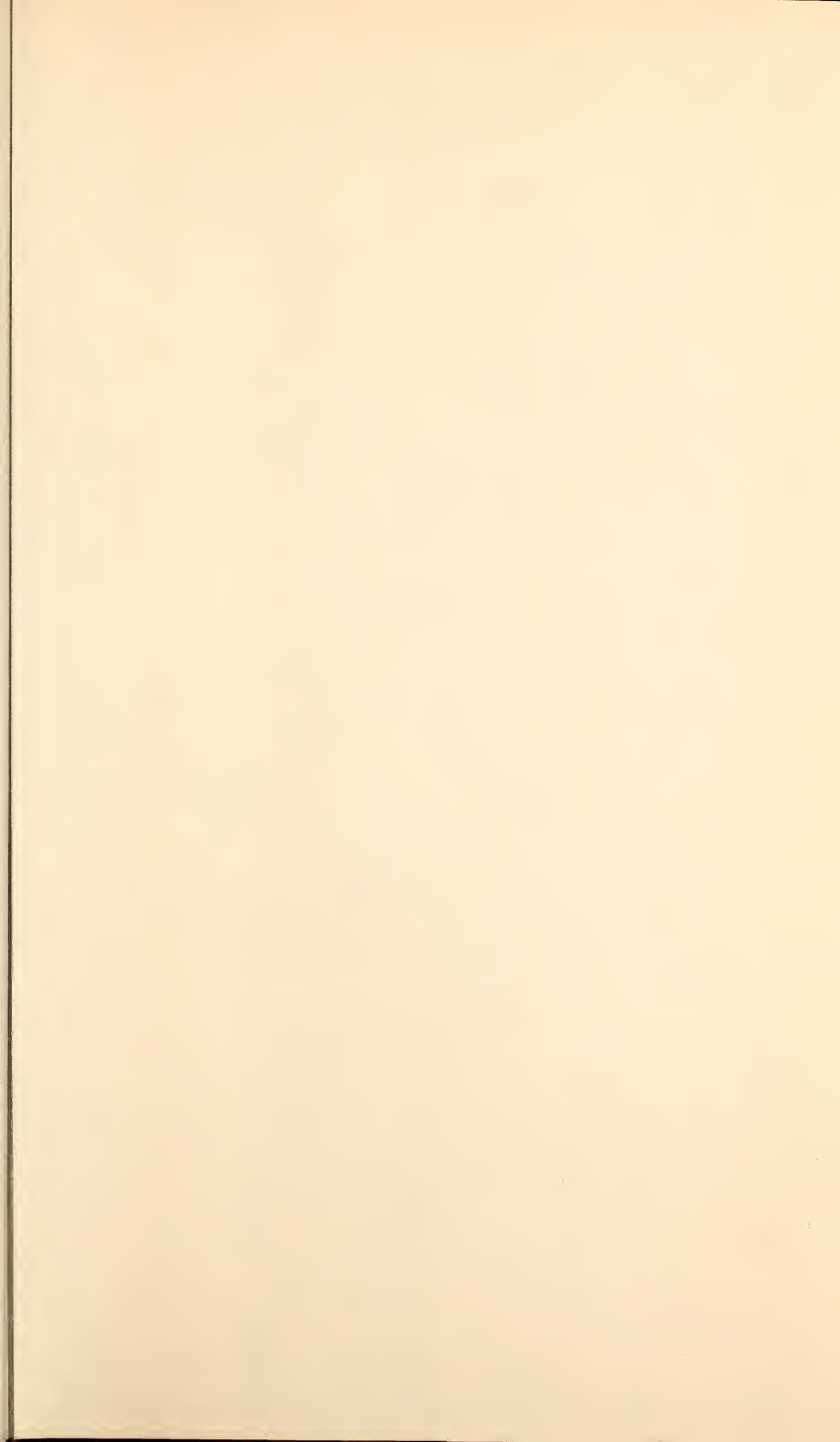














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